Nov. 23, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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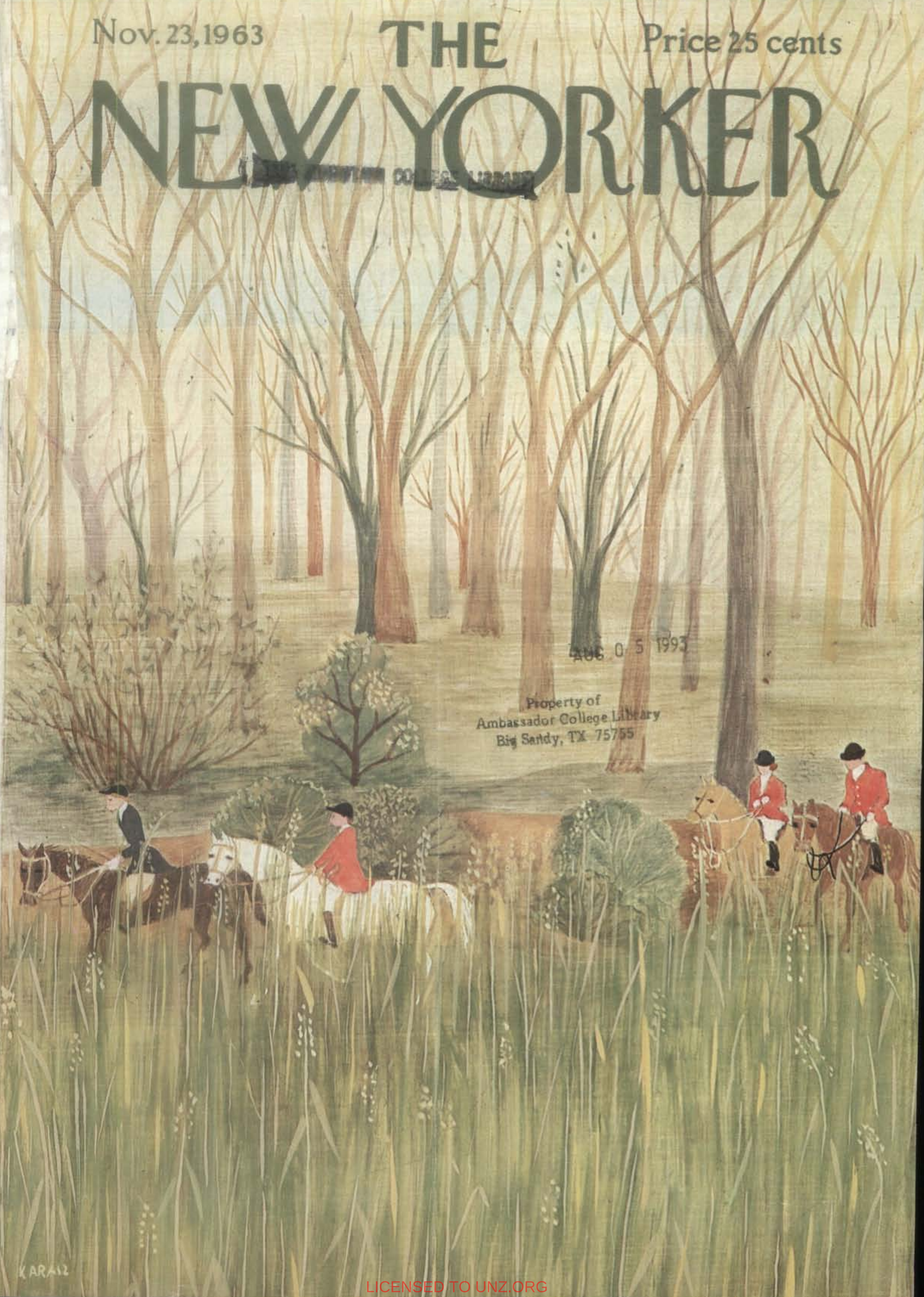

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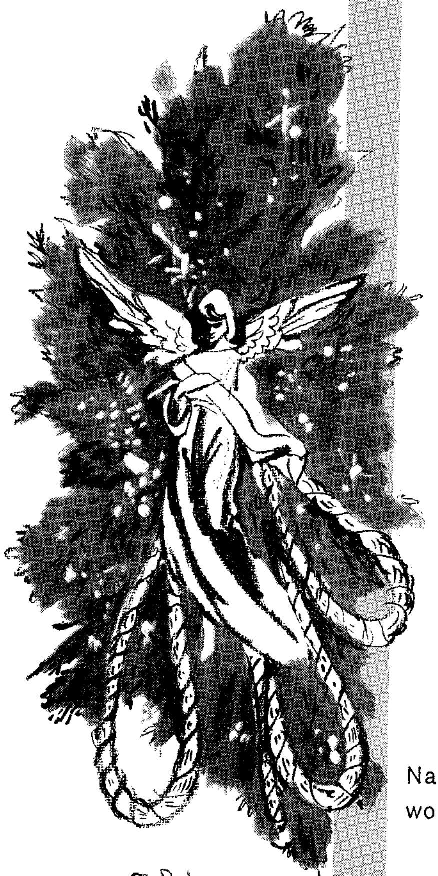

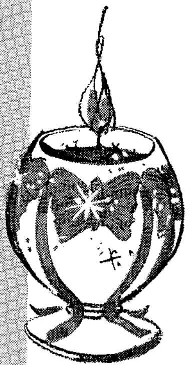

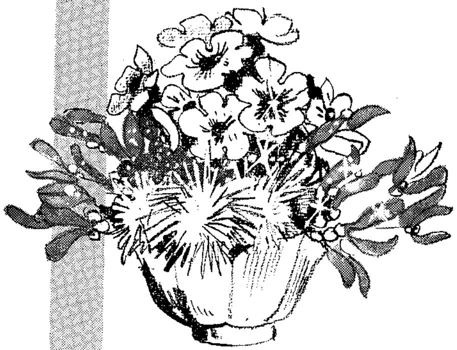

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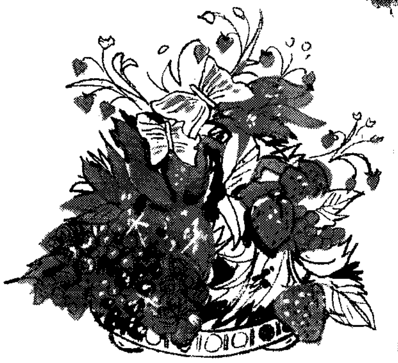

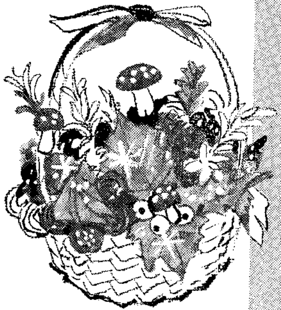

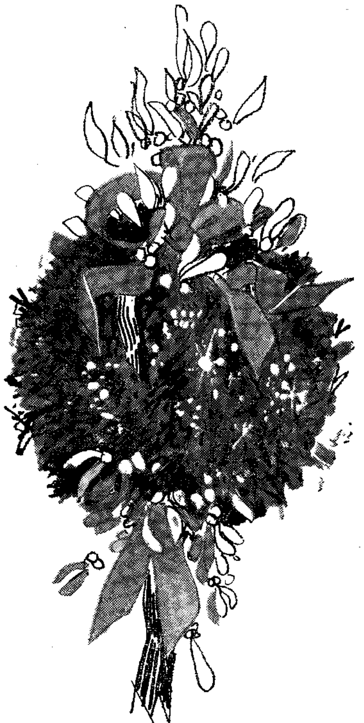

BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Moaning in the gloaming in the Faulkner country or thereabouts. As adapted by Edward Albee from a novelette by Carson McCullers, the play has its moments of sinister fascination, although it never makes much sense. Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio, and Michael Dunn are noteworthy as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walkup apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer, and so, for that matter, are all his colleagues in the enterprise. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic passages. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Also with Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard prancing about in an English comedy that is long on eccentricity and short on wit. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. Albert Finney turns in a memorable performance as Luther, and the others in the cast, directed by Tony Richardson, are all noteworthy, too. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50, except Nov 27, and Saturdays at 2:20; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:20.)

Man and Boy—Charles Boyer wasting his time in Terence Rattigan's slow-moving play having to do with a Rumanian entrepreneur more or less like the late Swedish match king Ivar Kreuger, who talks too much for his own and the drama's good. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays except Nov. 27 at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Kirk Douglas and all his associates are an active crowd in this story of a lunatic asylum rocked by inmates who have been inspired to revolt against discipline, but the play, by Dale Wasserman, doesn't make for any sound entertainment. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man being taught to chase the girls, and the other—a big improvement—a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's exploration of life among some new-day aristocrats. The drama takes its time about getting under way, but it includes some fine scenes and all kinds of deft performances. Outstanding among those present is Alan Badel, who plays a rueful alcoholic. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Spoon River—A first-rate dramatic interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated masterwork, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who also adapted it). All of them are superb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Nov. 21, and Thanksgiving Day, both at 2:30.)

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Tambourines to Glory—The songs are fine in this Langston Hughes gospel play, but the drama is a little trite. Nevertheless, whether singing or just trying to nudge the plot along, the all-Negro cast is expert. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. LA 4-0728. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe:** A diversion in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Golden Age—An entertainment drawing on the words and music of the Elizabethan Age, with a script compiled by Richard Johnson and music assembled by Sydney Beck. The company includes Douglas Campbell (who is also the director), Nancy Wickwire, Douglas Rain, and Lester Rawlins, plus instrumentalists and singers. Presented for a four-week engagement by Arthur Cantor and E. E. Fogelson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays except Nov. 27 at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Once for the Asking—Scott McKay and Jan Sterling in a comedy by Owen G. Arno. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Jon Burgin and Bruno di Cosmi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Jennie—Mary Martin adrift in an ocean of ennui that depicts the early life of Laurette Taylor. Arnold Schulman wrote the book, and Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz provided the music and the lyrics. (Ma-

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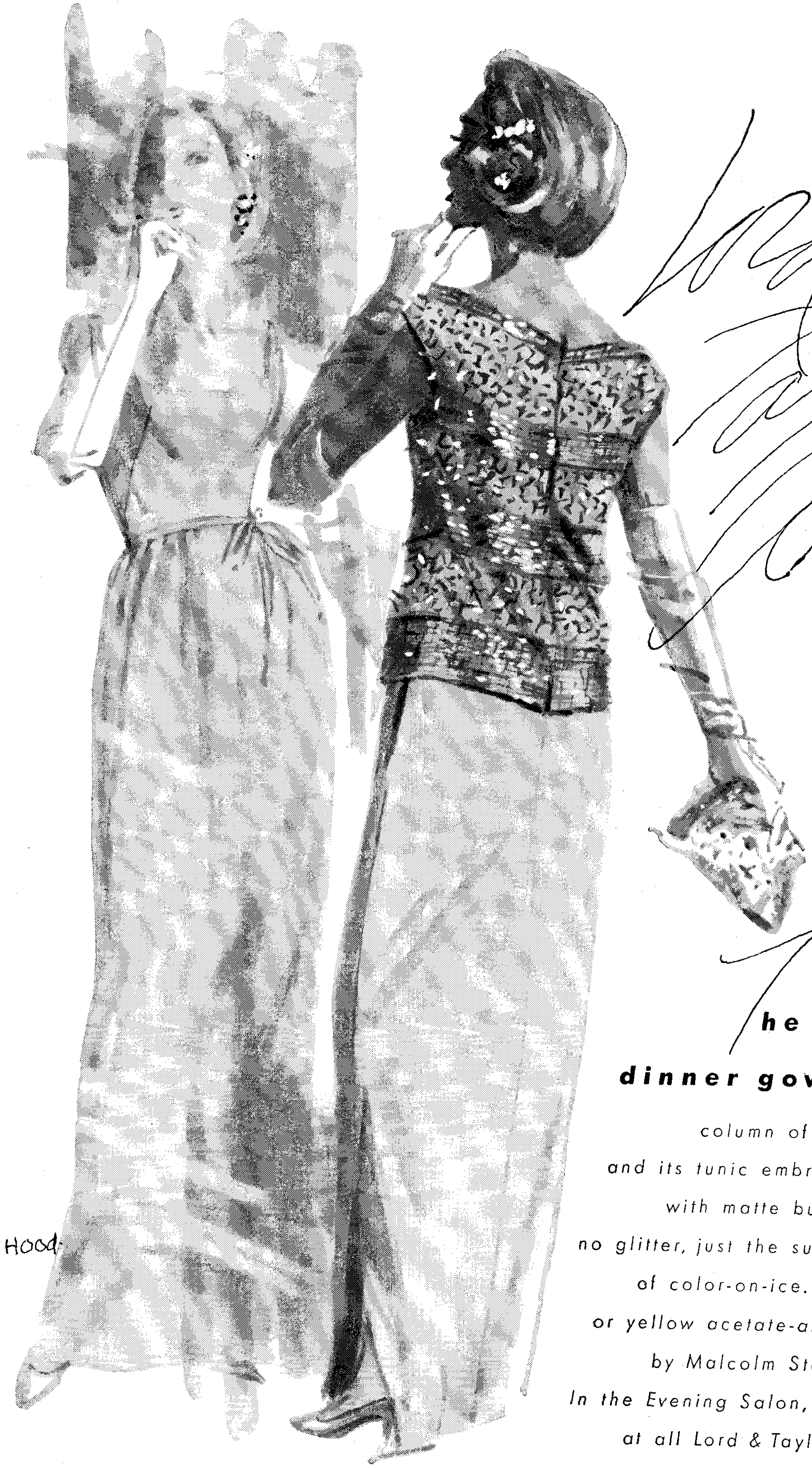

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jestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs and the dances may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Joel Grey. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—Simon Oakland and Nancy R. Pollock in a comedy by Irving Cooper. Directed by Don Richardson and presented by Joseph Kipness and Richard W. Krakeur. Previews through Monday, Nov. 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 26. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—A buoyant, though somewhat diffuse, musical about an assortment of Barbadians on their home grounds. With Ossie Davis. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Burn Me to Ashes—A play by the late Greek playwright and novelist Nikos Kazantzakis, translated by Kimon Friar. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A melodrama—sometimes cynical, sometimes philosophic or religious in tone—about c. in the p. of j. of "a foreign city" and a government investigator who is sent to find the man responsible for it. The playwright, the late Ugo Betti, himself a Roman magistrate for many years, has provided a lively, plausible first act and a second and third that are not. Most of the acting is quite good. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ginger Man—J. P. Donleavy's four-character comedy (based on his novel of the same name), which originated in London. Patrick O'Neal, Margaret Phillips, Stefan Gierasch, and Marian Seldes make up the cast. Opens Thursday, Nov. 21. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents telling the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Journey to the Day—This sentimental view of psychiatric group therapy, as conducted in a state hospital, has its moments. Paul Sand, a Second City alumnus, is both funny and touching as one of the patients in the group. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maids—A revival, which should have been far less monotonous than it is, of Jean Genet's strange play about two malignant servants and the silly woman they work for. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Next Time I'll Sing to You—An English play by James Saunders. James Earl Jones and Estelle Parsons head a cast directed by Peter Coe. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 25. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—This long-faced, vulgar work, which is billed as a "collage for voices," tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Thistle in My Bed—A comedy by Gudrun Powers, directed by Howard Da Silva. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-

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closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays except Nov. 27, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians, in a program that includes two new ballets. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Hungarian Ballets 'Bihari'—Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky with their company of dancers and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Pauline Koner—With her company and Norman Walker in a program of modern dances. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Final performances (in English) of "An Unusual Concert" will close out the engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 9; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 3 and 9; Sunday, Nov. 24, at noon and 3:15; Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 9; Thanksgiving Day at noon and 3:15; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 9; and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 3 and 9.)

ANTA Program—Margaret Webster in a second performance of "No Coward Soul," her solo program concerning the Brontë sisters. Presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA, as one in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Friday, Nov. 22, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4563.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Diahann Carroll, who possesses a goddesslike power to assume many forms (everything from hothouse orchid to modest woodland violet), likewise possesses an angelic power of song. Banked on all her turns by the artful piano of Warren Meyers and by the Enrique Madriguera orchestra, she breezes through the Royal Box at dinner and supper. Dancing all along. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This neighborhood playhouse has acquired an almost completely new cast of performers, but they, too, are imbued with the idea that the show simply *must* go on. Freddy Alonso's and Freddie Jagels' dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is the home of Stanley Worth's minute band. On Mondays, another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ethel Merman, clad in a diamond-cut-diamond voice and a sequin-cut-sequin gown, is letting the scores of some of our epochal musical comedies have it right between the eyes. This heartening feat takes place in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Miss M. withdraws on Tuesday, Nov. 26; next evening's arrival is Kaye Ballard, a singer who is living proof that it is indeed a mad, mad, mad, mad world. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling orchestra and Mark Monte's small, bouncy one will be kept on to turn out the dance music. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo Le Fleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin and his trio into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The deeds of Hildegarde (smidgens of piano, of aria, of philosophy) oft remind us of the lady of the manor opening a new community center for the benefit of mankind, though in actuality she's just opening the Grill at dinnertime. She's there twice a night, and dance music is there all the time. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—*Status quo ante* and all that prevail in the Maisonette, home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group.... ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Janet Blair, who'd look great at any Yale-Harvard game and the ensuing festivities, is looking great in the Empire Room, where she's come to warble to her (and our) heart's content. She's there at dinner and supper every night but Thanksgiving (dinner only) and Sundays, when the room is closed. There's dance music from a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers and comedians assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays.... **EMBASSY CLUB,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Bobby Short's newest *pied-à-terre* is a *pied-à-souterre*, since it's belowstairs. It's also big, and full (after ten) of Mr. Short, his sidemen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan), and his playtime ballads. Otis Clements' cricket-on-the-hearth piano fills in. Mondays bring dead silence.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The stateliness of it all is assuaged at dinner (seven to nine-thirty) by the piano of Mr. Clements, who's there every night but Sunday.... **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): The Downeys, of the renowned Eighth Avenue greenroom of the same name, have set up a smaller East Side counterpart, where (as of Thursday, Nov. 21) Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, is resuming his soirées (ten-thirty until a very wee hour) of happy-go-lucky barroom baritone and piano. No Shannon on any subsequent Thursday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays, when Forrest Perrin does the honors.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oldest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. Closed Thanksgiving Day.... **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays and Thanksgiving Day are silent nights.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranchhouse in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday. Thanksgiving Day is the only holiday here.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca,"

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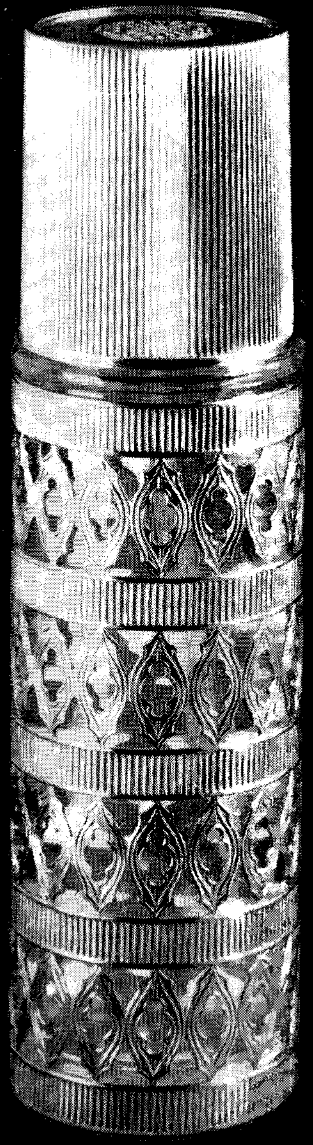

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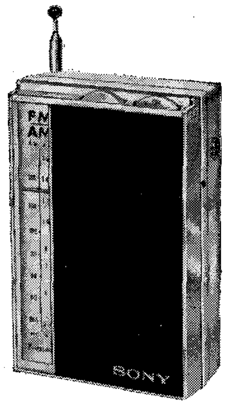

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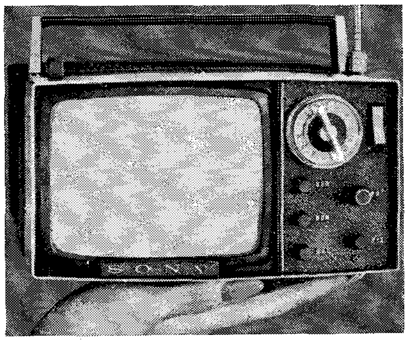

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers. Budd Gregg strokes a piano from dinnertime through suppertime. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, Joan Bishop plays dulcet piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A hitherto undiscovered fairy tale, "Diamond Fair," is inclined toward aesthetics and not toward the pointing of a moral. The princes do handstands, carom off trampolines, and produce doves out of thin air; the princesses are gowned for an apocalyptic coming-out party. It has been grandiloquently staged by Alec Shanks, of London, and blithely choreographed by our own Donald Saddler. The Kim Sisters, Korean song-and-prance princesses, are the ringleaders. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Allan Sherman is singing nursery songs his mother never taught him, the words (a mass of local lore and local reference) being all his merry own. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White has always had an eye for the ladies, and the current edition of his "Scandals" is confirmation of that, but the conversation and the comedy that go with his new assemblage of gorgeous girls come under the heading of Grim Tidings.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A year later, Julius Monk's revue, "Dime a Dozen," still finds the whole world a theatre of the absurd and still acts accordingly. Gerry Matthews remains as dean of the faculty, and among the more recent members of the larricking cast are Fredricka Weber, Carol Morley, and Jamie Ross. The orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The mixed grill onstage (mixed grills and such are served at your table, too) involves Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, whose brief plays deal with the downfall of domesticity and other luxuries; Rolf Harris, a Jack-of-all-trades, including Australian folk music of vast preposterousness and British variety-hall jesting that is feral, flagrant, and funny; and Mara Lynn Brown, who has moved over from Chicago to sing. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square (AL 4-0480): The exploding universe in which the Second City troupers lead their talented lives steadily encompasses new ideas and improves old ones, wherefore their current revue, like the others, is full of resounding glee. The cast is detachable on short notice, but Severn Darden, a cast in himself even without saying a word, is present now, and so are Barbara Harris and Bob Dishy. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame*, views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethancourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Teddy Wilson's exulting jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The Wilson trio plays in the bar after the second show. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): David Shepherd, graduate of the Compass Theatre, is holding practice sessions, at nine and midnight, of a new revue, "Twice Over Nightly," that is blessed by the presence of Mary Louise Wilson, MacIntyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley. The full-dress opening is set for Tuesday, Nov. 26. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their parades and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, are doing not only drill work but dance music in the back room of this Spanish *fonda* twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as Domingo Alvarado, whose voice eloquently decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, still pistol-packing as ever, is ripsnorting through her ditties; Betty Kean and Lew Parker are imparting lots of slam and bang to their robust humor; Bob King, a new hand, is being a useful sort of chatterbox. Tiger Haynes and his manic-panic Three Flames do the music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis's quintet is holding colloquies in a phraseology that sometimes defies parsing; Blossom Dearie is doing fancy-free ballads in that pleasurable baby-doll voice of hers, while simultaneously managing a piano and a trio. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The birdhouse is occupied by Della Reese, a so-so romanticist but a leader in runs-batted-in when she tackles jump tunes; the bandstand is occupied by Ray Bryant's triad of dedicated futurists; the pulpit is occupied by Shelley Berman, who has turned over a couple of new leaves (in his phone book, that is) and become funnier than ever. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The spokesman is Flip Wilson, a humorist on his first visit downtown; the balladeer is Gloria Lynne, an impulsive girl; the musicians are Roland Kirk and his three aides, believers in the new era. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not sub-deb amateurs. The Serendipity Singers, new to this town, are the leading lights. They're off duty Tuesdays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Life on the Mississippi, as narrated in brassbound style by Wilbur de Paris and his band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life in a frontier town, an odd locale for Joe Mooney, who, seated at night at the organ, finds quite a few lost chords with which to ornament his tricky jazz ballads. Chuck Wayne's trio is also around. Mr. Mooney stays home Sundays, the Waynes stay home Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle,

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opens up with his quartet, and Woody Herman gets his blatherskite band going. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's howlers-in-the-wilderness are at bay here. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The quintet owned by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer will complete its testimony on Sunday, Nov. 24. On Tuesday, Nov. 26, Art Farmer will return to this fold, bringing along Jim Hall and a quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): That's-more-like-it is the situation here, now that Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buck Clayton, and Morey Feld have landed to plant the banner of tradition. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project. Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is on the job with a handful of acolytes, and Roland Hanna's trio takes every second stanza. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six (Larry Rivers, better known as an exhibitor in our art galleries, is on saxophone) play, but only after a fashion, for listening and dancing. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones, not a man to take crowd noises lying down, is selling his horn solos as dearly as possible and running a quartet, too. Harold Quinn's solos are executed on a piano. They take Sundays off, when Louis Metcalf's foursome fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend lectures, with vividly tinted slides, on how the music used to be. On Saturday, Nov. 23, there'll be Jimmy McPartland, Russell Moore, the Louis Metcalf quartet, and a brace of rarities—Herb Hall, clarinet, and Rudy Collins, drums. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 118 W. 48th St. (JU 6-9563): Another Old School on another new site. Beyond the bar, Ahmad Abdul-Malik and Dick Wellstood engage in entertaining duets. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings by a Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Aronson—Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a Lithuanian-born American; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Milton Avery—New paintings by an artist now seventy; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Dec. 7. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Bohrod—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Dec. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—Abstract paintings and collages; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Clutz—Figurative oils and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nicolas de Staël (1914-55)—Abstractions by this Russian-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings done between 1913 and 1933; through Dec. 14. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronnie Elliott—Abstract collages, 1943-63; through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Walter Feldman—Paintings done on a trip to Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Léonor Fini—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes principally; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Garrigues—Abstract sculptures in wood and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Golub—Paintings done in Paris; through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figure paintings and paintings of the sea; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Grillo—Abstractions; through Dec. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sarah Grilo—Non-objective paintings by an Argentine artist; through Dec. 2. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

William Gropper—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract Expressionist oils by a Spanish-born American artist; through Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Friday, Nov. 29. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St.)

Geoffrey Holder—Paintings, primarily figure studies, by this Trinidadian artist (and dancer); through Dec. 2. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Abstract and figurative paintings; through Dec. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Paul Jones—Paintings and small bronzes; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Abstract collages in aluminum; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Abstract oil paintings and ink drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Miró and Artigas—Sculptures in ceramic created by Miró and fashioned by him and Artigas; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

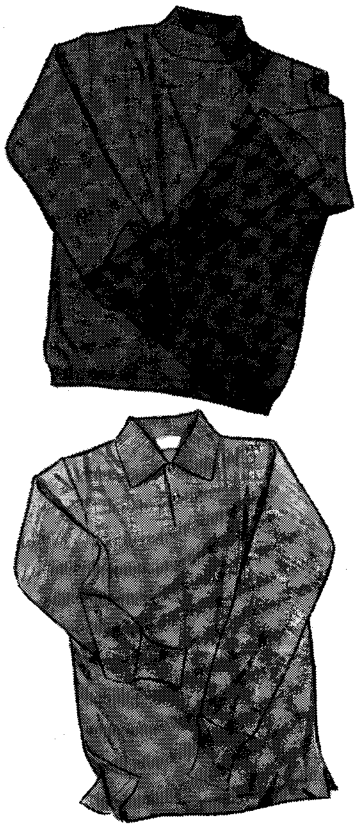
Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A loan exhibition of paintings and two sculptures; through Dec. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Oils, water colors, and drawings, from the Dutch modernist's own collection; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Juan Nickford—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

George Picken—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings, mostly landscapes; through Dec. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madi-



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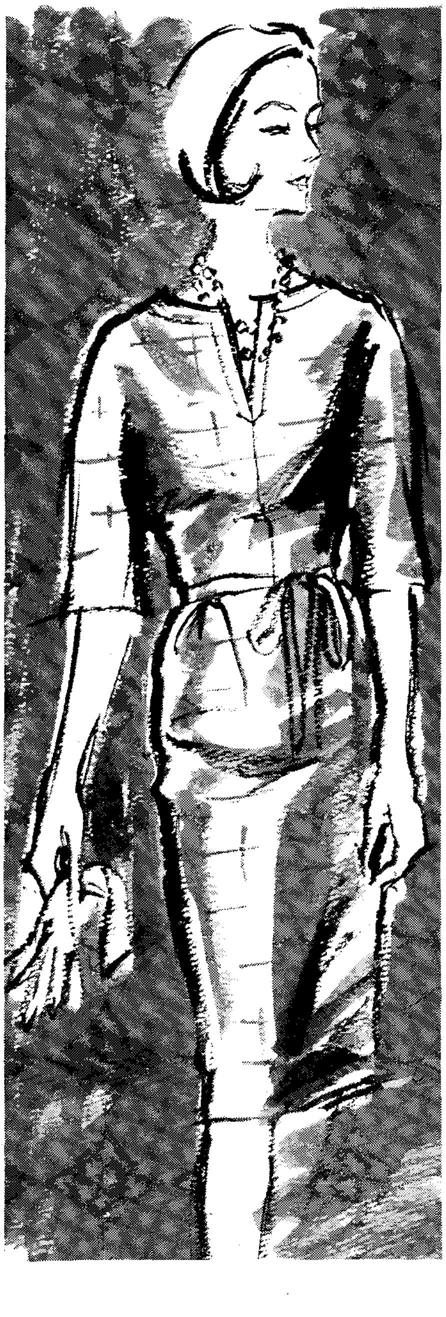

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Paintings by a Japanese modern; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph J. Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—An exhibition of drawings, silverpoints, and pastels (1908-44) that is running concurrently with the showing of his paintings at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Florine Stettheimer: Her Family, Her Friends—A loan exhibition of paintings that coincides with the publication of Parker Tyler's book "Florine Stettheimer: A Life in Art;" through Tuesday, Nov. 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings, mainly of French scenes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Claude Venard—Provence is the theme of a dozen paintings by this School of Paris artist; through Monday, Nov. 25. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Figurative gouache paintings done in Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Master Drawings—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—A showing of paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Dec. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Artist and Maecenas: A Tribute to Curt Valentin—The inaugural exhibition at the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery (41 E. 57th St.) is a benefit dedicated to the memory of Mr. Valentin and includes many paintings and sculptures (by such artists as David Smith, Henry Moore, Braque, and Picasso) that he sold to private collectors and museums; through Dec. 21.

Bragaline Collection—A benefit loan exhibition of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, Miró, Soutine, and Modigliani, from the collection of Edward A. Bragaline; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual exhibit, comprising sixty-seven pieces (by Dorothy Dehner, Ezio Martinelli, Joseph Konzal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Soviet Graphic Arts—An exchange display, including about four hundred lithographs, woodcuts, linocuts, etchings, original drawings, and book illustrations; through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Time & Life Building Exhibition Center, Rockefeller Center. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Americans; Group Show—The fiftieth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Nov. 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Afro, Max Beckmann, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **auslander**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Oils, pastels, and drawings make up an exhibit called "Europeans, Vuillard to de Staël;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century masters, including Gris, Kandinsky, and Utrillo; through Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Pointillist paintings by (to mention a few) Pissarro, Seurat, and Signac; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Saturday, Nov. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, *until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.*)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Jimmy Ernst, William Kienbusch, and Bernard Perlin, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; starting Friday, Nov. 22. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen of the Eastern States," a regional survey of work by American designer-craftsmen; starting Friday, Nov. 22. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon *to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.*)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, containing silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by a dozen contemporary American artists, including Patricia Passlof, Seymour Franks, and Herbert Kallem; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella, America's leading Futurist; through Dec. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stella showing at the Salpeter Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Curtis-Verna, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, Ernst Wiemann, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Sándor Kónya, Paul Schöffler, Giorgio Tozzi, Karl Dönch, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Jolanda Meneguzzer, Richard Tucker, Calvin Marsh, Cesare Siepi, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Manon," with Nicoletta Panni, Barry Morell, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lisa Della Casa, Neyde Thomaz, George Shirley, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Calvin Marsh, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Faust," with Nicoletta Panni, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, Jerome Hines, and Vladimir Ruzdak. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Gladys Kuchta, Mary Curtis-Verna, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, Ernst Wiemann, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Paul Franke, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Gianna d'Angelo, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Kenneth Smith, and Theodor Uppman.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—George Szell conducting an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 22, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano); and a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 (all with Lev Oborin, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30 (with Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Donald Gramm, base-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Friends of Live Music Orchestra—Eric Simon conducting, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Edward Zimmerman, baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5:30.)

Bach Festival—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program of Bach cantatas, with Judith Raskin, soprano, and John Reardon, baritone. The fourth in a series of five programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" in concert form, with Grace Hoffman, mezzo-soprano; Birger Bergquist, tenor; and Paul Schöffler, bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Rienzi" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jean Madeira, contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:40.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Theodora," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica Motet Choir and Wind Ensemble—Noah Greenberg directing a program of Renaissance festival music, with the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner and five soloists from the Abbey Singers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:40.)

Boys Town Choir—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)

Master Institute Chorus—David Labovitz directing, with the Master Institute Orchestra; Dorothy Renzi, soprano; Rawn Spearman, baritone; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 5:15.)

RECITALS

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

New Danish Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Marina Mdivani—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Richard Cass—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Myron Bloom, horn; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The second and third in a series of six all-Mozart programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30, a varied program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, a benefit concert. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Pro Musica in an Elizabethan concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Richard Lewis—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Stuart Canin—Violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Netherlands String Quartet—Chamber music. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream Consort—The second of two concerts of Elizabethan music by an English ensemble of six instrumentalists. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—With Janice Harsanyi, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Chad Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Tamás Vásáry will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 25, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond); Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan; and the Clark Terry-Bobby Brookmeyer quintet, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Count Basie's band, Stan Getz's quartet, and Jimmy Rushing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, with Gerry Mulligan, Eric Dolphy, Jim Hall, Connie Kay, and Richard Davis. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-3171.) . . . ¶ Thelonious Monk, with a ten-piece orchestra, in a program of his own composi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 6:30: San Francisco vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 22: Mauro Mina vs. Allen Thomas, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29: José Stable vs. Rip Randall, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 23 (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . *THANKSGIVING DAY:* Notre Dame vs. Syracuse, at Yankee Stadium, at noon. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 30 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

Professional Football—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 7. Post time will be at 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 23; the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 27; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—The annual children's delight. Two thousand costumed marchers, a dozen floats, and a dozen bands. Starts at 9 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:15.

Music—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Conducted, in part, by Leonard Bernstein, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at noon.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Emperor's New Clothes," Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:30 and 3. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Children under five not admitted.) . . . GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30; Sundays at 1; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.) . . . HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Absolutely Time." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPETS: "Paul Bunyan" and four other plays. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS: "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND: "Punch and Judy." (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Indian Captive." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 1.) . . . ¶ "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.) . . . GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon;" through Dec. 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Flower Show—An indoor display entitled "Chrysanthemum Time in Japan." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 24.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The fifteenth annual exhibit will feature displays from the archives of the Post Office Department and the Cardinal Spellman Philatelic Museum. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 24, from 2 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jean Dufy, Raoul Dufy, Raphael Soyer, and Mary Callery, together with a group of modern hand-tufted rugs designed by Gloria Finn; the property of Paul Gardner and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Continental silver of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, old porcelains and other decorative objects, tapestries, paintings, sculptures, and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Etha Newell. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 1:45: English and American first editions, manuscripts, colored plate books, and drawings; from the library of the late Dr. Ellsworth Eliot and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 1:45: Original book illustrations, political and war cartoons, and other drawings by Arthur Szyk. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 22.

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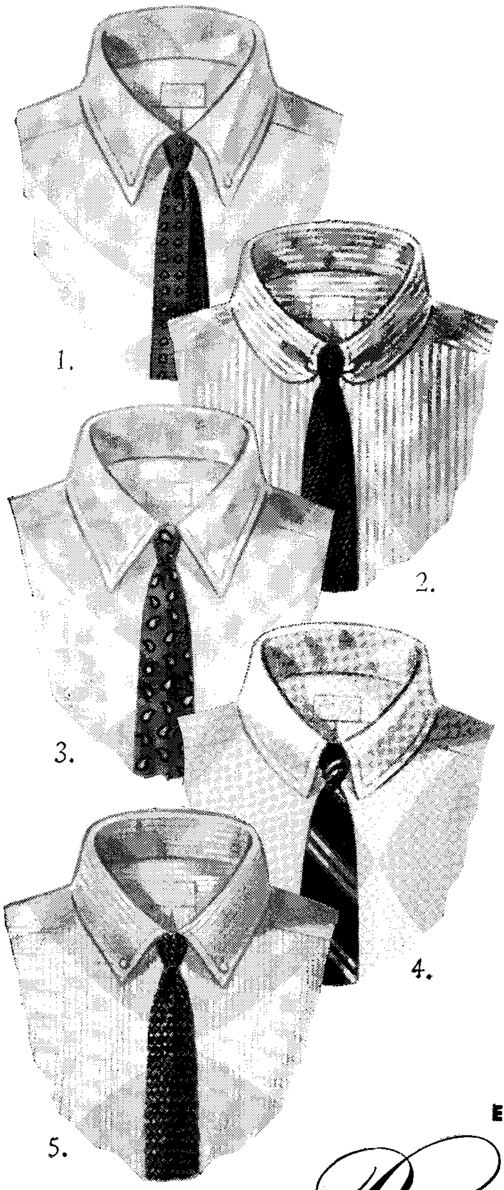

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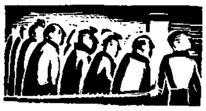

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—An exceptionally attractive short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago and here brought to ghostly life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 24.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An extremely comic, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 26.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Heavens Above!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, amusingly directed by John Huston and acted to the hilt by, among others, George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, and Dana Wynter. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 26, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Nov. 22.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—Joan Littlewood's first crack at directing a movie, and it's a triumph. Comic carryings-on in the lower depths of London, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor as a pair of Cockney lovers who are also more or less husband and wife. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 22-23.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 27.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The V.I.P.s—A batch of big shots are waiting for the fog to lift at London Airport; by the time it does so, their lives have all been radically altered. A witty piece of nonsense by Terence Rattigan, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, Orson Welles, and many others. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 27, tentative.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 23.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 26-27.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 26, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 24-26.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 22-25.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Nov. 26.)

Compulsion (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 22.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 21.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter (1961)—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Pearl White. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 26.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 22-25.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 27, evening performances only.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 26.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 21, last showing at 3:38.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 21.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 26.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 21.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 23.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 26-27.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 25-26.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Dick Powell in Hollywood's version of "Farewell, My Lovely," the Raymond Chandler mystery. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 23-24.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 21.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 26-27.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Nov. 22.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 22-23.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 25-26.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Nov. 25.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Nov. 27.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 24.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 26.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 24-25.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 23-24.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 23: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Nov. 24-27: "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 26: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue.
From Nov. 27: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Nov. 25: "Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Nov. 26: "High and Low" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 26: "Tiara Tahiti," James Mason, John Mills.
From Nov. 27: "Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
8½ (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Nov. 26: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From Nov. 27: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 26: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.
From Nov. 27: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 26: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival; and "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
From Nov. 27: **THE V.I.P.S.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): **HEAVENS ABOVE!**; and **DAVID AND LISA,** revival.
From Nov. 27 (tentative): **THE V.I.P.S.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 26: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.
From Nov. 27: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 24: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian).
From Nov. 25: "Clear Skies" (in Russian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 25: **SUMMERTIME,** revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 26: **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Family Diary" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Nov. 27 (tentative): "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 26: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.
From Nov. 27: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 26: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.
From Nov. 27: **THE V.I.P.S.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 21: **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
Nov. 22-25: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Nov. 26-27: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 26: **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER,** revival; and "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From Nov. 27: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film with an English narration; and "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 26: **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival.
From Nov. 27: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 22: **COMPULSION,** revival; and "Detective Story," revival, Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker.
Nov. 23-24: **MURDER, MY SWEET,** revival; and **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival.
Nov. 25-26: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival.
From Nov. 27: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 26: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.
From Nov. 27: **THE V.I.P.S.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 23: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and "Dream Wife," revival, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
Nov. 24-26: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "The Birds," revival, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
From Nov. 27: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 26: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.
From Nov. 27: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue; and "The Invincible Gladiator," Richard Harrison.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 23: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow.
From Nov. 24: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 21: **I AM A CAMERA,** revival; and **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival.
From Nov. 22: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **SAPPHIRE,** revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 26: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From Nov. 27: **THE V.I.P.S.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Thérèse" (in French), Emmanuele Riva.

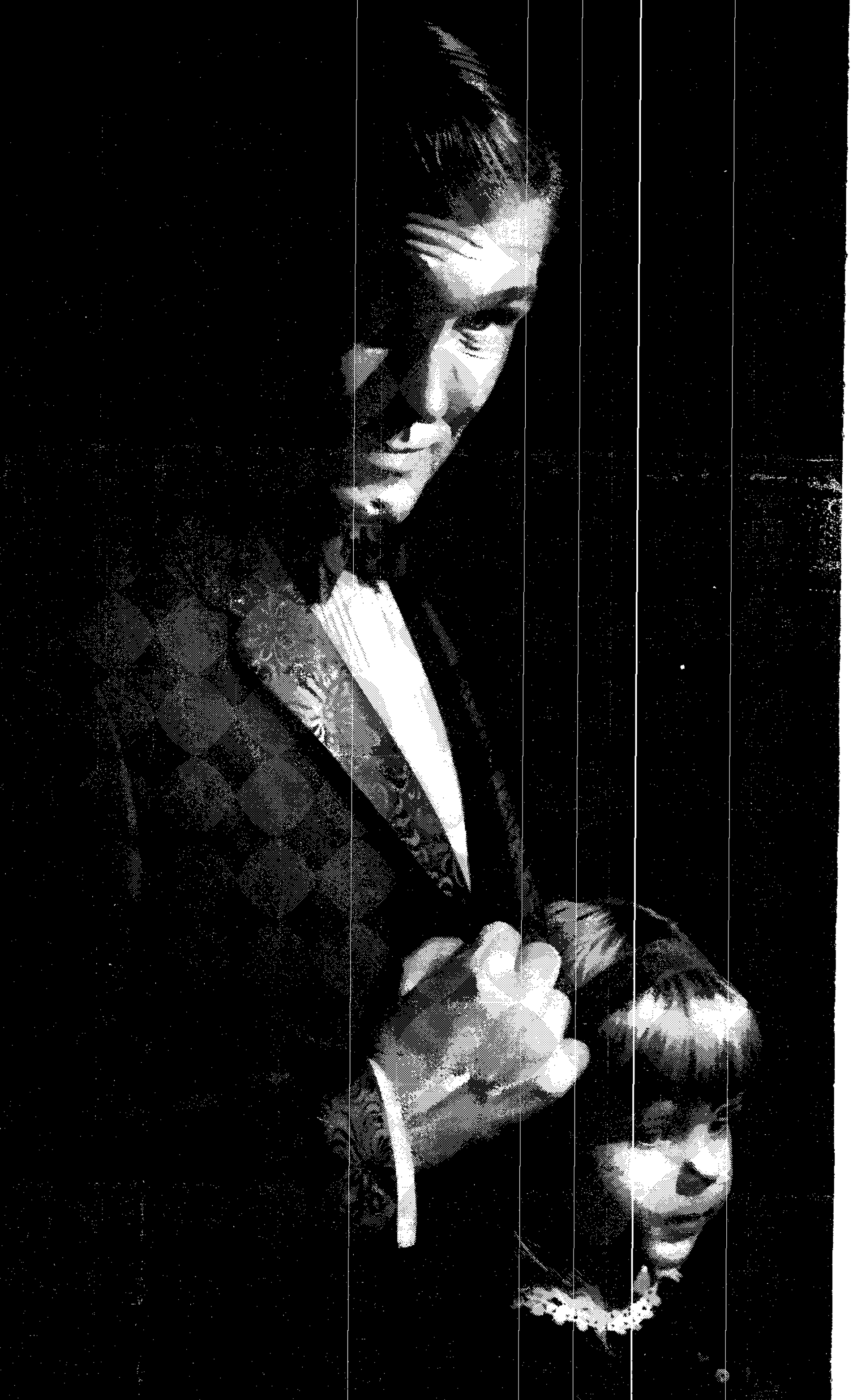
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 26: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.
From Nov. 27: **THE V.I.P.S.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 21 (last showing at 2:16): **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
Nov. 21, at 7 and 9:30: "True Heart Suzie" (silent), Lillian Gish; and two short D. W. Griffith films.
Nov. 22-23: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**; and **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival.
Nov. 24-25: **THE TRIAL,** revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
Nov. 26-27: **ROUGE ET NOIR** and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (both in French and both revivals).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 26: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**; and "Please Turn Over," revival, Ted Ray.
From Nov. 27: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

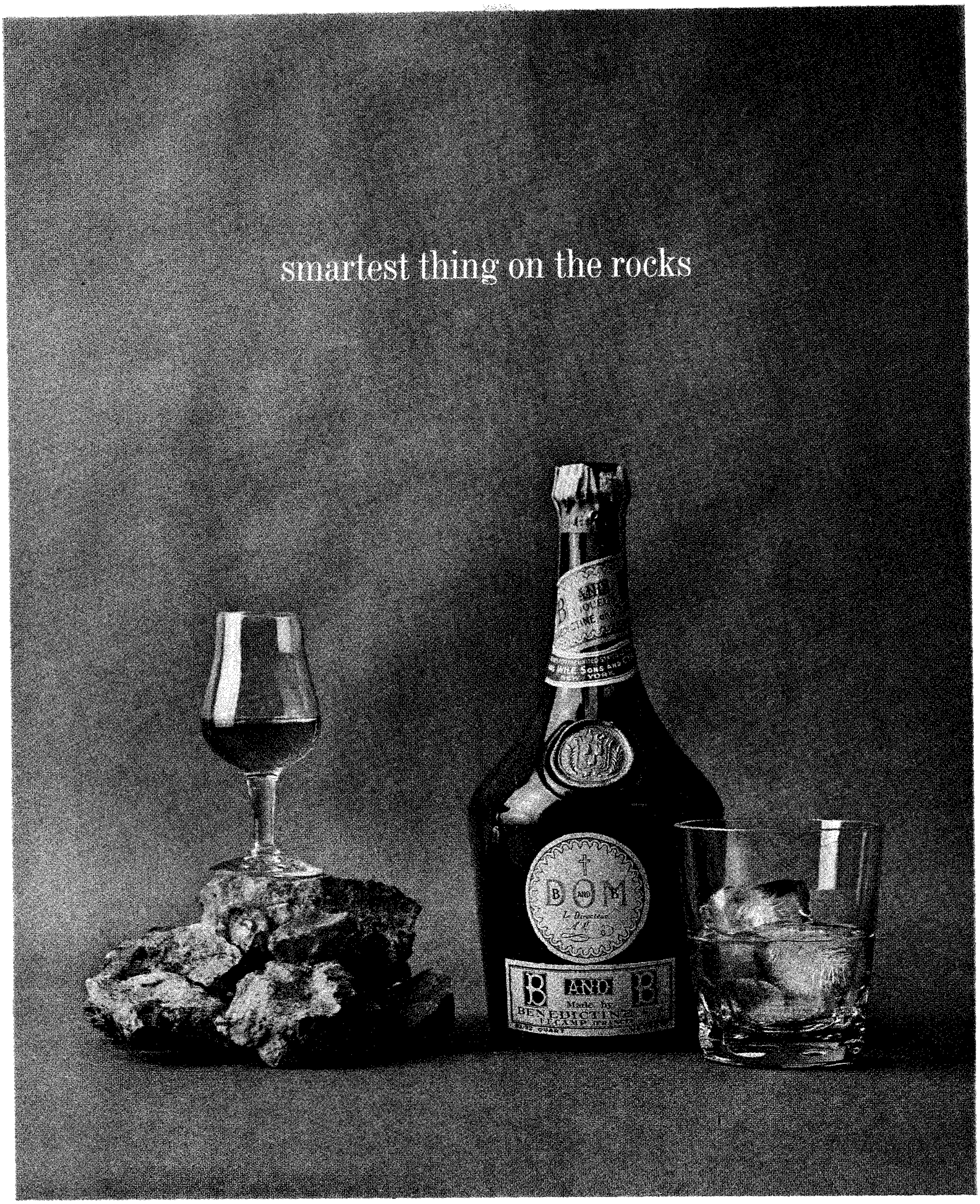
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 21: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival.
Nov. 22-25: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
From Nov. 26: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 26: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 27: **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**



The lapels are silk brocade, the look is Lord West . . . and the lady approves. $135. at authoritative stores. Lord West 101 West 21st St., New York City

Lord West



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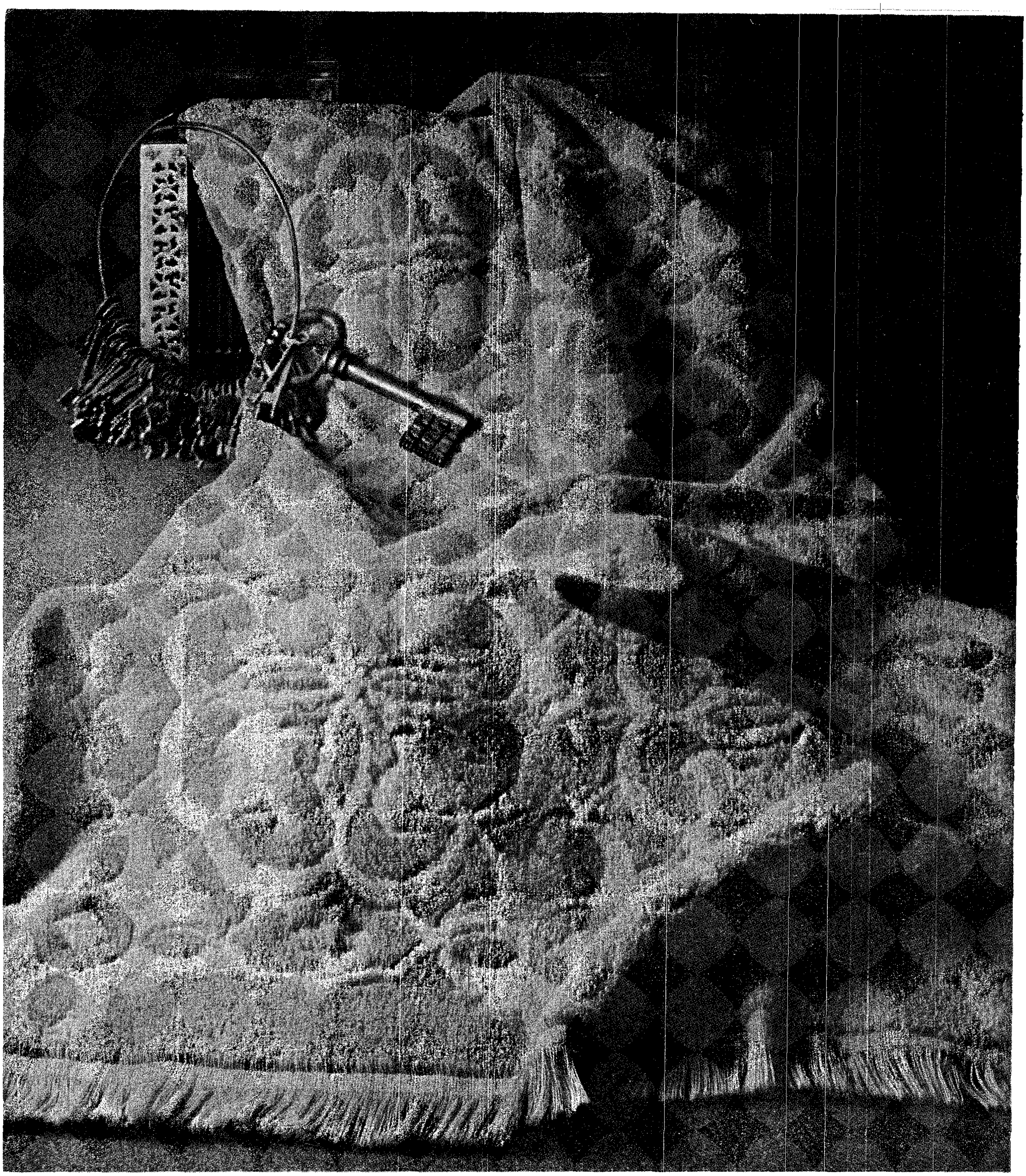

Unlock the crown jewel!

Treat yourself royally! **You'd** never own the richest towel in the world and treasure it only for state occasions. Cannon's new Moresque is to be **used!** Its thick folds sculptured in tone-on-tone **admired!** Its soft luxurious texture **enjoyed!** Obviously the colors (seven in all) are magnificent. And our permanently Pucker-Free™ symbol is on the label. Moresque is quite a thought for gifts. All cotton, about $5. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N.Y.C. 20

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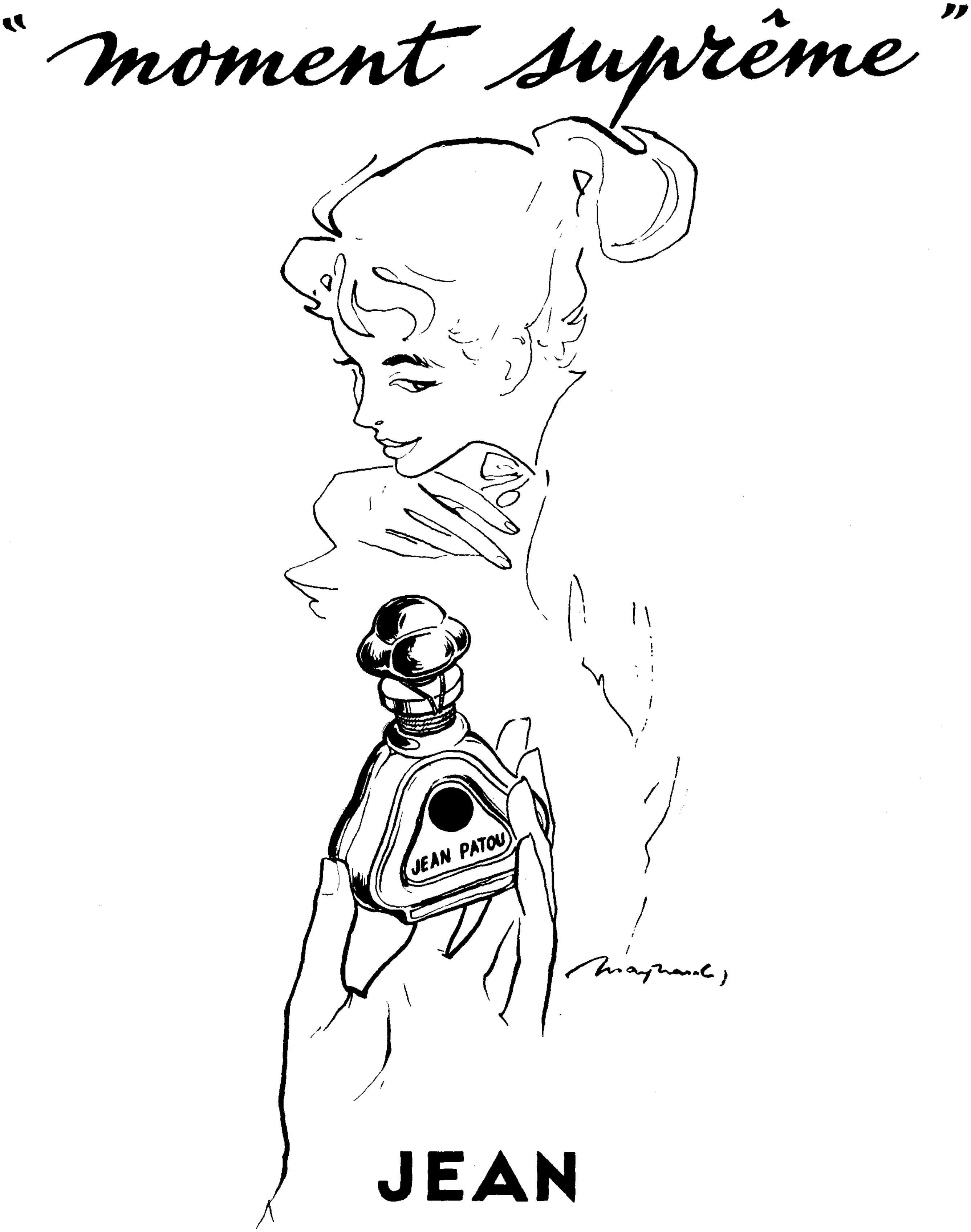
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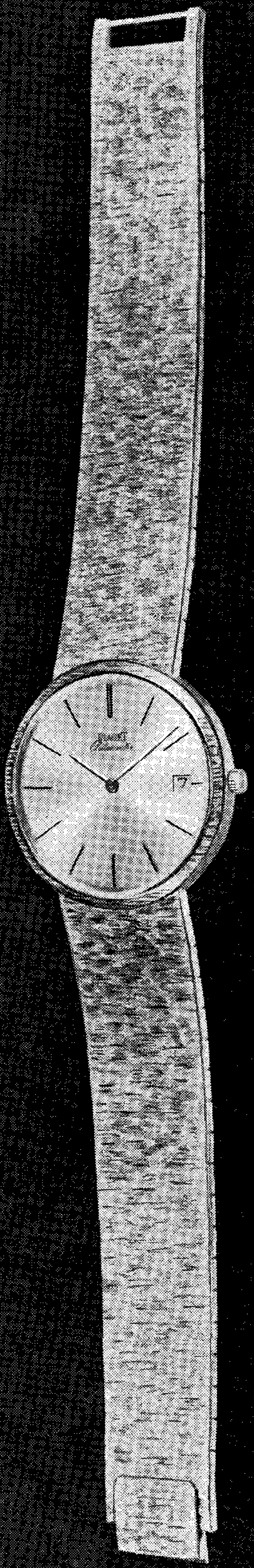

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What's low in upkeep, high in mileage, maneuverable in any weather, adaptable to any terrain, air-cooled, water-tight, trim outside, roomy inside, equipped with three spares, precision-engineered with 42 hidden changes to date but looks the same every year?

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RICHARD HEIMANN

(a scenario for MADEMOISELLE the fashion shoe)

The scene is a dense tropical jungle. Jane Worth's private plane has just crashed. "Are you alright, Miss Worth?" "I think so!" "You best remain here. I will go for help." By late afternoon the pilot has not returned/ We see her pacing the jungle clearing/ Suddenly, through the foliage creeps a great cat/ Jane shows terror. The camera moves down to show the beast slinking toward her/ We see she is wearing Mademoiselle's Carnival Pump in one of many vivid color combinations. About $20. A shot is heard and the cat plunges back into the jungle/ It is the pilot. "We are saved. There are natives waiting at the river to take us out." We see the dugout, rowed by the natives, gliding downstream with Jane and the pilot/ An orange sun hangs low over the river/ It is the end!

(Indeed, a fitting climax for Mademoiselle)

The dress that never sleeps.

"Adventurer," a Cohama fabric of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% Avril rayon.

You may tire, but this ***Cos Cob*** *dress won't. Nor be anything less than chic, no matter what you do in it. That's to be expected when Avril® rayon is added to Dacron. Besides smoothness, weightlessness and un-typical color clarity, too. In sizes 8 to 18. About $15.*

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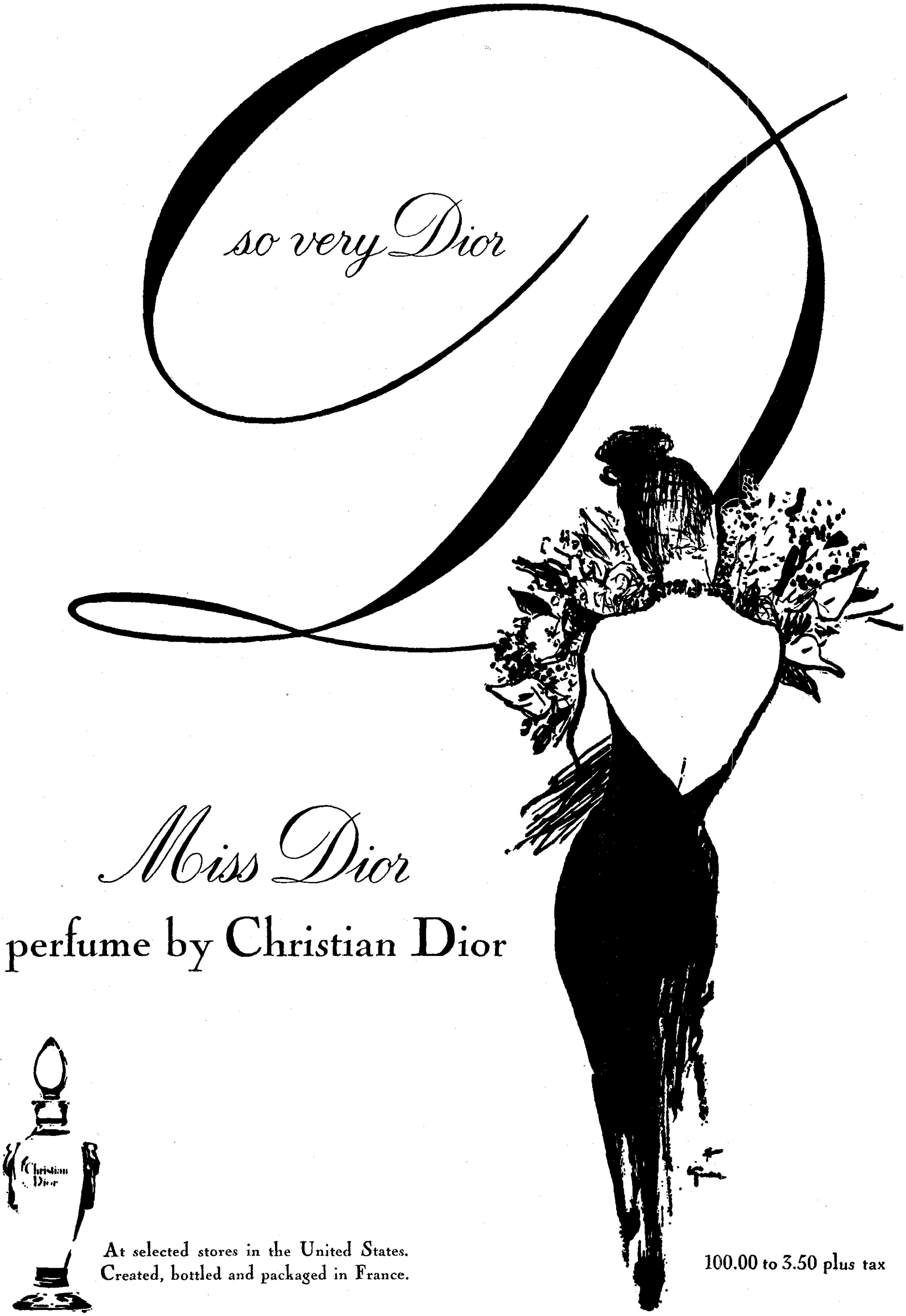
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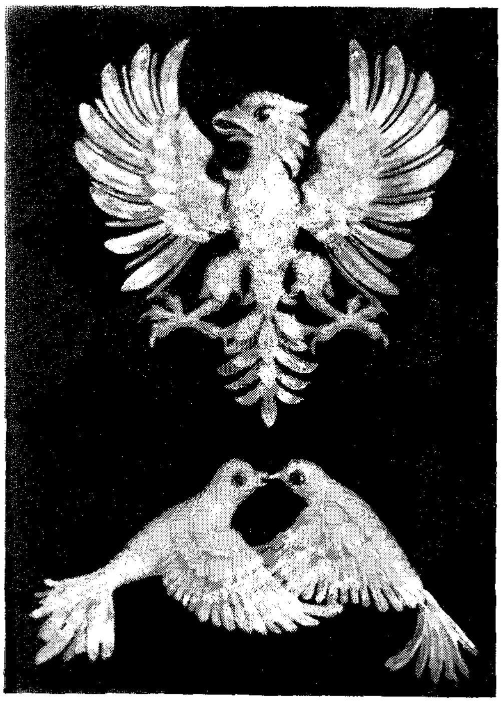
Mr. Cooper is a dedicated ornithologist. Are you?

Douglas J. Cooper's birds are extraordinary to say the least. For instance, the eagle statue Mr. Cooper is holding is from his personal collection of birds carved in unusual gem stones. It was created by Georg O. Wild, the European sculptor. Obviously, it is the only one of its kind in the world.

The 18 karat gold eagle brooch shown to the right in our black box, we feel, is even more exciting (if that's possible). Diamonds pauved create his shimmering feathers. A most noble creature, to be sure. With a ruby eye, two thousand nine hundred dollars.

Since we are devoting this advertisement to our friends of the feathered variety, what could be more appropriate than our seemingly indiscreet Love Birds? Their attitudes in flight are authentic, of course, as their poses were reproduced directly from nature.

We hope these little rascals (one with a ruby eye and one with an emerald eye) make you as happy as they seem to be. As a brooch in 18 karat gold, one hundred dollars.



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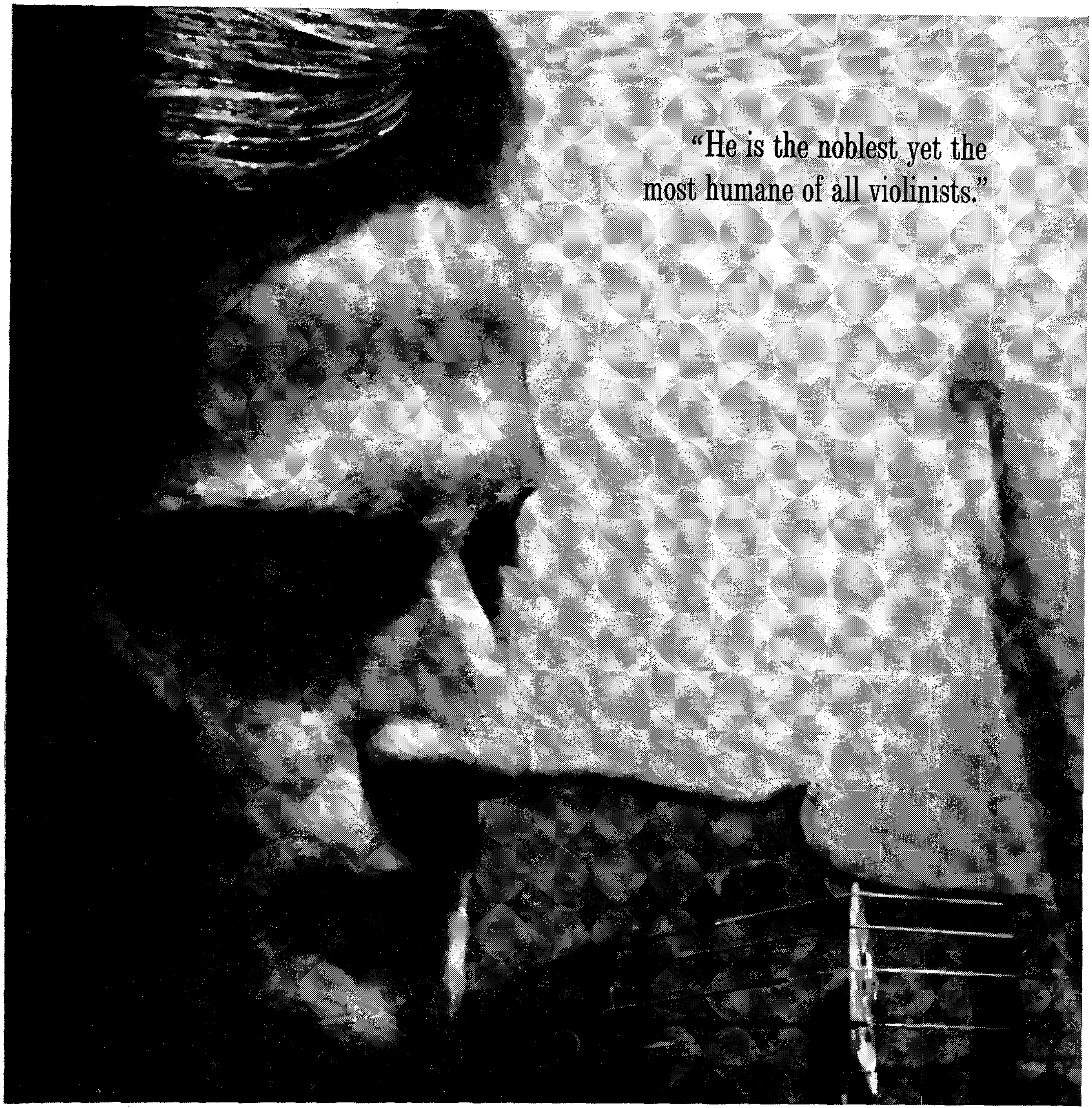

"He is the noblest yet the most humane of all violinists."

LOTTE MEITNER-GRAF

Neville Cardus, astute British critic and musicologist, writing for the Manchester Guardian...his subject

Yehudi Menuhin

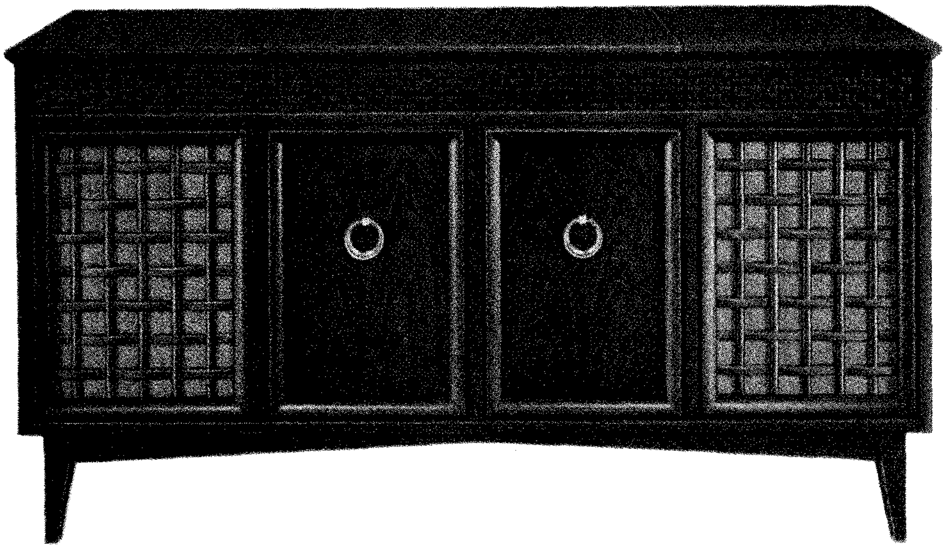
In London's Royal Festival Hall, Menuhin was playing the Brahms Concerto, with Monteux conducting. Wrote Cardus: "Menuhin is never the mere performer on his violin, never just a virtuoso. He is constantly searching interpretatively. His playing appears to be looking into the music. During an orchestral tutti he stands on the platform swaying gently, obviously listening; and his eyes are apparently collaborating with the ear, seeing something hovering in the air—the music behind the notes, the music which, as Mahler believed, cannot always be contained in the notes."

Menuhin's concerts at Bath have resulted in marvelous Angel recordings of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Ravel, with such distinguished colleagues as Elain Shaffer, George Malcolm and Leon Goossens. Menuhin is heard as both violinist and conductor in the old Baroque and Classical tradition. A new release features this versatile artist as viola soloist in a magnificent recording of Berlioz' "Harold In Italy."

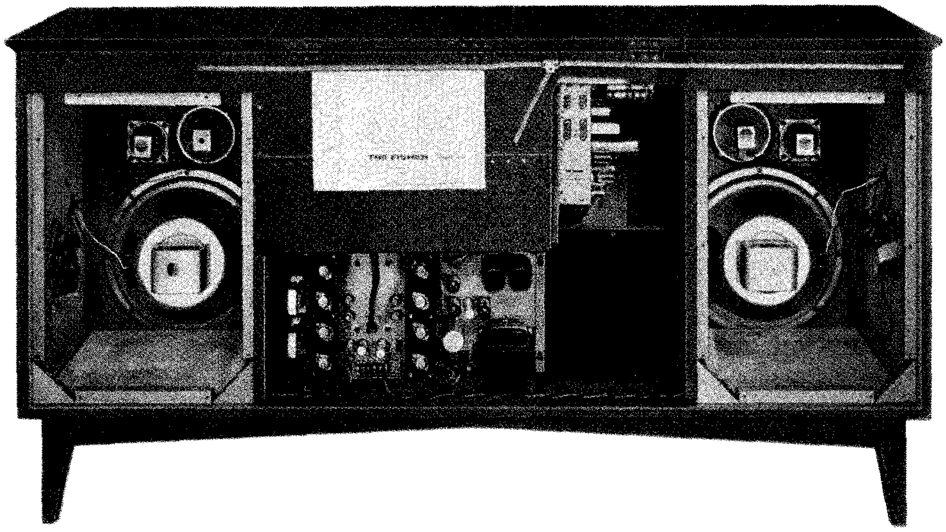
As musician...as student and philosopher...as a man, Yehudi Menuhin is one of the most colorful celebrities of our century. Through the years, he continues to hold a high place among worthy company in the roster of Angel recording artists.

Angel ®

Body



and soul



by Fisher

THIS IS the age of stereophonic high fidelity. The faithful music lover in search of the ideal radio-phonograph is no longer content with the body beautiful. Not even when its the magnificent body of a Fisher stereophonic high fidelity console. Inevitably he must look for the electronic essence. And in a Fisher he finds it.

Fisher is the only maker of stereophonic consoles who is, at the same time, the leading manufacturer of separate high fidelity components. These separate Fisher tuners, amplifiers and speakers have been the first choice of professional users and technically-informed sound enthusiasts since the dawn of the high fidelity era. Your favorite FM station most probably monitors and relays its own broadcasts with Fisher equipment. And under the wood of a Fisher console you will find nothing less than these world-famous Fisher component designs.

The Ambassador VI shown here is a perfect example. It employs six highly-specialized loudspeakers (three for each stereo channel), an extremely powerful 75-watt transistorized stereo power amplifier, a master audio control center, a Garrard 4-speed automatic turntable with Pickering stereo cartridge and diamond stylus and a highly sensitive AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner. The cabinet is crafted of superb hand-rubbed woods of rare beauty and richness.

Fisher stereophonic high fidelity instruments are available in 10 basic models and 43 different styles and finishes priced from $359.50 to $2,695. (Prices slightly higher in the West.) For your free copy of the 28-page, full-color Fisher Console Catalogue and the name of the nearest franchised dealer, mail the coupon below.

Fisher Radio Corporation
21-58 44th Drive
Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Please send me, without charge, the illustrated color catalogue describing the complete 1964 line of Fisher stereophonic high fidelity consoles.

THE FISHER Complete Stereophonic High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs 1964

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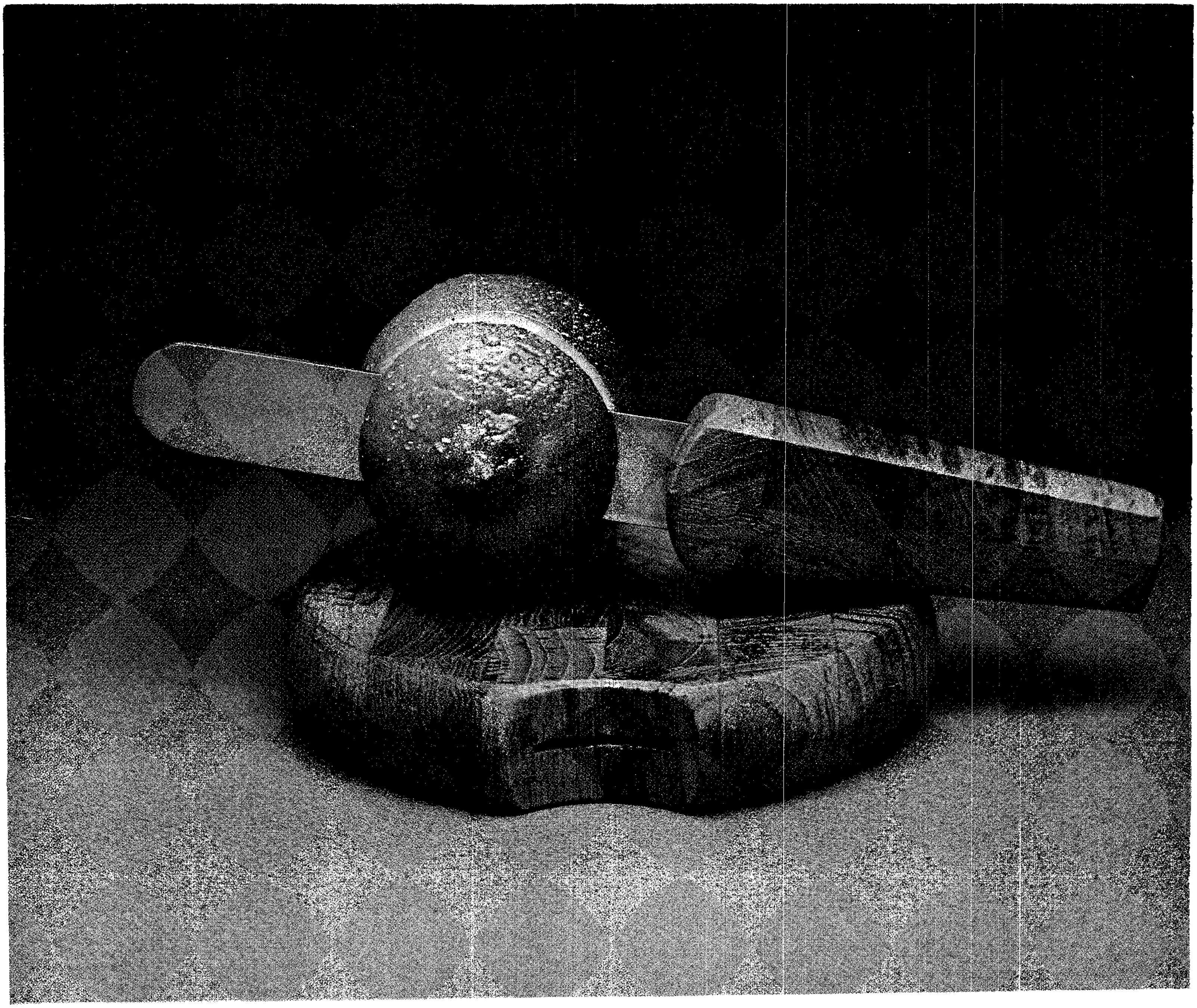

Pick it up. Turn it over. Run the blade into its slot.

You've never seen a cutting board like this. Jens Quistgaard built it out of end-grain blocks. The way you build a butcher block. And where it's different, he designed it different. For a reason.

Take the size. Too small for cleaving beef. But just right to slice a lime or lemon on. And the top's concave, so it won't spill the juices. Take the wood. It's Siamese teak. The stuff, not of butcher blocks, but sailing ships. (Jens chose it because it stands up so well to water.)

Then how is this board like a butcher block? Pick up the knife and start to cut. Decisively. Forget your inhibitions. You won't dull the knife or gouge the wood. You're cutting as your butcher cuts. Into end-grain. Not across the fibers.

As to the knife itself: the blade's the same tough Finnish stainless steel that prows the Finnish ice-breaker fleet. (The Finns would be ice-bound ten months of the year without it.)

And there are two more intelligent bits. A nylon bushing—inside the scabbard slot—to keep the knife blade snug, and safe, and sharp. And the thoughtful price—just $7.95 for board and knife together.

(If you've read this far, you'd probably also be interested in some of the 515 other well-thought-out designs in the Dansk "Top of the Table" collection. Write for a free catalog to: Department T, Dansk Designs, Great Neck, New York.)

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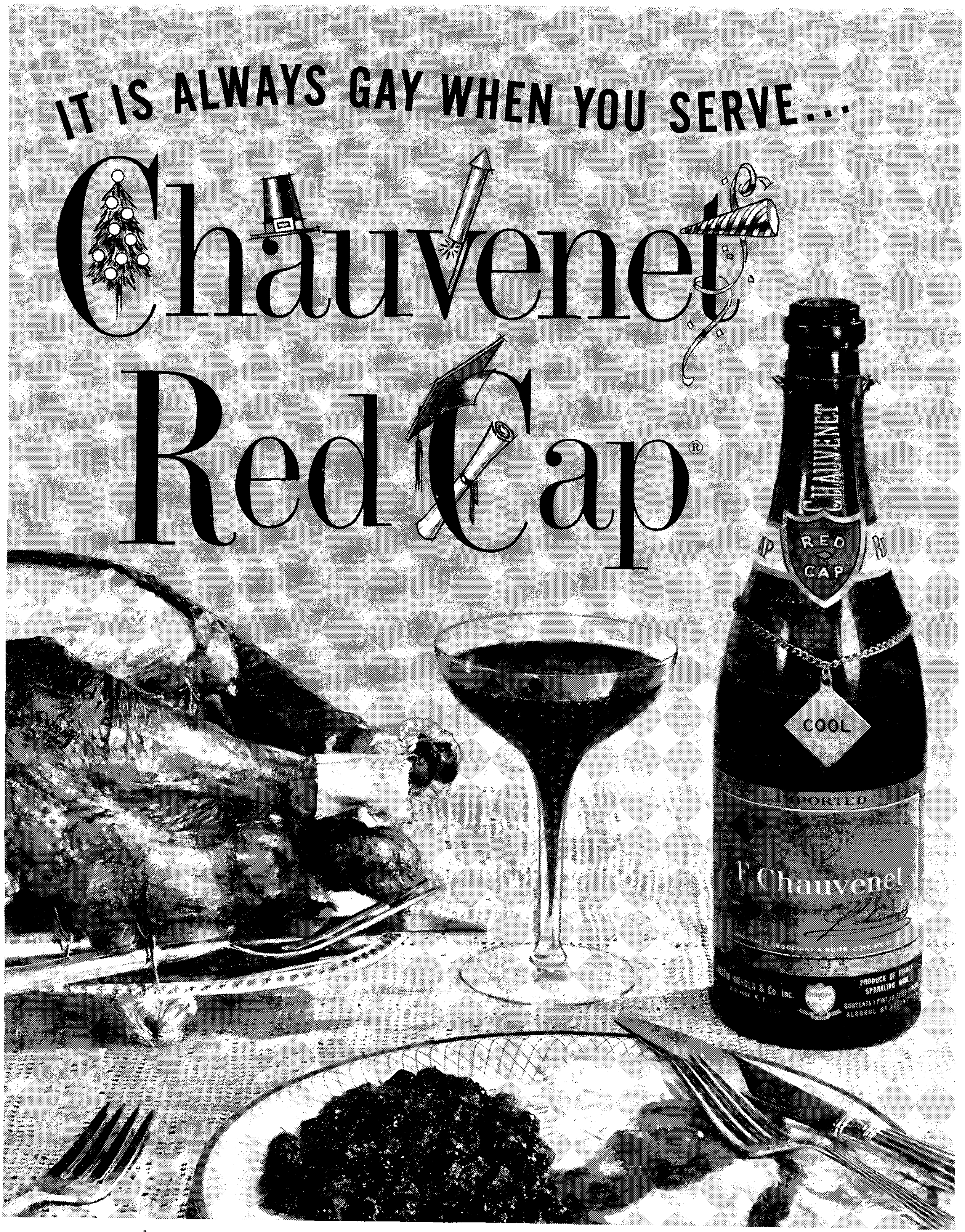
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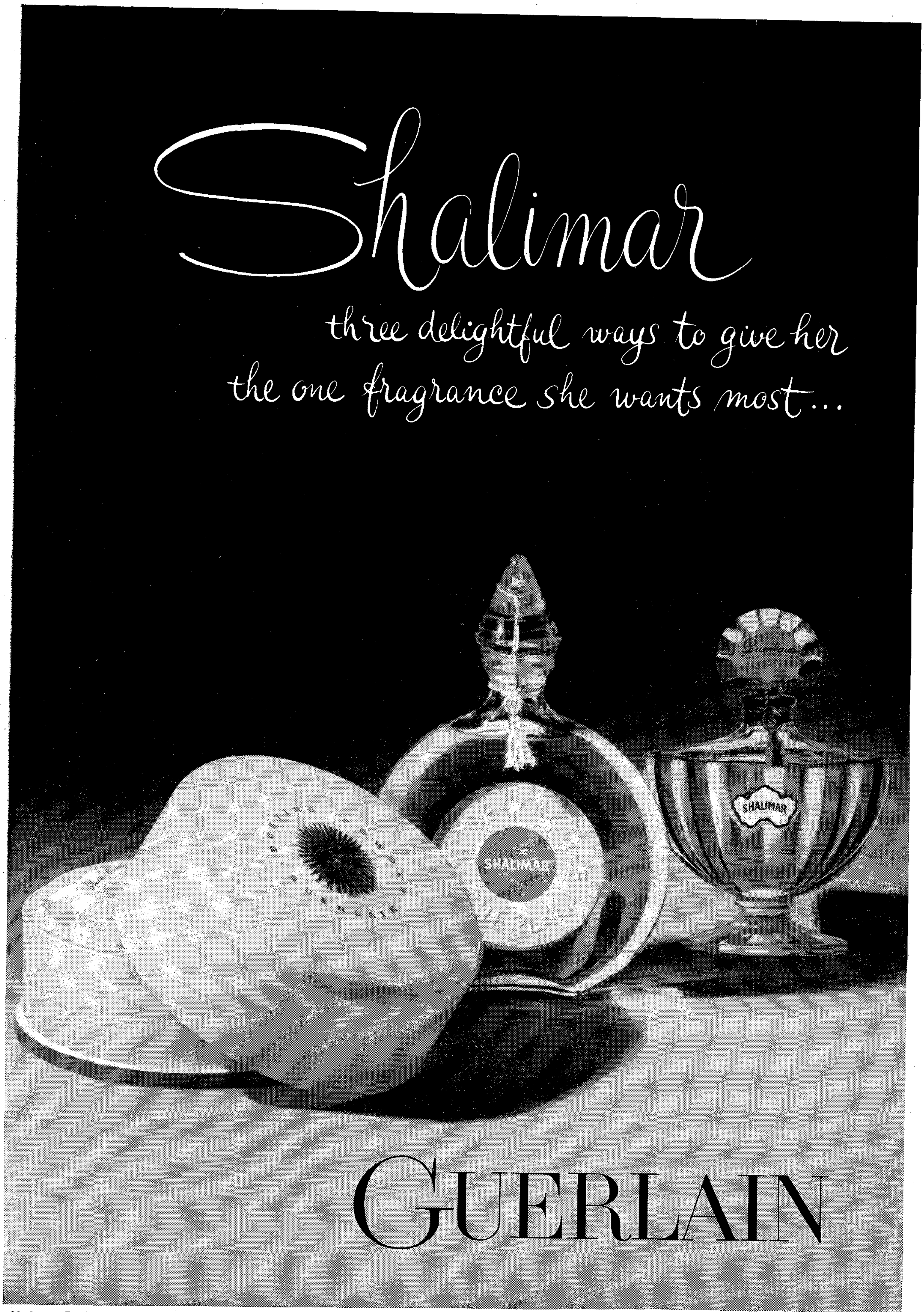
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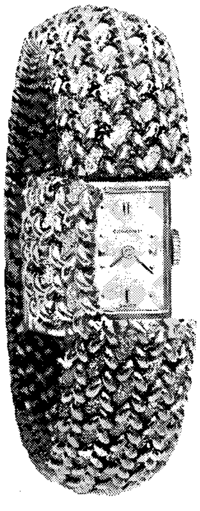
Concord is a beautiful way to tell time

The very chic diamond and gold bracelet shown above is actually much more than a bracelet. It is a watch, too. One of our newest and most elegant.

To tell time, a secret panel swings open exposing the dial. When you see that you are fashionably late enough for your next appointment, simply let the panel snap shut again. And off you go wearing your beautiful bracelet. In brilliant-cut diamonds and fourteen karat gold, one thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars.



For those of you who have too many diamond pieces (if that's at all possible), we have created the identical watch but without diamonds. It is shown to the left. See how the peek-a-boo top opens? Isn't that clever? Our designers have outdone themselves this time. In fourteen karat yellow gold, five hundred and fifty dollars. Federal tax included on both bracelet watches.

Concord watches and clocks, of course, are available at only the very finest jewelers.

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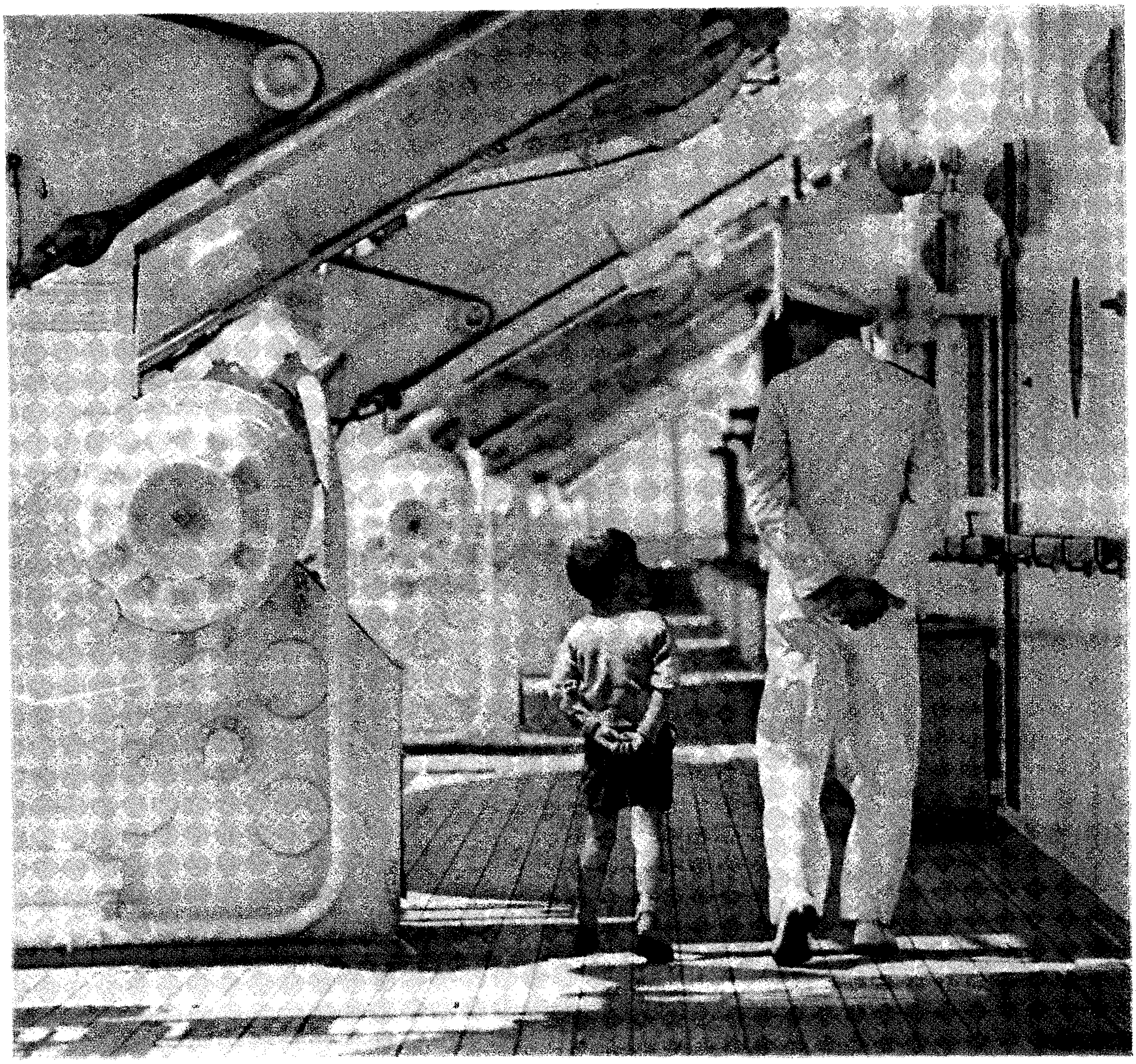
SONY **SUPERSCOPE**® *The Tapeway to Stereo*



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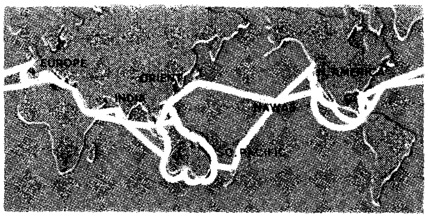
For free Vacation Voyage brochures: write Dept. G-8, P&O-Orient, 155 Post St., San Francisco 8, California.

Then see your travel agent—and run away to sea. All fares quoted in U.S. currency.



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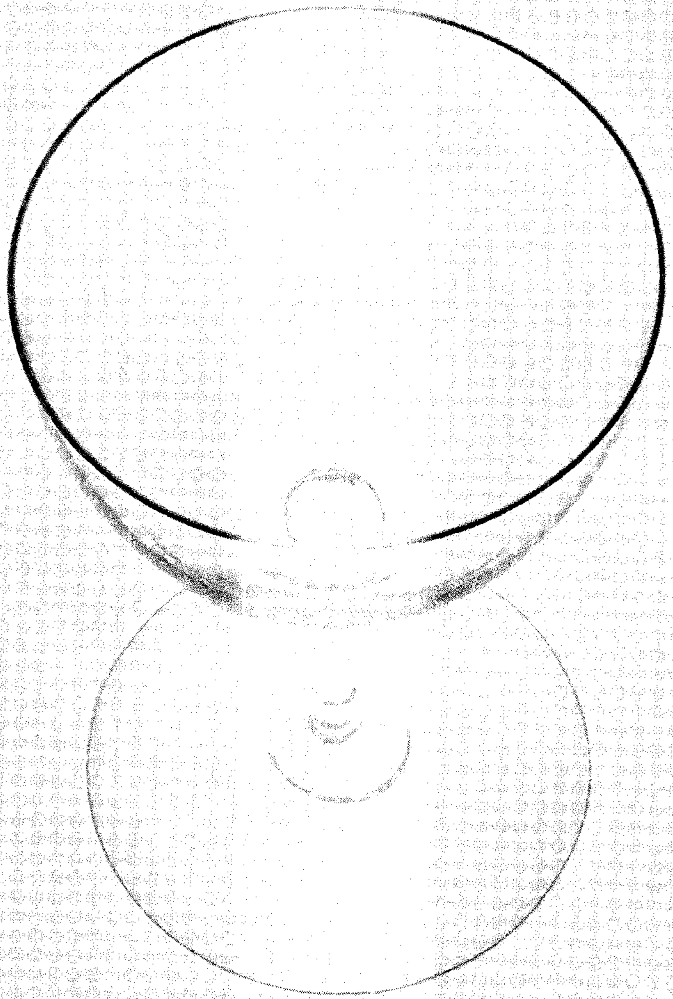

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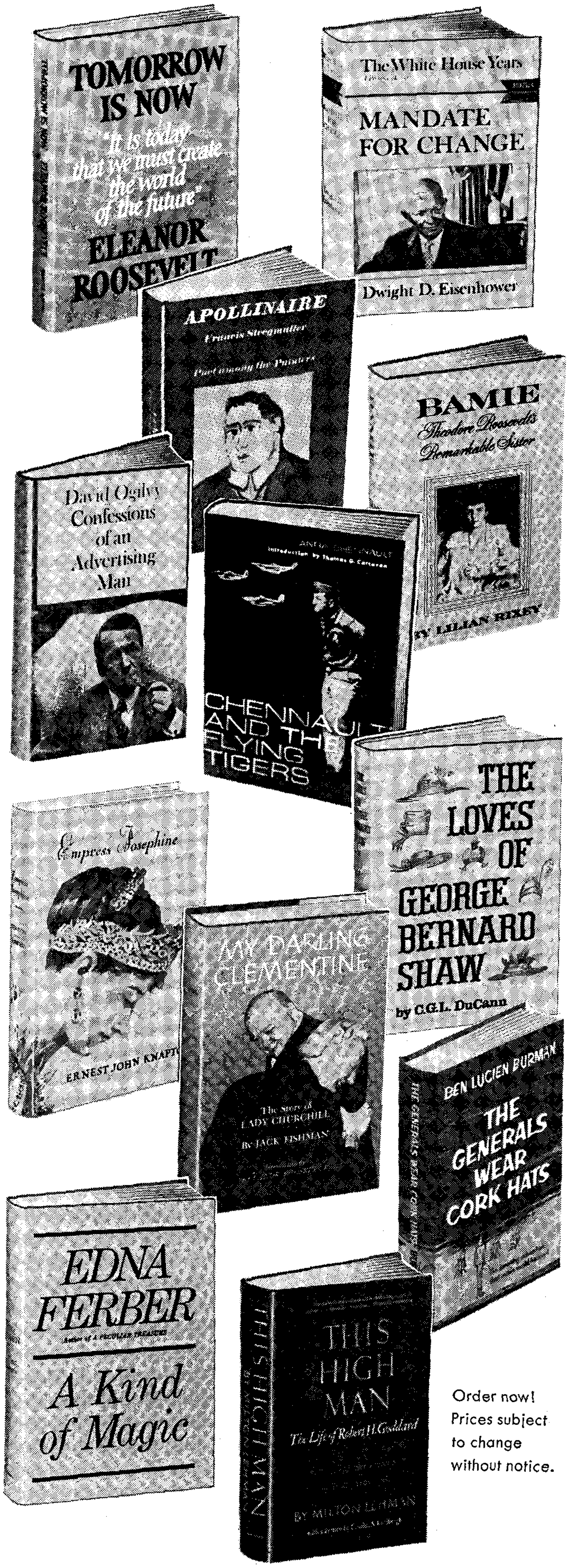
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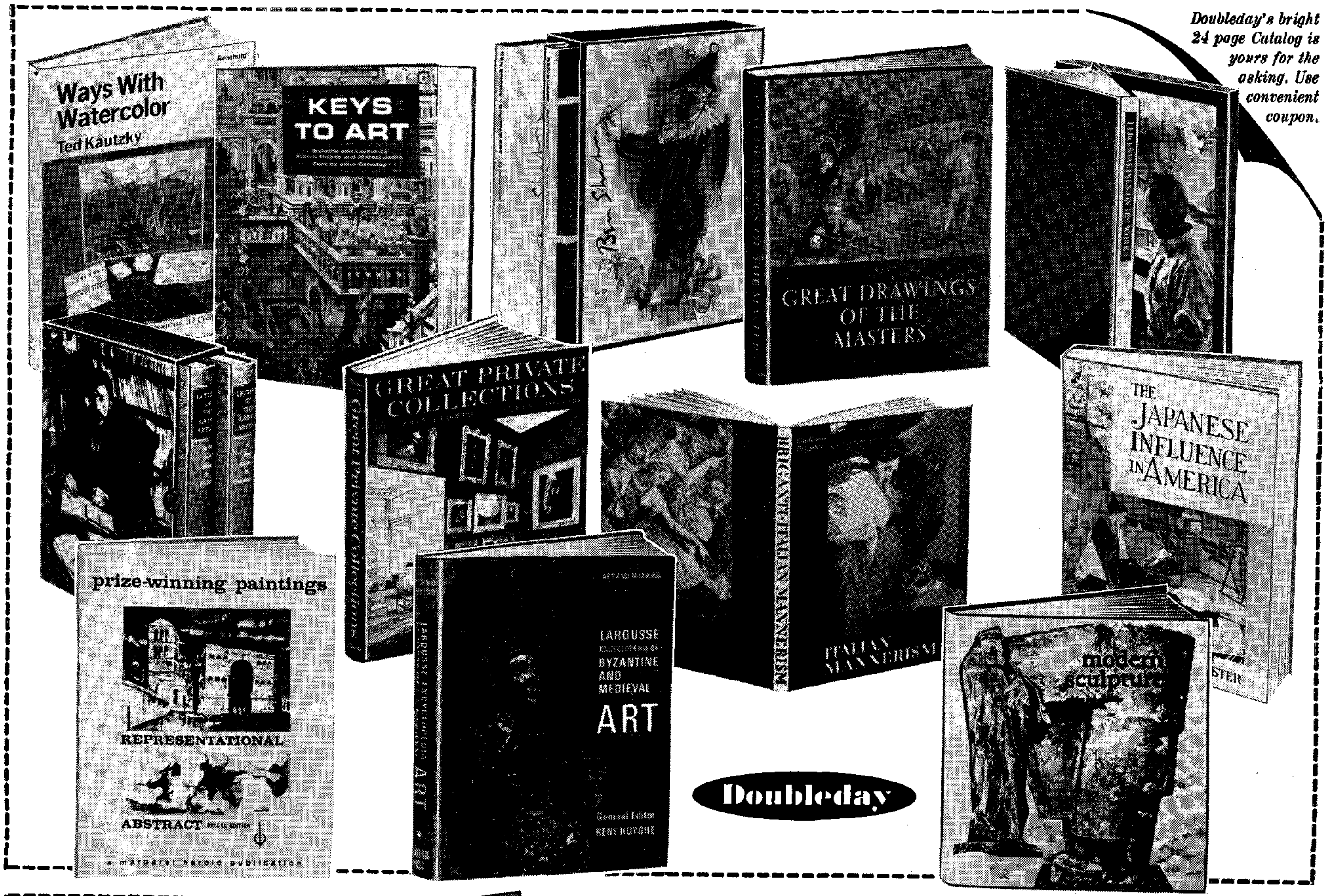
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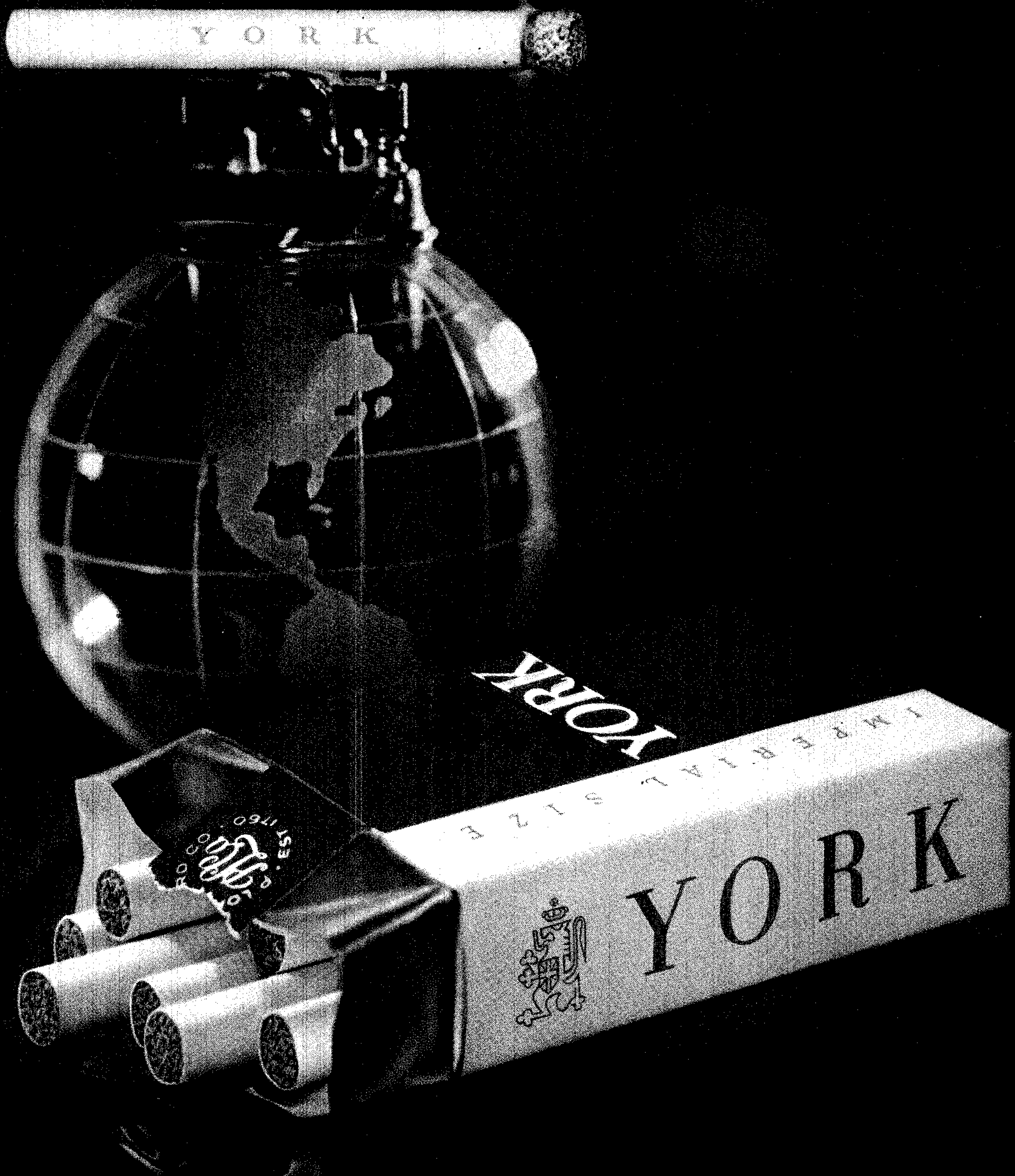

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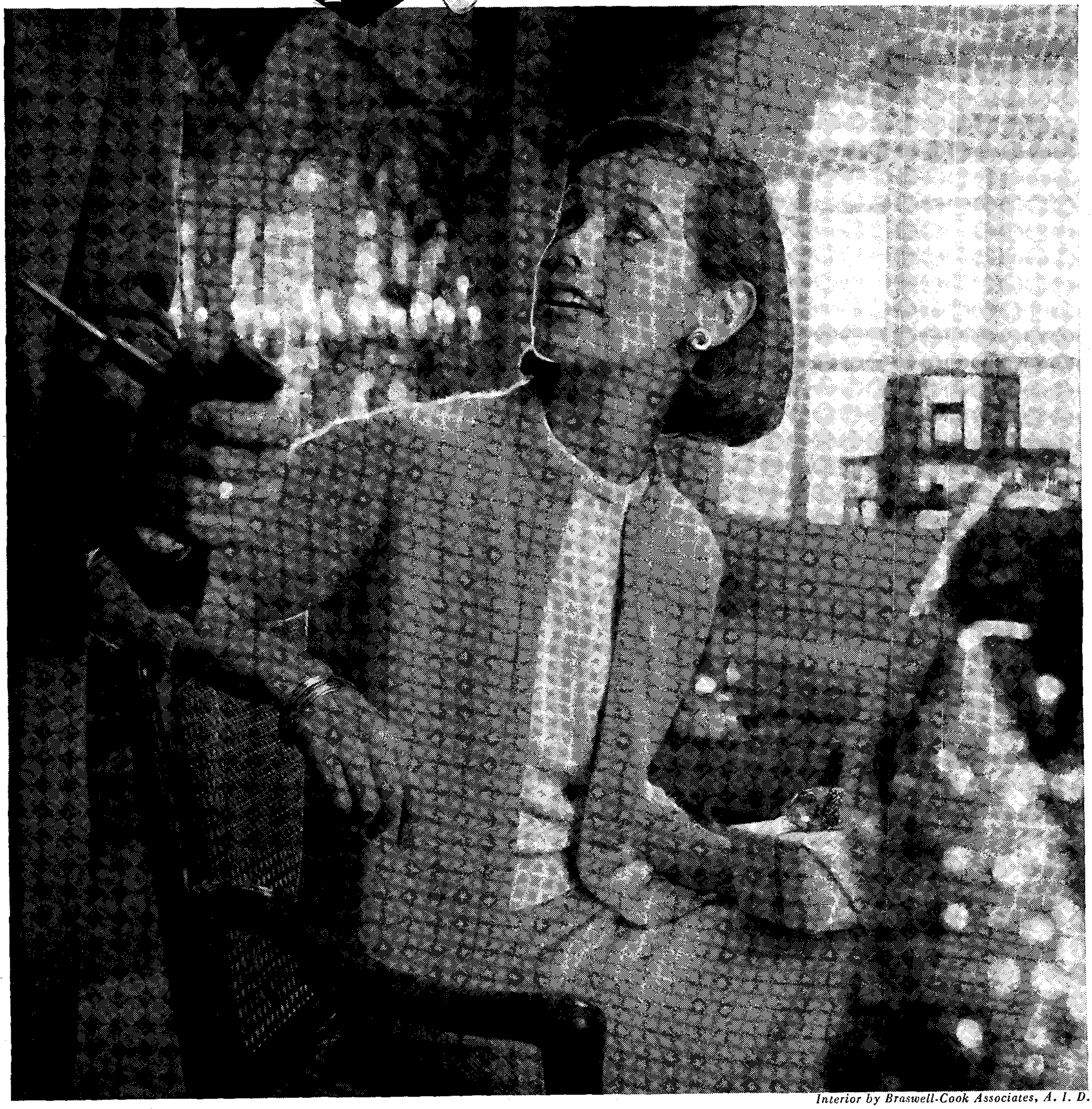

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THE NEW YORKER

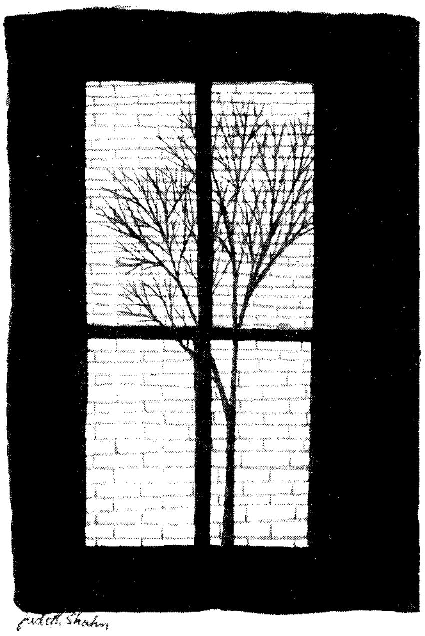
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BOARDING a train at Pennsylvania Station is an eerie experience these days—like watching your clothes, books, and miscellaneous bric-a-brac being catalogued and carted off for your own memorial. Now an entire city can see itself being replaced by the New City while plans are made for erecting the historic ruins of the Old City in a convenient outlying wilderness. People are still taking seriously a plan to move the stone pillars of the original Pennsylvania Station to a reclaimed swamp in Queens, and we regard this as a dirty trick on future archeologists. When an archeologist finds an enormous stone ruin, he should be able to assume that it is in its proper place; he should not have to consider the possibility that the Colosseum of Rome was actually constructed at Ostia and its ruins moved to make way for shipping piers. The one sensible and honest way to replace an old city with a new one is to follow the example of Troy and plunk the new directly on top of the old. Not only is this the fair thing to do, archeologically speaking, but it is a good test of whether the new is a proper and worthwhile replacement of the old. If the old is still so necessary that a culture cannot afford to bury it under the new, then the new should either wait a bit or move over when it sits down. In essence, the workmen now transforming Pennsylvania Station *are* following the Trojan example, for all the foolishness about moving the columns. The columns, if we are not to misinform the archeologists, should be destroyed utterly; they were never really a part of our culture anyway but just imitations of a culture we had read about. The real emblems of our culture are already arranged in a stratified time sequence in Pennsylvania Station. The tracks for trains, an early-nineteenth-century development, are at the bottom; on the layer above are a chain drugstore, with its minuscule drug department subservient to a soda fountain, and a chain bookstore, with its book department invaded by phonograph records (all early-twentieth-century); above this layer are the waiting areas, with automated dispensers of bad coffee and ball-point pens (middle-twentieth-century). The pattern is too closely analogous to the superimposed Troys to be mere accident; Pennsylvania Station has been shaped by the inexorable forces of history, like the crab-shell-and-dead-seaweed line that is built up with such precision by the seasonal tides on a beach.

Sponsor

"THE new production of 'Aïda' was made possible by a generous and deeply appreciated gift of American Export & Isbrandtsen Lines," read two lines of small print in the Metropolitan Opera's opening-night program, and as soon as the critical notices were in, we called Mr. Francis Robinson, of the Metropolitan's press office, to inquire about the gift, whereupon he invited us to lunch with him and with the Messrs. Anthony A. Bliss, president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and Jerome Taishoff, a director of the Metropolitan and the president and chairman of the board of the Mycalex Corporation of America. We reported at the appointed hour at the Hemisphere Club, on top of the Time & Life Building, where Mr. Robinson explained that Mr. Bliss and Mr. Taishoff were jointly responsible for convincing American Export & Isbrandtsen that it should put up a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for the new production of "Aïda" and thus become the first corporation ever to pay for an entire operatic production.



"We decided on a new 'Aïda' about two years ago," said Mr. Bliss, swizzling a Scotch-on-the-rocks. "At that time, we engaged Birgit Nilsson to sing the leading role. Once you make a commitment of that sort, you don't back out. Singers might—the Metropolitan Opera never. By last spring, we still didn't have adequate sponsorship, and that's when we began talking informally about approaching corporations. As you know, the Met—unlike the European opera houses, which have government subsidies—must rely entirely on private funds for its existence, and though we were then listing some twenty corporations among our patrons, all their contributions put together did not compare with the cost of 'Aïda,' which, with its seven sets, ran about as high as a production of ours ever does. Well, several corporation executives were interested, but they were all afraid of what their stockholders would think. We pointed out the advantages: this production of 'Aïda' would run for ten years or more; it would be presented during our last three seasons in the old house; it would be part of our national tour; when we opened our new house, at Lincoln Center, in 1966, it would still be fairly new. But we were without a sponsor until the eleventh hour. Most of the credit goes to Jerry Taishoff."

Mr. Taishoff modestly rejected the credit. He had lunched with Admiral John M. Will, president and board chairman of American Export & Isbrandtsen Lines, some months ago, he said, and had brought up the subject of sponsorship in several later conversations, but though Admiral Will seemed interested from the start, it was not until September 24th, a scant three weeks before opening night, that the four members of his company's executive committee, after listening to a personal appeal by Mr. Bliss, voted to underwrite the new "Aïda."

Two days later, hoping to learn more about the corporate Maecenas, we went down to American Export & Isbrandtsen's headquarters, at 26 Broadway, for a chat with Admiral Will, whom we found seated at a desk before a map of the world's oceans. "The words 'gift' and 'donation' have sometimes been used in referring to our sponsorship," said the Admiral, who is a tall, gray-haired veteran of forty years in the Navy. "It's far from a gift. I went into this—I've got no reason to hide the fact—as a matter of sound business. Sound business and excellent public relations. As I told the members of our executive committee, if the cost is figured over a ten-year period, after taxes it comes to only about seven thousand dollars a year. Operagoers are known to travel. And we cruise to places they want to go. We hit Naples. We hit Genoa. We hit Palma de Mallorca and Barcelona. We hit Casablanca and Alexandria. Sometimes we hit Piraeus."

We remarked that our luncheon companions had said something about a last-minute decision, and Admiral Will looked away with a brusque laugh and said, "When we went into this, I confidently expected that the wrath of our forty-seven hundred stockholders would fall on my head. If I was going to ask the executive committee to lay out a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for an *opera*, I had a hell of a lot of groundwork to do. I needed time." Reaching for a bit of candy at the front of his desk, he told us that letters, both from stockholders and from the public, had actually been running about nine to one in favor, and that approving comment ranged all the way from an article in the Milan *Corriere d'Informazione* to a letter from a crew member of one of the company's ships, though some owners of stock spoke of handing out money for "junk." He opened a portfolio of clippings and showed us a picture of himself standing with Miss Nilsson and Rudolf Bing, the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, near a plaster sphinx. "I've taken a lot of kidding from my friends," he said. "They want to know if I'm singing soprano or bass."

Tiny Schopenhauer

OUR file of childish effusions has been swelled slightly by this poem from the pen of a seven-year-old boy, who is plainly headed for the couch:

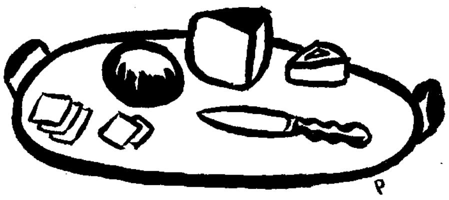
Nobody comes to our house that I like,
Nobody comes to our house that I like,
Nobody comes to our house that I like,
And I don't like this house either.

Amphibious

LAST week, with our mind still on the unlikely connection between boats and opera, we jumped at the chance to take an educational spin in an Amphicar, the automobile that acts like a boat. The chance was provided by the people at the Amphicar Corporation of America, who sent a man over from their headquarters, in Carlstadt, New Jersey, to give us a demonstration. The demonstrator turned out to be a tall, affable man named John Ball, who directs marketing for Amphicar, and the Amphicar itself turned out to be a jaunty little two-door, four-seat convertible that looks like most European sports cars except for a pair of white molded-nylon propellers peeping out from under the engine, a Triumph Herald, which is mounted in the rear.

Eager to get going, we found it hard to hide our disappointment when Mr. Ball insisted on recrossing the Hudson River by way of the Lincoln Tunnel. "I know how you feel," he said. "I get a little embarrassed myself, to tell the truth. Some of the toll-takers know me by now, and one of them always asks me why I waste my money going *under* the river when I could go *across* it for *nothing*. One of these days I just might, if we can arrange suitable ramps on both sides."

We did our best to admire the performance of the engine and its fully synchronized transmission, which has four forward speeds and a stick shift, while Mr. Ball explained that the Amphicar was designed by the man who built the amphibious troop carrier used by the German Army during the Second World War—the equivalent of the American Army's Duck—and that the American sales-and-distribution company is now controlled by the West German manufacturer and run by a dynamic Englishman named Charles A. Haigh. But we must admit that our patience began to wear a little thin when we went *over* both the Penhorn Creek and the Hackensack River on the most prosaic sort of highway bridges. Then Mr. Ball made a right turn off Route 3 and turned right again, onto the Paterson Plank Road, and a minute later we had pulled into Hank's Marina, a commercial boatyard on the west bank of the Hackensack. We stopped right on the edge of a slippery-looking cobblestone boat-launching ramp that sloped precipitously down to the gray-green, greasy waters of the river. "It's a good idea to check the bilge plug before you plunge in," Mr. Ball said. "O.K.?" We took another long look at the restless Hackensack and nodded vigorously. Outside, we squatted down with Mr. Ball to make sure that the flat-bottom, welded-steel hull that forms the underbody of the Amphicar was shipshape. Then Mr. Ball, using a special tool, unscrewed the rubber-rimmed tops of the trunk and engine compartments to see that they were dry. "We'll have a chance to compare their condition when we come out," Mr. Ball said reassuringly as he resealed them.



We glanced once more at the water.

"Everyone feels a little uneasy the first time," Mr. Ball said, holding the door open for us. "We've learned to accept that as an obstacle that has to be overcome in our sales talk. After all, everyone knows that cars don't even float, much less swim. But this one does."

We got in with Mr. Ball, and he locked his door and then double-sealed it with a second handle. We locked our door and double-sealed it. Then he shifted into first gear and, flashing us an ambiguous smile, eased the vehicle down the ramp. The watertight nose of the car hit the water and became a bow, and as the rear wheels slid free of the land, Mr. Ball reached down to the floor to shove the marine-transmission gear lever into forward and to pull the automobile-transmission lever back into neutral. Then he let out the clutch, whereupon a furious white wake boiled up behind us, and the Amphicar began to churn out into the center of the river.

"How do you feel now?" Mr. Ball asked.

We unclenched our fingers and said we were grateful to be alive.

"That's just what happens to most people," Mr. Ball said, with satisfaction. "To be honest, we don't know exactly who our primary market is going to be, but we think the Amphicar will appeal to anyone with a sense of adventure—skin divers, duck hunters, fishermen, tourists who like to explore out-of-the-way places. It does a respectable ten knots, it has crossed the English Channel in a nine-foot sea without swamping, and it is untippable. One seventy-year-old lady who summers on an island off the coast of Maine uses it to free herself from ferry schedules. We've got all the standard marine equipment to meet Coast Guard requirements—navigational lights, electric bilge blower and pump, paddles, and so forth. In fact, the only really unique feature of the Amphicar as a boat is that you steer it by using the front wheels as twin rudders. Want to try it?"

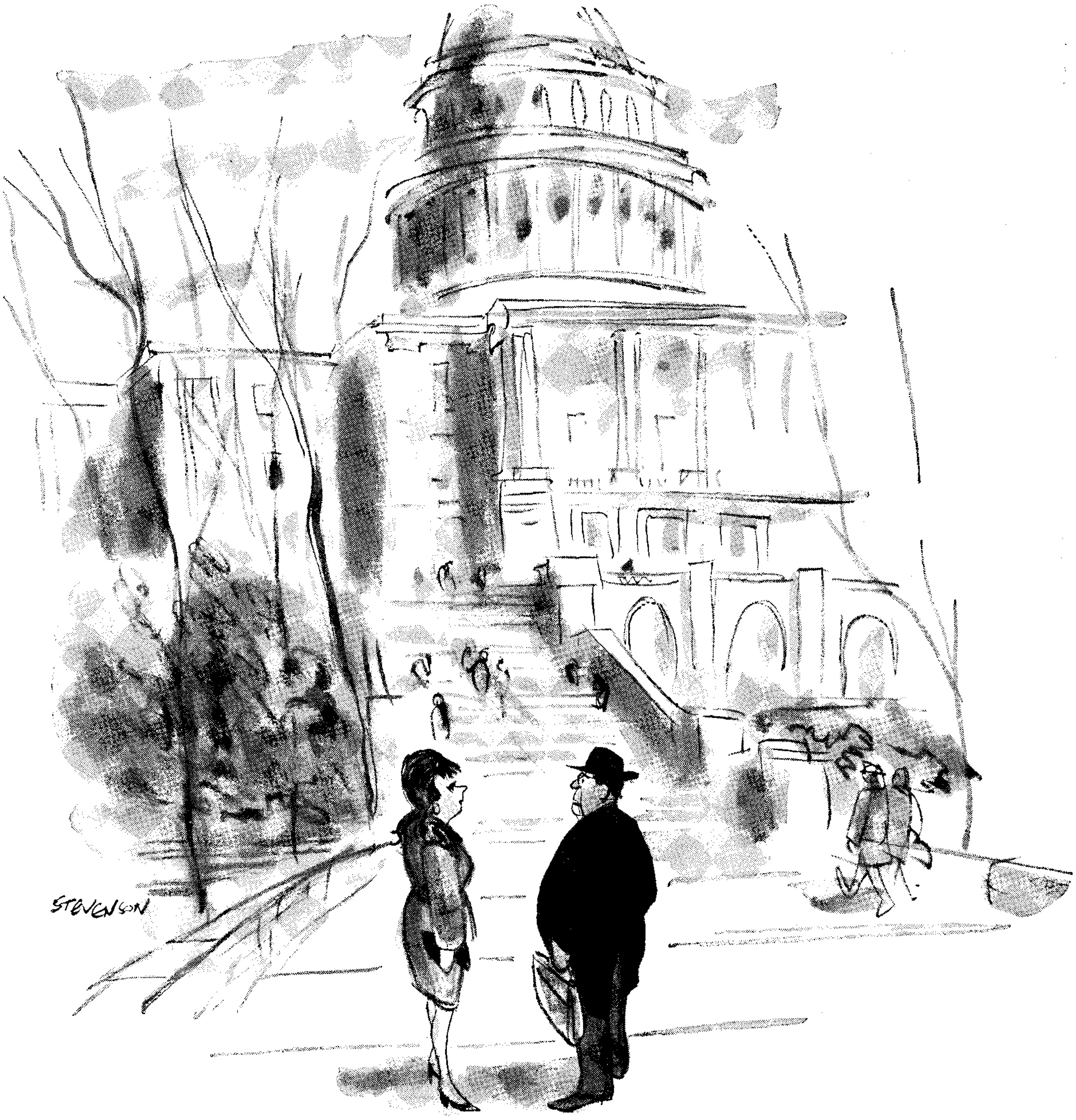
Having already got up enough courage to roll down the side window and trail our fingertips in the water, we accepted the invitation and changed seats in midstream. Experimenting with a series of slow circles in front of a huge sand-and-gravel works on the east bank, we found that the Amphicar handled exactly like the heavy (2,292.8 pounds) inboard-motor cruiser that it is. We reported that the elation that succeeded our initial doubts had now given way, in its turn, to a sort of bemused acceptance.

"Of course, it *is* the kind of vehicle you want to stay alert in," Mr. Ball said. "One prospect we took out was doing fine until he found himself approaching a concrete piling too fast and jammed on the automobile foot brake. Needless to say, it didn't stop him."

Carefully gauging the downstream current, trying to carry out instructions to the letter, and braking, whenever necessary, by reversing the screws, we maneuvered back toward Hank's Marina. A few feet from the ramp, we threw the land transmission into first gear and stepped down hard on the gas pedal, and, with twin screws turning and rear wheels spinning for traction at the same time, the Amphicar shot out of the water. We transferred our foot to the brake, and came to a halt on dry land. A quick check of the engine and trunk compartments revealed not a single unwelcome drop of Hackensack River.

"The body is coated with a special protective at the factory, but we recommend a simple hosing down when you come out of salt water," Mr. Ball said. "Except for the fact that you can get at the engine and transmission only from the top—because of the closed hull—maintenance should be no more difficult with the Amphicar than it is with any other car, or any comparable boat. We think it's quite a bargain to get both for twenty-six hundred and ninety-five dollars."

After a dynamic lunch with Mr. Haigh, who spoke about the future with all the fervor of the supposedly vanishing breed of British empire builders (and in an accent undimmed by twelve years' residence in this country), we accepted Mr. Ball's offer of a ride back to New York. At the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel, a smiling toll-taker asked us why we were wasting our money when we could just splash across for nothing.



"Until this Baker business blows over, Miss Martin, I'd prefer you not to address me as Toots."

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MERCANTILE INTELLIGENCE: Two adjacent shops in La Grande, Oregon—Homer's Bible Supplies and

Homer's Athletic Store—have been united by a large sign, which reads, "Homer's Pray and Play Shop."

Rocky in Miami Beach

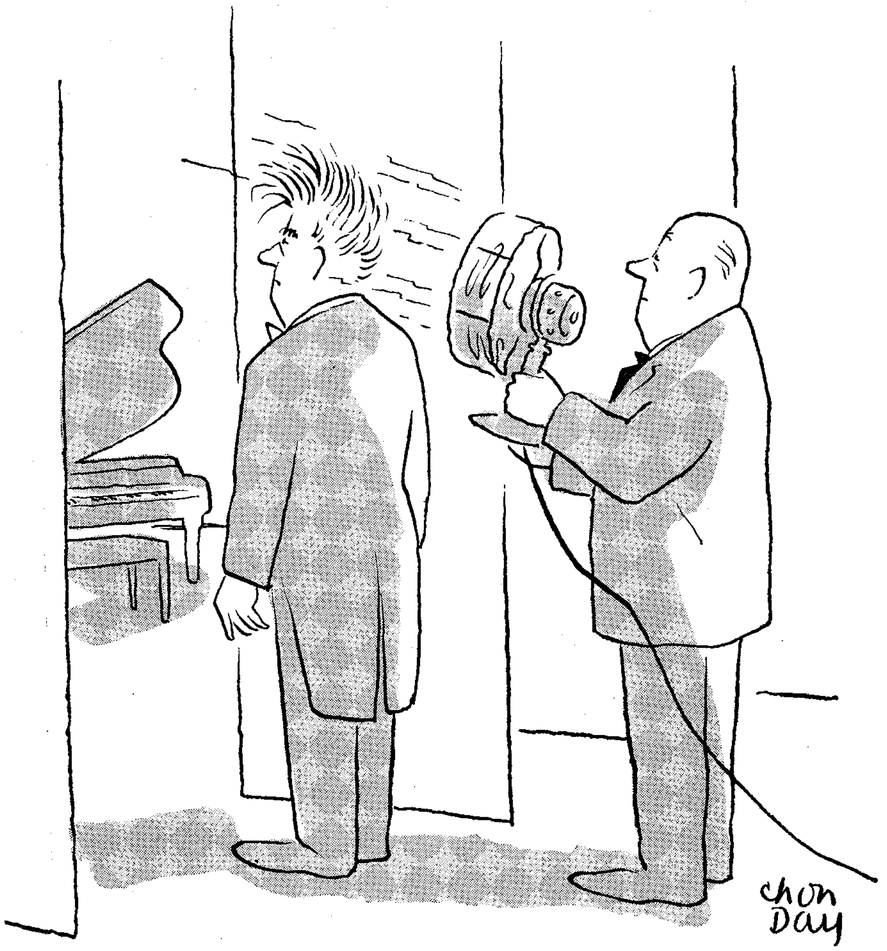
OUR man Stanley is in Miami on some enterprise of his own, having to do with sizing up the coming season at Hialeah, and when we heard that Governor Nelson Rockefeller was going down there for a day to make a campaign speech, we managed to persuade Stanley that he could safely abandon his project long enough to send us a report on what happened. Here's the dope that Stanley wired in:

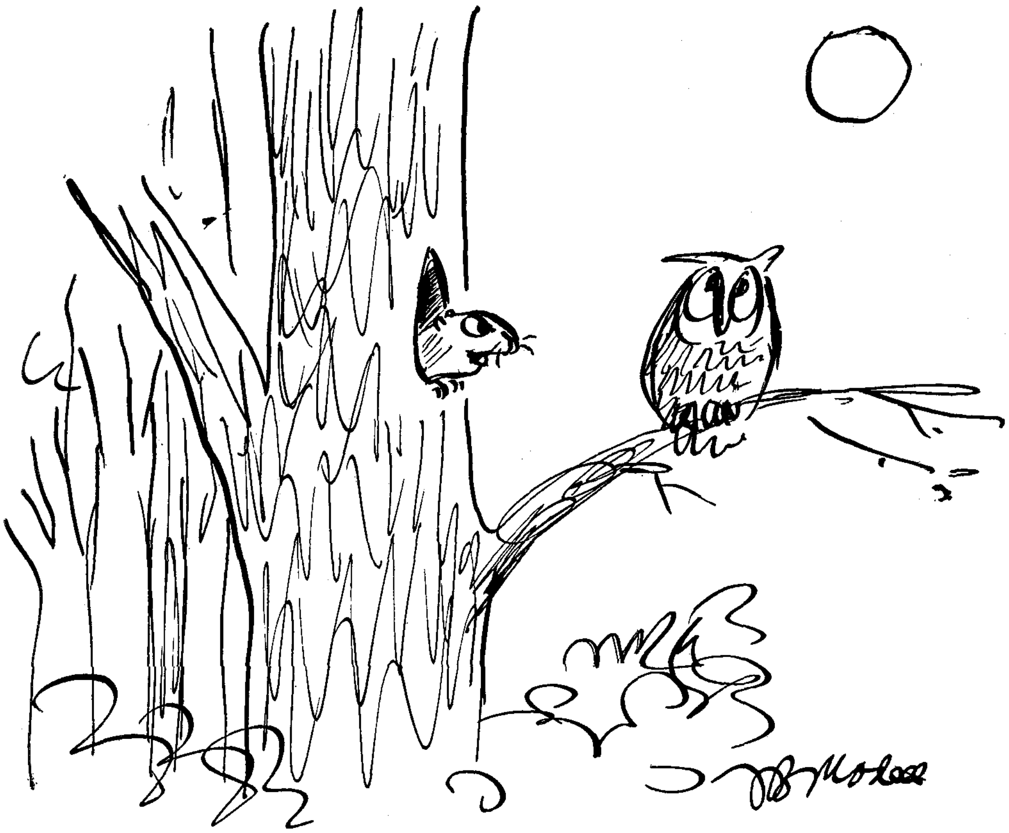
"Temp., 78 deg. Ocean, 74 deg. Wind, 8 m.p.h. Pools heated. Far cry from cold rain Rocky got in New Hampshire. Miami *Herald* banner headline: 'ROCKY MAKES PITCH TO EDITORS TODAY.' Miami *News* banner headline: 'ROCKY HERE TO WOO EDITORS.' Meaning Rocky slated to address Thirtieth Annual Convention of Associated Press Managing Editors Association, at Miami Beach's Americana Hotel. Five hundred and five editors just drop in bucket of sixteen thousand conventioneers expected in Miami Beach, now at height of convention season. Convention of osteopaths—American Fracture Association—is also at Americana. Gathering of truckers is at my hotel—Roney-Plaza. 'The Roney is still the class of the Beach,' taxi-driver told me. 'The Hialeah race-track crowd stays at the Roney. Real high society.' Taxi-driver knows onions. Took me out to meet Rocky at airport by way of Arthur Godfrey Road, which taxi-driver explained as follows: Arthur Godfrey gave Miami Beach publicity, so they named it in his honor.

"Rocky due Miami Airport 11:30 A.M., via Eastern Airlines Flight 607, departed Idlewild 8:45 A.M. Found Rocky advance man named Arch Gillies (tall, skinny, friendly) in charge of advance festivities at Eastern's arrival gate. Found participants in festivities to include two babies (one boy, one girl, in strollers) with mothers; Associated Press greeting committee; Republican County Executive Committee greeting committee; couple of dozen loose Republican greeters carrying signs reading, 'SOS Save Our South Rocky,' 'Welcome Rockefeller Our Next President,' and 'Miami Welcomes Rockefeller;' couple of dozen screw-loose Republican teen-agers carrying signs reading, 'Go Back to N.Y. Police State,' 'Rocky vs. Jack Is No Choice,' 'Liberate New York and Cuba,' and 'Yellow Whites Appease Red Blacks;' three people wearing buttons that bore handsome photo of Rocky and words 'Always Looking Ahead;' television cameramen with cameras labelled 'WTVJ-CBS, Ch. 4, Miami,' 'WLBW-ABC, Ch. 10, Miami,' and 'WCKT-NBC, Ch. 7, Miami;' and haphazard-looking twenty-two-piece uniformed brass band of schoolboys blaring what sounded like 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy,' followed immediately by peculiar rendition of 'Anchors Aweigh.' Big bass drum bore legend 'Pan Am World Airways Vanguards State Champs Miami Florida.' Arch Gillies looked pleased at rendition of 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy.' 'Very peppy band!' he shouted in my ear. 'Real *welcome* music!' He pointed out fellow wearing shiny black pin-striped suit, and said, 'Marcus A. Kyle, chairman of the Dade County Republican Executive Committee. They just endorsed Goldwater. I don't know why. Shows lack of confidence. Who does the County Executive Committee represent, anyway?'

"Rocky plane still not in, so went over, gave Marcus Kyle big hello, got big hello back, along with information that Dade County Republican Executive Committee endorsement of Goldwater represents result of poll of eighty-four per cent of Republican leaders throughout state. Also information that Dade County has fifty-five thousand registered Republicans, three hundred and fifty thousand registered Democrats. 'We've expressed our preference,' Marcus Kyle told me. 'We're going to greet Governor Rockefeller courteously, and that's it. I'm not nasty. I'm a Republican first. Being nasty is not good politics. Not good sportsmanship.' Learned Marcus Kyle works for National Airlines. Rocky flying in on Eastern. Salt in wound. Kyle put comb through his hair to make himself shipshape to greet Rocky like good sport.

"A Republican shouted, 'Rocky's plane has landed!' Two minutes later, Rocky showed up. He looked sleepy, bleary, cheerful. Another good sport. He was accompanied by four more Republicans, all looking wide-awake, cheerful, good sports. Everybody gave Rocky big hello. Introductions started: 'Mr. Brinkman, Mrs. Brinkman, Mr. Keller, Mr. May, one of our most distinguished . . .' Vanguards band rendered rerun of 'Anchors Aweigh' and 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy.' Airport guard told carriers of signs to put signs down—not allowed. Signs were put down. Rocky gave A.P. committee big hellos. Mustached A.P. committeeman with badge reading 'Tippen Davidson, Daytona Beach, Fla., *News-Journal*' tried to get close to say hello. 'I really don't belong,' Tippen Davidson said to me with good-sport shrug. 'I'm





"If you're so wise, why aren't you rich?"

an Adlai Stevenson man.' 'Hi there!' Rocky said to Tippen Davidson, delivering great campaign smile. 'Hi there!' Rocky said to Republican National Committeewoman busy telling other Republican greeters, 'Be sure to introduce Leon and Mortimer and Dave.' Marcus Kyle was busy introducing. 'Hi there! Nice to see you!' Rocky said to loose Republicans, to kids, to Mr. Brinkman, to Mrs. Brinkman, to Marcus Kyle.

" 'There aren't enough Republicans to go around,' man wearing 'I'm on the Rockefeller Team' button told me. 'That's why we brought out the Goldwater men.' Festivities began moving out of airport. Brass band encored 'Anchors Aweigh.' Rocky said something in Spanish to man in a brown suède jacket, tapped him, hugged him, waved him goodbye. Man reported to me, 'He speak to me in Spanish. He say he expect to liberate Cuba if he will be President.' Rocky began to talk to supporters and TV cameras: '. . . offer constructive alternatives based on principles . . . failures of Kennedy administration . . . and we're going to see a Republican victory in '64!' Talk ended, he proceeded toward three-car motorcade to go to Americana. TV man stuck mike in front of walking Rocky, asked, 'What'd you think of the reception?' 'Hi there! Very nice,' Rocky said. 'Was it what you expected?' TV man asked. 'More than I expected,' Rocky replied. 'Rockefeller for President!' a new spectator shouted. 'Thanks!' Rocky shouted.

"I fell in step with Arch Gillies on way to third limousine. En route to Americana, via Arthur Godfrey Road, asked him what kind of Republican Rocky is and why. His answer: He's a Republican like Teddy Roosevelt, that's what kind, and also why. 'No motorcycle escort?' I asked Arch Gillies. 'The Governor doesn't like that sort of stuff,' he said. On to Americana. Expensive hotel; not like Roney. 'Hip! Hip! Hooray!' a crowd of eight at Americana's entrance yelled to Rocky. 'Hi!' Rocky yelled. His bleary, sleepy look gone. Conventioneers from American Fracture Association were in lobby of hotel, clapping for Rocky. Rocky waved. Arch Gillies audibly wished he could go swimming. Rocky's mob went into Bal Masqué Room for lunch—three-fifty per person, all-inclusive—of Fresh Florida Fruit Cocktail au Maraschino en Supreme Silver, Potted Brisket of Prime Beef Madère (Handsome Garnishing to Compliment), Key Lime Sherbet, and Coffee, and a Rocky speech. I skipped lunch and had glass of pineapple juice at pool. It cost eighty-five cents (thirty cents at Roney). Got back to Bal Masqué in time to see Americana management trying to keep Fracture conventioneers from merging with editors to hear Rocky.

"In Bal Masqué, Rocky said something about how his grandfather saved money—no argument there—and then went on to subject of how State of New York has little debt but City of New York has *big* debt. (Aha, here we go!) 'We want every young person in any state to have the best possible education, regardless of financial means,' he said. There was more about fundamental principles, then references to being threatened on one side by extreme Right of Republican Party and threatened on other side by you-know-who-and-what. And 'We need twenty million new jobs.' Charged you-know-who with 'lack of understanding of the nature and gravity of the Communist threat.' (Big hand.) Then there were questions and answers. Question: How do you assess your chances in the South? Answer: The South is moving to a two-party system, and Republicans will get a strong vote in the South. Question: What about Goldwater's proposal to sell T.V.A.? Answer: T.V.A. is great as it is; in fact, the Power Authority in the State of New York generates even more power than T.V.A. through a similar public-private relationship. Question: Do you expect to win the New Hampshire primary? Answer: I'm the underdog now, but it's a long time between now and March. Question: Is your strong civil-rights plank going to hurt you in the South? Answer: No. (Big hand.) Question: Nixon? Answer: Well, he's offstage but peeking around the corner. Question: Are you in favor of the Peace Corps? Answer: Yes. It's the best single program that the Kennedy administration has undertaken. No further questions.

"Beat it back to Roney in time to catch television news program (WCKT-NBC, Ch. 7), with announcer saying, 'Hopeful Nelson Rockefeller took Miami Beach by storm today.' "

Misdirection

A BEMUSED correspondent of ours who is currently living in Africa recently received a letter addressed as follows:

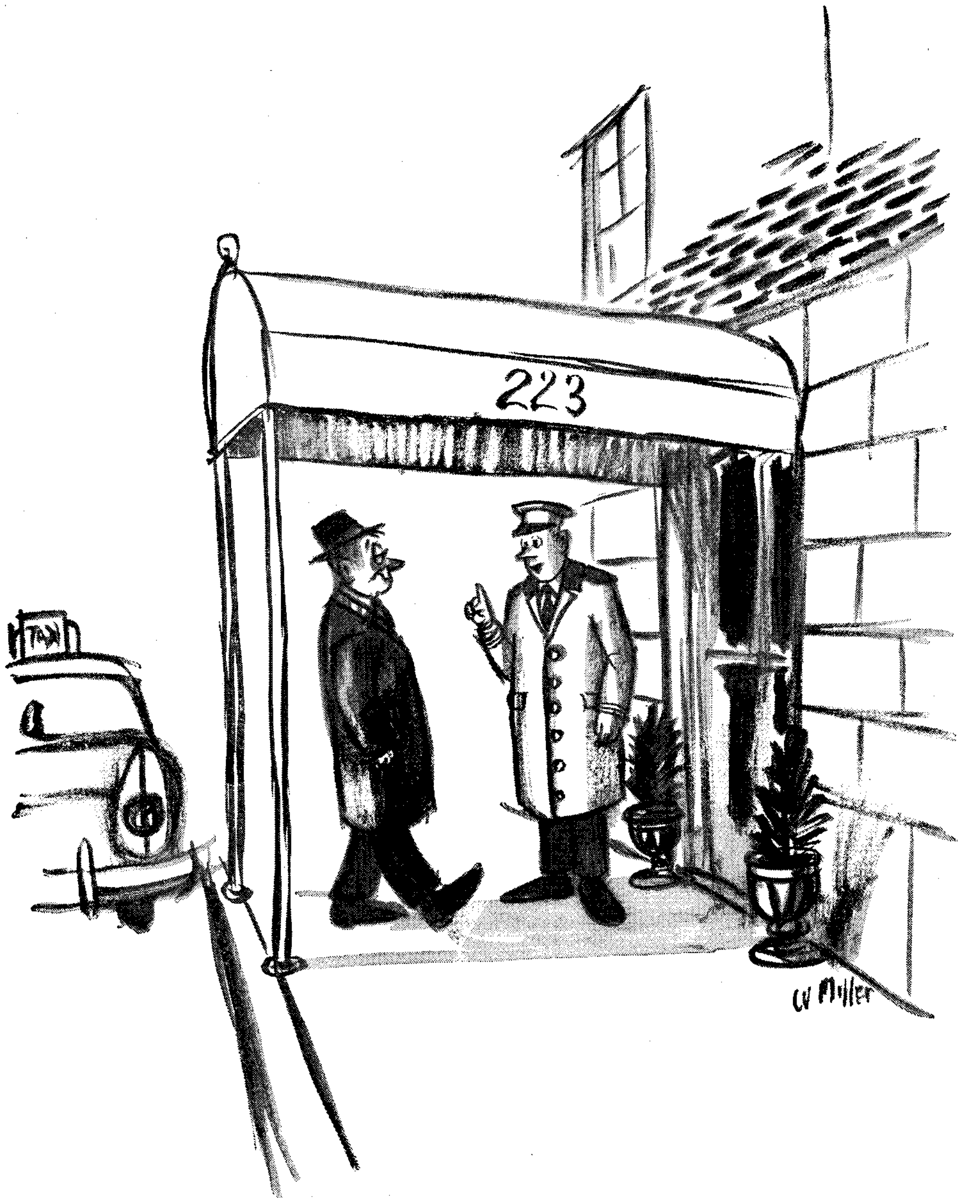
Mr. David M. Greenstein
Ihungo College
Box 95, Bukoba
Tanganyika
Canada

The letter was from the National Geographic Society.

CASSIUS'S CASTLE

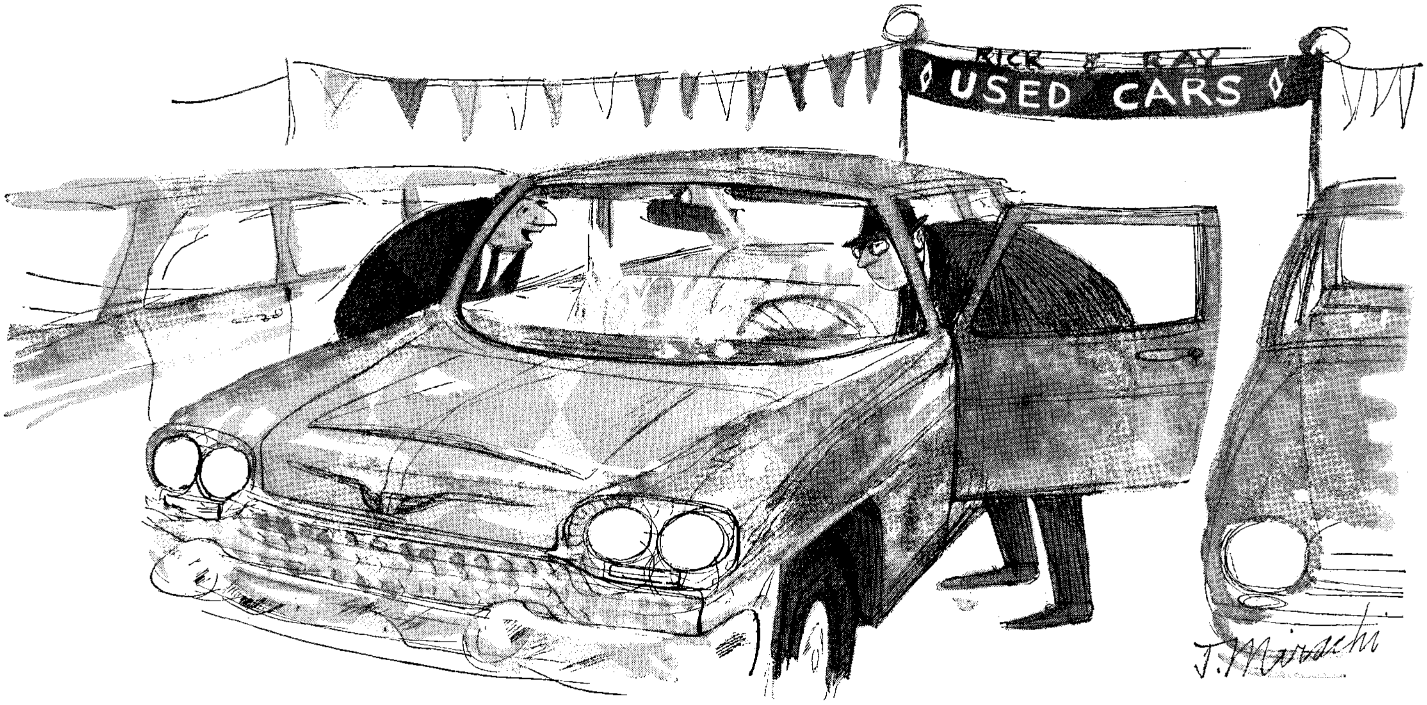
I WILL admit the quarrel was partly my fault, but my mother and my brother still say it was only a joke. They said at the time it was only a joke that I couldn't take, but they knew it was a quarrel. My father understood what it was, but he wouldn't take sides. He just went upstairs to rest, so it was partly his fault; he might have kept the peace. I say we quarrelled only because my mother and brother were obtuse and they mocked me when I talked about buying a house. At my age, I know something of what I want in life; I've been living on my own for years, just as my brother, George, has. It was wrong of them to mock me. When my father woke up and came downstairs, the day was in pieces, my mother and I were in tears, and my brother (whom my mother had accused of being cruel, although it was she who had laughed first) was hammering away in the garage. My father, instead of untangling things from the beginning (which he might have done, because he could see what was going to happen), asked why he could have no peace in this house, and so he quarrelled also. Of course, it was late Sunday afternoon, and we had just got back home after a long drive in the snow.

We had borrowed a house in the Berkshires for the weekend and the four of us had driven up from Dover early on Saturday morning. We were going up to see the end of the leaves. The house was marvellous. It had no bathroom; it had an outhouse. It had a well, and a wood stove with a barrel oven, which, when we arrived, had a big sign on it saying "WELCOME PORTERS!," with a note to each of us underneath: "Dear Lucy:" (my mother), "Dear Henry:" (my father), "Dear Georgie," and mine, which said: "Dear Sarah: Love to Cassius!," who is my cat. There was a big kitchen-living room, and a woodshed, and two bedrooms. The place was not in very good repair, but it was painted, all the shingles were on the roof, and the windows were puttied and whole. Windows in the mountains stay clean long after you remember having washed them. The floors were spatter-painted, and the walls were painted white, which they never would have been originally, of course—they would have been papered with ghastly wallpaper. On the walls were hung prints that might have been there originally—sepia portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, a Currier & Ives "God Bless Our Home," and a nubbly print of fruits and flowers bathed in a brown light. And there were a couple of pictures that could never have been there originally but were the correct period—a fair water color of pinks in a glass jar, and one landscape done by a grandmother or great-aunt. The curtains were unbleached cotton with a cotton fringe, and on the beds—because even what passed for a sofa in the living room-kitchen was a day bed—were India-Indian cotton spreads, in rust, or French blue, or canary yellow and ochre. There were some yellow and vermilion and bright-blue cotton-covered cushions thrown around; all the old cushions in some house had just been gathered up and covered and tossed onto the living-room bed. The china was chipped and cracked and of different sizes and patterns; the silver was what you are given when you open a new bank account, or when you send away the label on cereal. But there were new things around. All the shelf paper was new and bright yellow, and there was a new red dish drainer, and a new nylon plastic sink brush, and a new yellow plastic silver holder, and everything was clean.



"No, no, Mr. Fitzhugh! You moved to New Canaan. Remember? You go home on a train."

The books could have kept you for a rainy weekend, or even a summer, if you could adjust to them. A good wild-flower book, Peterson's "Field Guide to the Birds," a book on fungi, a dictionary, a battered and marked elementary Greek grammar, Xenophon, several Little Colonel books, "The Lass of the Silver Sword," a little square red leather set of Shakespeare, "Paradise Lost," Lucas's life of Lamb and Lamb's letters and his essays, Keats's letters and Amy Lowell's biography of him, "To the Lighthouse," "Our Plundered Planet," a biography of Mr. and Mrs. Beeton, three volumes on the modern shotgun, a book on how to



"And get a load of that cigarette lighter. The previous owner didn't smoke."

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make knots, "Touch Typewriting for All," "Madame Bovary," "Marjorie Morningstar," editions of Hawthorne and Thackeray and Tolstoy, "How to Make Origami," John Donne's sermons, "The Screwtape Letters," Channing's "History of the United States," "Walden." And there were others. You know the kind of bookshelf I mean. There were few you would read before you read what you had brought, and some you would read before others, but all caught on some little point of interest in you, and, given the time, you would read all of them rather than nothing, and after that some of them again.

There were no blankets (we brought our own sleeping bags), but there was a variety of old towels folded in the top of the closet, and fluffy new washcloths. The well was out in the back of the house, on the hillside, and it had a bucket and a pulley, which squeaked and screamed. The outhouse was down a path to the left, and it was breezy, but whitewashed and clean, and smelled of carbolic, as it should, and had a framed nineteenth-century print of a donkey with his back to the winter wind called "Out in the Cold" hanging on the wall. The house stood in a clearing, and the stubble around it was scythed short; it had asters—brilliant, tiny purple asters—leaning this way and that in great clumps beside the front door. It even had an ancient apple tree, with wormy old windfalls from which I made a pie. Even after the weather changed (it snowed early Sunday morning), one could still smell the apples and knew that the snow was a freak and it was still fall.

We had seen the leaves, which had been heavenly, on Saturday; when we woke on Sunday and found the weather had broken, we packed the car very early and started south, so that we could miss being snowbound. Three of us had to be at work the next day, after all. What I meant to say about the house was that it was sympathetic, and easy, and one could have done it oneself.

I WORK for a lepidopterist at Harvard, Dr. Barney. That is fun at parties. You ask, "What do you do?," and the person you've asked says lawyer, or doctor, or maker of electronic equipment, or teacher, or architect, or secretary, or just mother of five, and then you are asked what you do, and you say that you work for a lepidopterist, and very few people are able simply to say, "Oh, yes."

It is also fun to work for him. I have had two jobs before this one, and I hated both of them, but I stuck them both out, the first one for two years and the second one for three, thinking all the time, So this is what working is like, and both jobs were quite good jobs, as jobs go, with some responsibility. The people on my level in the offices were gum-chewing and neither clever nor admirable, and the people for whom I worked were clever but had personal problems and weren't very pleasant. One felt sorry for their wives, until one met *them*.

Then one day one of my brother's nicer but more peculiar girls said that her father was looking for a secretary, and I went to see him. That was Dr. Barney. He is the best, and the kindest, and the easiest person I have ever known. He leads people very well, and makes them happy. If I could choose anyone to be my father or my husband, I would choose him, but my daydream never goes beyond that point. If I built up a great structure of thought there, it would affect the office somehow. I can catch myself daydreaming about him incidentally, though. For instance, when my first baby (begotten in wedlock by someone or other) suddenly begins to arrive in the office, the butterflies are abandoned to rush me to the hospital.

When I went to work for Dr. Barney, the first thing that we did was to take some money from the research grant, and I spent two wonderful spring days with the windows wide open painting the office pale blue with a roller. I painted the bookcases white, and we put the old office desk in the hall, and went down to the Morgan Memorial with Dr. Barney's VW station wagon and picked up a golden-oak roll-top desk with cubbyholes and drawers, and I found at the Coop a whole lot of bright-orange blotters, and at Stearns some royal-blue chintz that I made into curtains. My mother found some nice butterfly and moth prints at Goodspeed's, and she had them matted and framed and I hung them on the walls. I sent the typewriter off to be repaired; it is a magnificent old machine, just barely modern enough to have movable keys and not a central disk. The repair shop wanted to buy it to add to their collection, but we took it back because the filigree on the front is so nice, and just goes with the desk.

The job is interesting. I write all of Dr. Barney's letters for him, after he has given me the facts; he is almost inarticulate. I keep records of his family's birthdays and look around for presents for them, and help him here and there in the laboratory, and occasionally go collecting with him—he doesn't ever go on extremely long field trips. The best thing about the job from the point of view of work is that his indexes are always sent out, and if there is a large and tedious job of filing to be done we get a Manpower Girl in. He says that if he can afford a cleaning lady at home, he can afford a Manpower Girl now and then in the office. He is devoted to his work, and always ready to explain it; he is a natural teacher. You always remember him as being bigger than he is if you have seen him in the office. Going to or from the office, he is a short, thin man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a fat nose, stooped over, with his face always turned away from the street, because, of course, he's scanning everyone's flowers and shrubs. If he meets even his children, he's surprised—but he can sense the walk of his little wren of a wife yards away as easily as he can sense the flight of a monarch. At a party, he looks small, too. If he is giving it, he perspires a little trying to keep his mind on looking for empty glasses and remembering what people were drinking long enough to get across the room to make another. If he's going to one, he sticks right by his wife and listens with unbounded admiration while she asks people where they live and how many children they have and tells a little story about her own children when they were the same age. In the office, he appears enormous, rushing around leaning forward, his eyes brilliant violet behind his shining glasses, telling little jokes, tearing open his mail, snatching up the dictaphone; in the laboratory, when I am there, he rattles on about laying habits and smells and food, all on my level, as if I had put a marker in my elementary lepidoptery text and was getting him to read aloud the next few paragraphs.

Pteris ensiformis victoriae

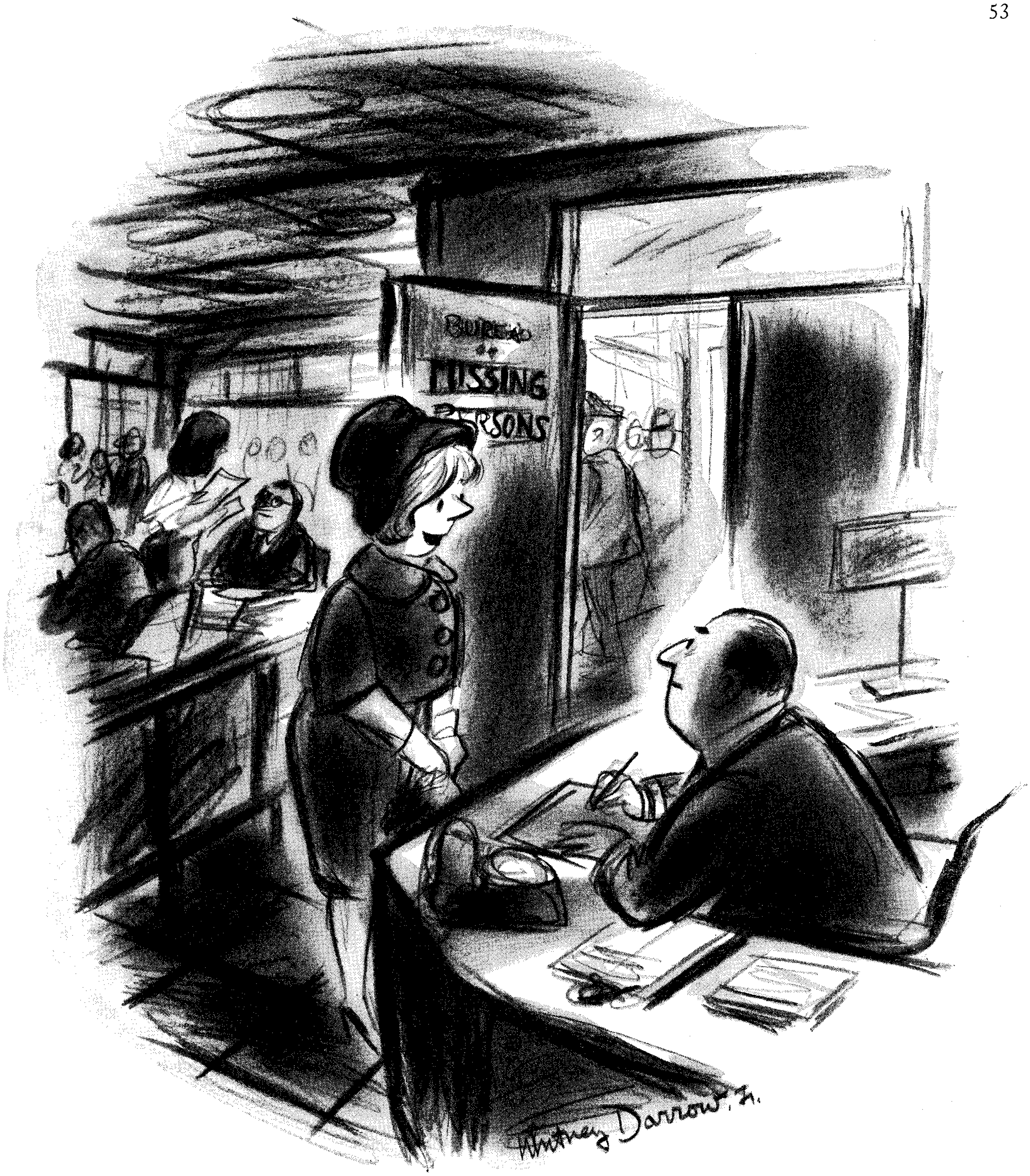
I have an apartment on Sparks Street, not far from work, and this is very pleasant. It's sunny enough there to have plants, and large enough for my very fat Siamese cat, called Cassius because he was a very skinny kitten. I have friends, I have dinner parties, I go out. I have fifteen hundred dollars that I've saved in the last year for a car. I have a Girl Scout troop, and I leave work an hour early on Thursdays to meet with them. There is a family with six children living next door. When I come home at night, the children are on their tricycles and bicycles outside, and they say hello and give me a hug, and sometimes I sit for them, and get Jell-Oed and spaghettied, and hear them whine and bicker and chatter pleasantly. After their baths, I read them a story—which is hard, because every one is a different age. But there are few things nicer than a sleepy, bathed child, or two or three, on your lap.

Of course, there are ghastly moments. Everyone has them. Everyone. Like the quarrel that Sunday afternoon between my mother, my brother, and me. I don't know what could have prevented that quarrel. It exploded like a field mine under our feet, and left us all out of character. All but my father, who had seen the whole thing coming and had gone to take a rest. He must have wanted to quarrel, too, or he wouldn't have gone upstairs and then been angry when he came down. Perhaps he was feeling guilty that he hadn't stopped the quarrel. Perhaps he felt guilty about my wanting the house. When he came downstairs, all he had to say was that he could get no peace in this house and then he slammed the door. My brother went on hammering in the garage.

It wasn't a joke. I could have bought the house. My brother laughed and said that I could never pay the taxes, that we had too many taxes to pay as it was. But if I could save fifteen hundred dollars in a year to buy a car, I could pay our town taxes on a house with no plumbing or electricity. People raise whole families, house them, feed them, and clothe them on the amount I make every year, and I have only myself to support. Perhaps my brother envied me the project, because it would be all my own and I would have the pleasure of making the house. But perhaps he just liked siding against me.

I have a piece of land, an old orchard, that my parents gave to me when I was twenty-one. It is not very high, but it has a view, and a stream, and a road nearby, and an old road running through it. The farmhouse that used to belong to it is just up the hill. The land is right near our house, and we have all often walked through it together and decided where one would put a house if one were going to build one there. One could not dig a well, because the old farmhouse is above it, but one could bring town water in from the road eventually. I have planted bulbs all over the hillside to the left of where the house would go; they bloom in late April and early May, when each leaf is still separate from every other leaf, and stands out horizontally from the branch. I have four apple trees, which I prune, and some nice larches, and a couple of green-ash trees, and a lot of locusts, and some sumac. I wage war against the wild cherry and leave honeysuckle for the birds, and I have some wild lilies on the hillside, two philadelphicums, and some yellow lady's-slippers and a dogwood.

It is strange, the parts of people that they allow other people to know. No one, for example, ever turns to you in a car and says, "Oh, I just had the best daydream!" If you find out about someone's daydream, it is a joke. When I was fifteen, my mother once found a piece of paper on which I had written all the names of the children my fifteen-year-old current flame and I would have, with a plan of a house and the furniture arrangements, and she took it to my father, and it was a joke between them. They both must have *known* that I would have that kind of daydream, but because they found out about it, it was a joke. This last daydream, the one that I had in the car coming down from the mountains on Sunday afternoon, with the first, freak snow clicking on our windshield and sweeping past the sides of the car, enclosing us and limiting our world—this daydream was so deep and so possible that I can remember every detail of it now. It was really more of a plan, a vision of what I could do if I wished, than a daydream. There was not a detail of it that was not possible. I can plaster and paint, and I am a fair carpenter. I can dig—I could have dug the cellar hole. I can sew—I could have sewn the curtains. I can shingle. Fur-



"He's short, bald, middle-aged, but very nice."

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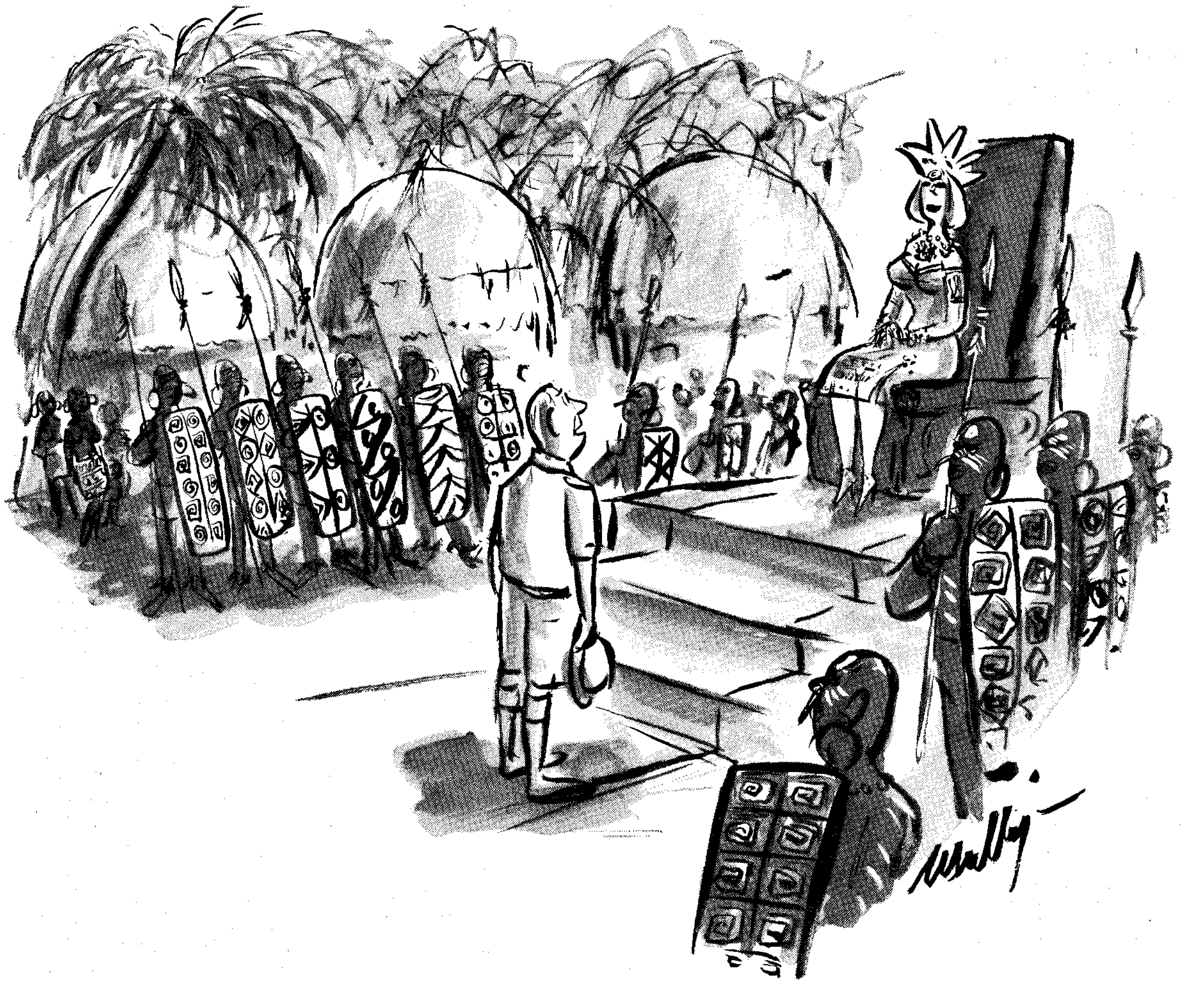
thermore, I have the time. The whole project would have taken several years, but I have several years.

There was even a house, a small salt-box that must have been built in the last half of the eighteenth century. It has had a "FOR SALE" sign on it and been empty for as long as I can remember, but it is in good repair, its ridgepole is quite straight, its roof is shingled, and its windows are unbroken. It is even neatly painted yellow. It has no classical touch, but its windows are quite big, although still narrow and eighteenth-century, and there is a big central chimney. The back roof can't be more than five feet off the ground, yet the façade contains three upstairs windows, two downstairs windows, and a door with a narrow horizontal window above it. The house stands a few feet from the old Post Road, on the edge of somebody's hayfield, about four miles south of my piece of land. It's not very nice, but its period has rubbed off on it, and it has good proportions. My aunt has always said that when she got to be an old lady and her grandchildren's grandchildren wanted to take her in, she would say no, and buy that house. Once, she even stopped the car, and she and my mother and my brother and I went and looked in the windows. It was June,



"Miss Marchand, you know very well that this is contrary to Peace Corps policy."

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and far away the field was being mowed by a little dot of a man on a puttering tractor. All around the house, the sweet green grass lay in ridges on the stubble. The windows of the house were very clean.

"Look at the fireplace!" my aunt said. "My goodness! That's where I'll put up my feet on long winter evenings. Don't you think Uncle Charlie's sofa will look very well under that window, Lucy?"

"Yes," said my mother, "and you can put his statue of the lion killing the snake just to the right of the fireplace."

"It's not the right period," said my aunt. "I'll let you have the statue in your bedroom upstairs. I'm going to sleep downstairs on the other side of the house."

"The sofa's not the right period, either," said my mother. "What you really need is one of Cousin Eleanor's therapeutical rag rugs. In fact, I'll let you have several of them. Yours are getting so worn out."

"I'm going to look at the other room," my aunt said. "There must be two rooms downstairs, and a stair on this side of the chimney in the middle, and two little rooms upstairs. I think it's darling."

"No panelling," said my mother.

"But it has a lovely beam," said my aunt, "and the fireplaces are still intact."

We turned from the window to hear the tractor quite near, and saw the man was driving it around the field to talk to us.

"Hurry," said my aunt, hushed and dramatic. "We've been discovered at our spy posts." She tried to hustle my brother and me toward the car, but we hung back, grown up and embarrassed. My mother waved at the man on the tractor.

"Just looking," she called. "Thank you!" He waved and turned around, and we got into the car and went away, sorry to disappoint him.

In my daydream, I saw how we could move the house and put it on my land, and how I could plaster and paint, and make curtains and a garden. It was so possible. The only problems were how much the house cost and how much it would cost to move it. So in the car I wondered aloud how much the house would cost.

"About three thousand dollars," said my father. "Three thousand dollars where it stands, as it is, with some land."

"That dear little house, Sarah," said my mother. "What would you do, go and live in it right there? We could all come and visit you on Sunday afternoons. It would be a little close to the road for Cassius."

"You could build him a pen," said my brother. "He's fat enough so he wouldn't mind. Just a bit of shade and a cushion and a can of Puss 'n Boots, that's all he asks of life."

"I'd move the house to the orchard," I said.

"What a good idea!" said my mother. "Where would you get water?"

"From our house, at first," I said, "and afterward from the town. It wouldn't need electricity, and you could heat it with wood, when you were there. How much do you suppose it would cost to move it?"

"I don't know," my father said. "Those houses aren't hard to move. Would you take it apart completely, board by board, or move it whole?"

"Move it whole; it's so small. It wouldn't be hard, would it?" I said.

"It would depend on what state of repair it was in," said my father. "It mightn't be sound. It might cost, say, another two thousand to move it. How would you pay for it?"

"I have fifteen hundred saved for a car."

"Don't you want a car?"

"One would have to think about it."

"Oh, Sarah darling, of course you want a car," said my mother. "You could have such fun with a car! And we get awfully tired of meeting the train all the time. And you could zip around and see everyone, and take people to the beach. Of course you want a car!"

"I could get one later," I said.

"Oh, you and your little house, and your cat and a flower bed or two," my mother said. "My goodness, both my children are always getting the most peculiar pictures of themselves. You're just as bad as your brother when he wanted to wear rubber boots and go to sea."

THE first thing that I did when we got home was to call the owner of the house. What hurt me most was that my mother and my brother laughed as if it weren't possible for me to buy the house, even before I called, while I was still standing in the middle of the front hall with my hand on the telephone.

"But how did you ever get the number?" my mother said, choking.

"Remembered his name when we drove by," I said. "His name is F. T. Tuttle. Then I looked him up in the telephone book."

"What a way to make his Sunday afternoon, Sadie!" my brother said. "He's probably been waiting for this call for twenty years. Call him up, just to be kind."

"I only want to know what he's charging," I said. "How can we decide anything unless we *know*?"

"Well, *call* him then," said my father, and went upstairs to rest.

I thought I did rather well on the telephone. I asked Mr. Tuttle how much he was asking, and he said four thousand dollars. Then I asked if the house had electricity, and he said no, and I asked if it had plumbing, and he said no. Then there was a pause, and he allowed as how he might let it go for three thousand. Then I asked if any land went with it, and he said yes, an acre. I asked how much it would be if I moved the house and didn't buy the land. He called his wife to the telephone, and she said it would be two thousand five hundred. I asked how many rooms the house had, and he said it had two rooms upstairs and two downstairs, with four fireplaces. I asked when the house was built, although I pretty well knew, and he said 1760. I said, "Hmm," and asked him about the condition of the plaster, since we wanted to move the house in one piece. He said he'd sell for two thousand just to get the house off the land and could I come and see it that evening? I said unfortunately I had only one thousand five hundred in the bank and had hoped to pay that for the house. He talked with his wife, and he and she agreed that two thousand was the lowest they could go and when could I come? I said that I only had one thousand five hundred cash. He said that he had someone else who was looking at the house on Monday morning and if I wanted to come and see the house that evening he would see about taking one thousand five hundred cash. I said that I was busy that evening and had to go to work on Monday, but that I would discuss the matter with friends, now that I knew the price, and would call him next Saturday morning if I was interested. I thanked him very much, and we said goodbye. As soon as I had hung up, there was an explosion of laughter from the kitchen, and when I got to the door my mother and my brother were hanging on to one another, sobbing with laughter, tears streaming down their faces.

"What are you laughing for?" I said.

"You!" said my brother. "That poor man, trying to get you to come over there just so he could see if you were real. Did you give him your name? Why, he's going to talk about that all his life, and you'll never call him up again!"

"I thought I did rather well," I said.

"Sure you did," said my brother. "Two old Yankees, jest goin' roun' 'n' roun' lookin' fer an openin'. He practically dragged you up the telephone. That house isn't wuth more'n a hunnert dollars; the lumber wouldn't bring that if he took it apart. He might git suthin' fer the foundashins."

"I told him I'd call him back," I said. "I said I'd call him back, and I will call him back, as soon as I talk over what I want to do about the house. Perhaps I want to buy it."

"You don't have the money," said my brother.

"Yes, I *do* have the money," I said. "I have fifteen hundred dollars saved for a car. I *do* have the money. I don't spend my money like water, the way you do." But that isn't quite true. My brother has a Chinese-red Karmann Ghia and a lot of girls whom he whisks around here and there. He tests them by taking them frostbiting in Scituate Harbor, where they die like flies. He says that as soon as he can find a girl who looks well in the Karmann Ghia and in Scituate Harbor (he means *in* Scituate Harbor) he will marry her, but my mother tells him he may have to take one or the other. But he makes a good living and invests a sizable amount every year. He's not irresponsible.

"At least I don't sit around doing nothing," my brother said.

"Children!" said my mother.

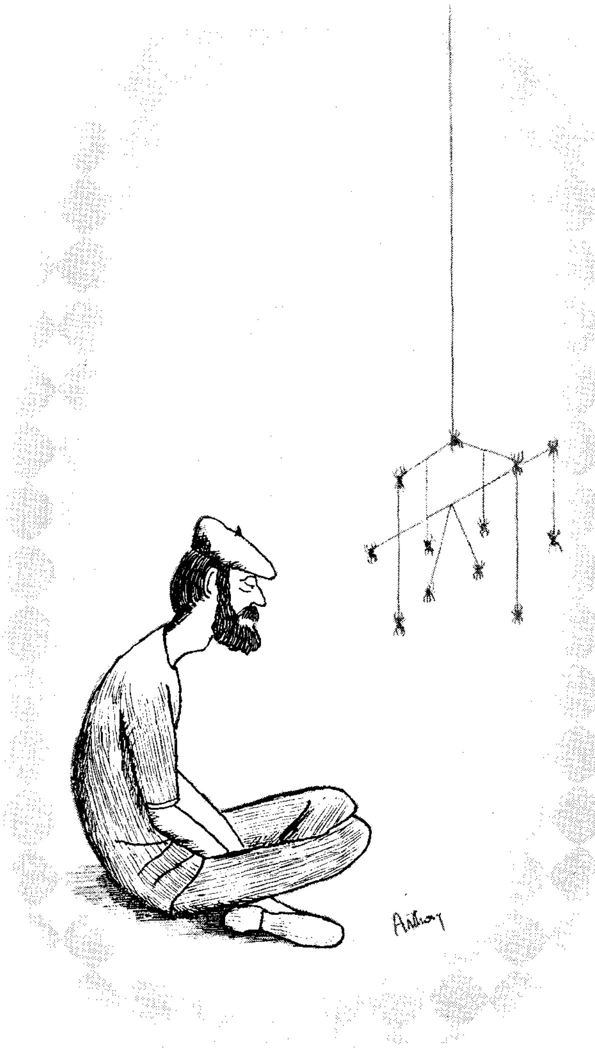
"Well, hell," said my brother.

"I *am* going to buy that house!" I said.

"What will you do there, Sarah darling?" said my mother. "Walk to the train every morning, and come home every night and tie up your asters and lug a pail of water from the big house to wash in? My little Thoreau."

"Cassius's Castle in the Air," said my brother. "Don't ask me to help you dig the cellar."

"I could buy that house," I said. "I could buy it if I



wanted to. I could, if I decided to."

"Have you decided to?" said my mother.

"No," I said. "I have to talk it over."

"We are talking it over," said my brother. "You have just ruined the Sunday afternoon of one hard-working Yankee farmer by being the first real *nut he's heard of in twenty years.* You've talked it over with him, and now you're talking it over with us. When you go the way of Cousin Eleanor, I'm not going to live with your rugs."

"Hush," said my mother. "Hush."

"Hush, nothing," said my brother. "Why the hell should I hush? Everything I've said is true, which is more than's true of everything she's said."

I began to cry.

"Why don't you leave the room, George!" said my mother to my brother. "You have made your sister cry. You are so mean!"

My brother slammed his hand on the kitchen table, then he slammed the door behind him, and a minute or so later we heard him beginning to hammer in the garage. It was then that my father came into the kitchen and saw both my mother and me in tears and he said he could get no peace in this house and slammed the door.

My mother came across the kitchen to hug me, but I wouldn't let her, and she said, "That's just what's the matter with you, Sarah," and began to tell me what my faults were, and when I said, "Yes, yes, but you are not quite correct," and told her on what point she erred, she said, "Shut up. You sound just like an old maid."

I said, "That's just what I am."

She said, "But you don't have to be!" and told me to sell Cassius and find another apartment and stop seeing the children next door (whom I sit for only once or twice a month) and give up my Girl Scout troop (which only takes one afternoon a week, and if I weren't there I would be in the office) and to leave all those damn butterflies (but I have hated my other jobs, with the gum-chewers and the unhappy people for whom I worked) and come home more.

Come home more! She must have felt guilty that she had brought me up so that I am not married now. She *is* guilty. No one is a perfect mother. Certainly I am not a perfect child. Where she was near the truth was in telling me to give up the butterflies. Dr. Barney is tough competition for the young men I know. After all, he's brilliant, and they're not; he's loving, and they haven't learned to be; he's dedicated, and they're not; he's witty, and they're not. After all, he's the best person I know. —EMILY CAIN

ELEGY IN BIG SUR

That other day's high wire, the smugglers' midair moorage,
still twangs across the cove into which, this late afternoon,
woman and auto cavorted at the margin where sand meets sea.

Now, above the froth full of sea horses—above
the foam-giant shore the green waves splat—that reach
tall and more indeed than a man's length, above

the Shastas of water, like old milkweed scattering,
where each new spray crest tinkles, trickles, and lodges
in temples and dimples of granite below its strike,
tonight,

high above your accident, stand with me now,
woman fled out of human nature; stop and note,
as I do, this live oak, at cliff's edge, that bends

toward the crossline Pacific horizon. Who was it said
the spear of pain becomes a shaft of light? Well,
higher above, stars stand among planets in moving fields.

O see it now, lady! The live oak appears to ache for
this lode of pointbreaks in the black-and-blue bubble of sky.
You fell not knowing what arcs behind. Night wind rises.

The tree yearns out for fractured lights in lazuli
(reminders of skyzone-zenith-sun that was noon and now
is gone as she is gone), aching for breakthroughs profounder

than reflection left over from the clear, gay day.
I remember the live-oak trunk, bleached lichen, as it was—
wrinkled, wrestling growth, too slow for quick eyes,

ringing outward to support the crown. Dark does simplify.
Now it's a plain, jet, half-angled pillar, heavy-topped, quiet,
tipped as if tempted by night's far gaudier headdress;

now there's movement driving through shadow to light again,
a shaft that is dark that leans toward a path that is bright,
made of a weight held for a while to its roots. Gone?

Below me, a glimmer shifts a ship's lantern forward.
For seconds, all above the line are moved because one, below,
a fishboat riding the sea edge, anchors and halts. Sudden

that seeming verge; the horizon that holds the hull
melts completely, releasing black sky into black ocean.
For the passing, surface tension breaks in a blow!
O

tentative second! Observe, O observe, all is one.

Now. How cold the upcanyon wind is here! These night lights
glow for one today who rode out on a beam of shadow
cast by domehills descending to sea rocks like music,

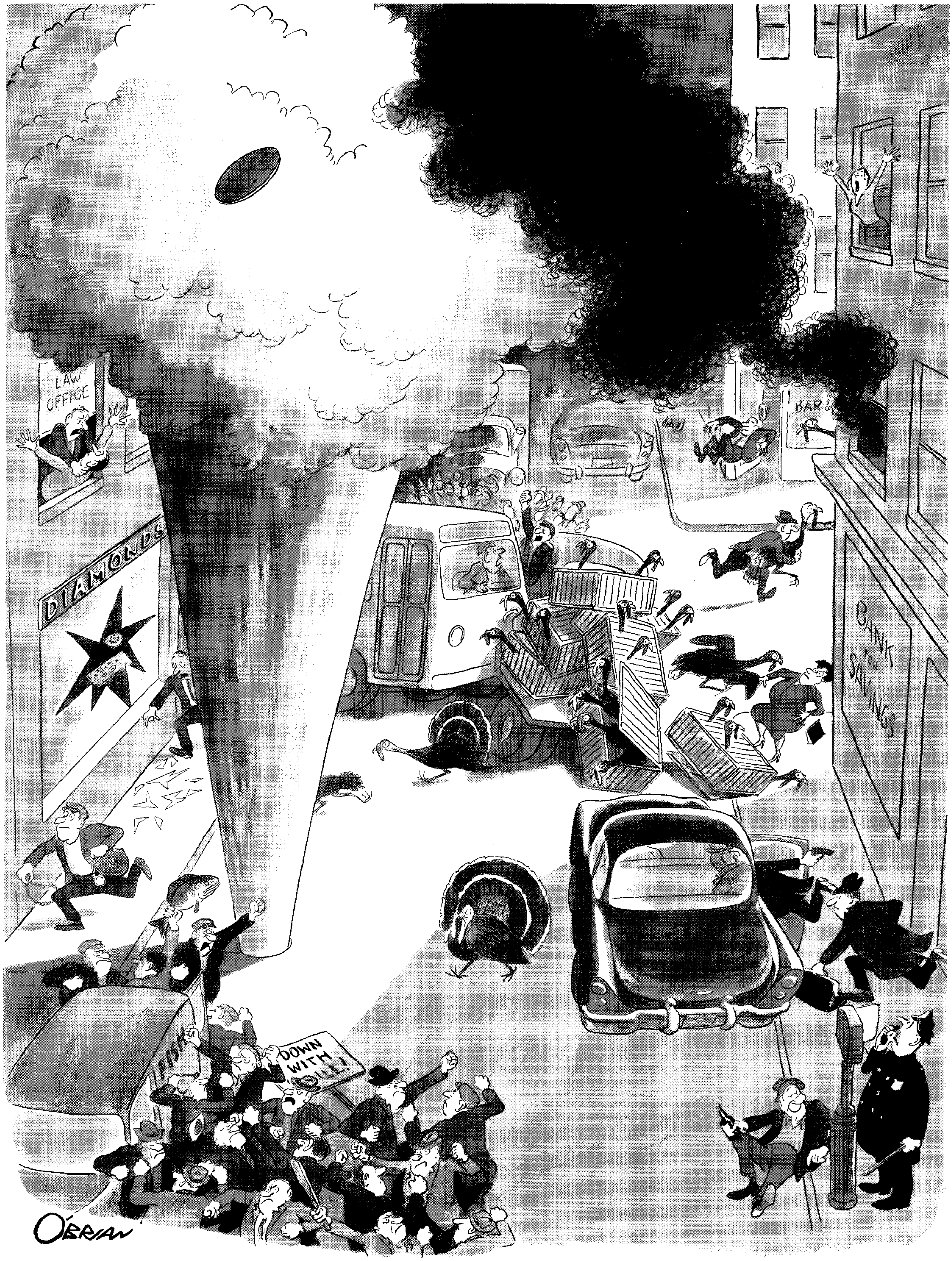
rode out, sunlight direct in her eyes, still thinking
herself on the highway. For us this is tragic.
She weathered it out. Look, look at the tree!

Seventy cycles of earth circle around her.
So, like others fallen from highroads, these, remaining,
gently, respectfully, extricate bone and flesh

that fell easily from shadow as being too heavy for air.
Hush. The men bring it back to us, like any body,
speechless, sighing, toiling up the rockfall.

I will go indoors, and leave the wind to her.

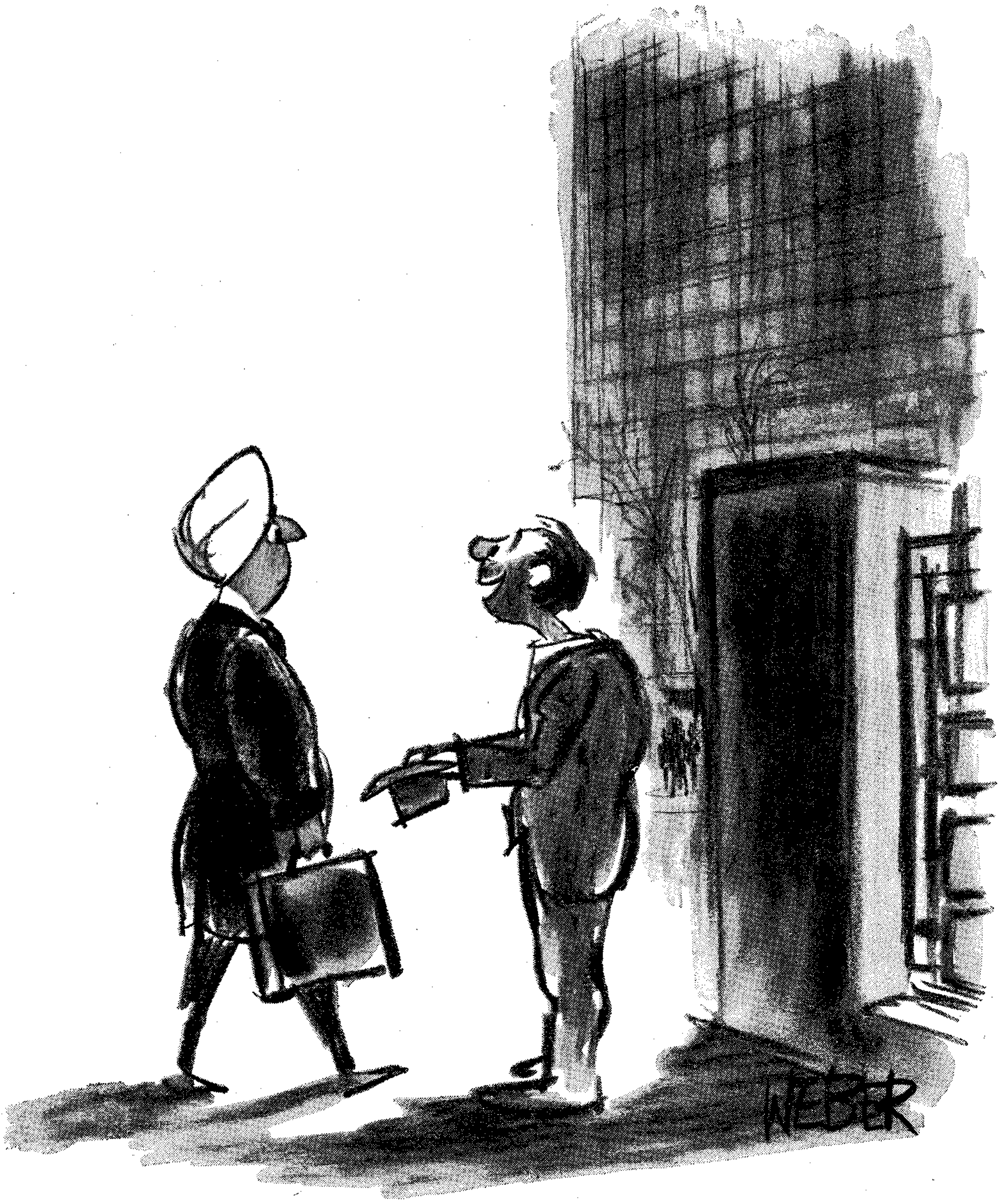
—LYON PHELPS


LAW OFFICE
DIAMONDS
BAR &
BANK FOR SAVINGS
FISH
DOWN WITH ...!
O'BRIAN

"Sergeant, I hardly know where to begin."

THE ABUNDANT DREAMER

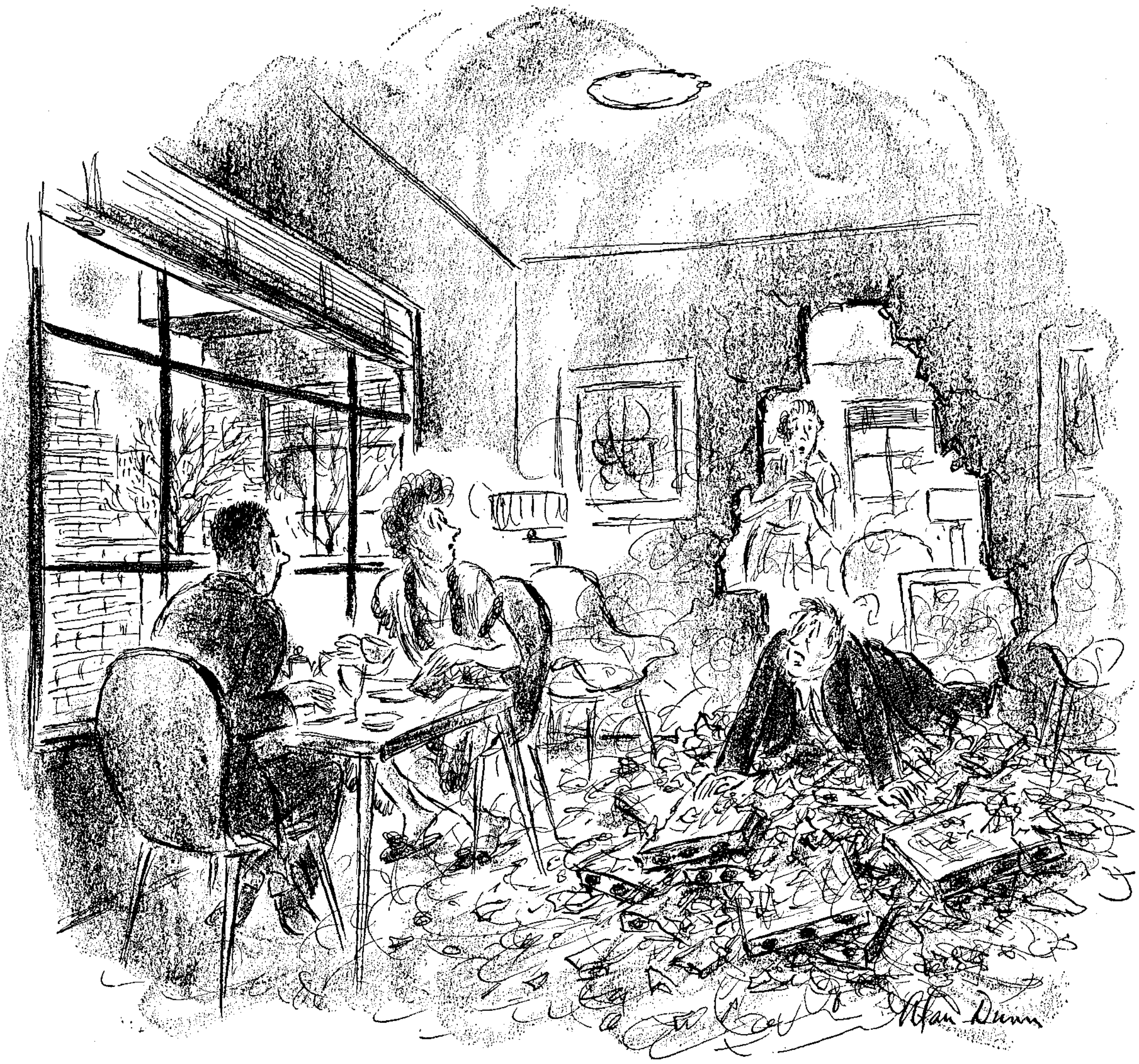
Marcus Weill has said he is chiefly concerned with virtue and death in the movies he makes, but the truth is that his usual theme is that we are not capable of much virtue because we are afraid of death. He would have us believe that we flee from logic and order because they remind us that we must die, while illogic and disorder soothe us by proving that nothing makes sense, that nothing is certain, not even death. In his movie, "La Nouvelle Cléopâtre en Avignon," the narrator says, "Do not be cross because our characters do not always have the same faces; they are being true to life and death." The narrator says, "We hope to demonstrate not Euclidean but mortal geometry, the grand trickery of theorems we place in nature and find there for our own delight." So the image exists for Marcus. In "La Nouvelle Cléopâtre en Avignon," the heroine bends over her lover. One hears a clock and the heroine's breath; one sees the drowsy pulse, the lecherous tic beside her lover's eye and the heroine's finger stealing out to touch it. The narrator says, "Is it not time for her to guess that the flesh is a clock, an unrenewable clock?" The narrator says, "It is an axiom in the mortal geometry that the noise of a quarrel will drown the sound of all the clocks in a room." When the lovers quarrel, we are not permitted to hear what they say; we see their faces change and we see that from moment to moment they are different people. The narrator says, "Uncertainty increases their passion," and the scene of reconciliation is the most passionate in the movie. The hero lies asleep. The heroine enters his room and wakes him with her kisses and her tears. He opens his eyes and abruptly she ceases to cry and moves her head until she and her lover are face to face; then she assumes a dizzying, not quite convincing—so bright is it—smile. The camera is suddenly a great distance from the bed; the lovers embrace in a room with melting walls. Trees appear, their branches agitated as in a summer storm. Among the trees, lions and monkeys and snakes and tigers glide and prowl or sit or crouch or sleep. Shadows are flung back and forth; in the room, the shadows have the fish shapes of terror. The lovers on their bed are figurines inside a cracked glass bell, a thin, cracked glass arbor in the middle of a wind-torn, window-haunted garden. The heroine cries out, "Ah, God, I am so happy," and the scene ends.



"Alms, for the love of Allah, Mac!"

Marcus is thickset, temperamental, good-looking. He has made five movies in France, one in Belgium, two in Italy, one in Greece. Four of his movies have been shown in this country with considerable critical and public acclaim, one with no acclaim. Exhibitors would like to show the others, but Marcus is careless and somewhat grasping about money, and he has signed too many contracts: who is privileged to sell what, who is to receive what is under litigation in three countries. He was born in New York and often uses as backgrounds vistas of a city—distant, seen through windows, light-struck, overexposed, resembling the sun-washed backgrounds, pale and geometrical, of early Renaissance paintings: Piero della Francesca and Botticelli; against such backgrounds his people move in simplified costumes, linear, eyes and mouths like pebbles, and dominant. He is a Jew. He avoids dialogue in his movies if he can. In life, he experiences very little simply and directly; nothing is merely itself. "For me," he has said, "it is like the glass walls in that place in Proust—the restaurant reflected in its own walls, and the diners, and through the glass the flowers outside." A kiss is a moment—heavy, round, a melon; the sharp abridgment of isolation is a knife into the melon, parting the tough skin; the soft pastel interior appears. Lo, it is hollow. In the hollow, seeds. His emotion for a woman tends in the early stages to be formal and dark. It is as if he were practicing one of the early religions with superstition and awe. But later she becomes a girl (or two of them) he used to know, or a bucket too small for the live fish in it, or the Rond Point: tourists, garishness, *art moderne*, flowers, fountains, all of it. He cannot evade this elaboration of the sensual event;

it is a circumstance of his existence.



"Sorry, neighbors. I just happened to lean against it."

A movie is to him primarily an arrangement of recognitions, an *allée* laid out so that at every step what is being seen alters the sense of what has been seen. The audience must be paradoxically surprised by logic, as if logic were unpredictable. Success is to have the audience accept the conclusion in the full pride of having recognized the geometry that caused it. At the end of the film comes a recognition that the *allée* could lead nowhere but to this. In Rome, about to commence shooting on "Rencontre du Voyage," he says, "The beginning will be very simple. She is in the Sistine Chapel, in a crowd of tourists, looking up at the ceiling. She is sad and restless and frightened in that crowd, looking at that ceiling. Then we know her. . . ." He speaks slowly, asthmatically breathing through his mouth, at breakfast on the terrace of the large villa outside Rome his backers have rented for him. The movie is to go before the cameras in an hour. Below the terrace lie a largely untended garden and a swimming pool, and, beyond an uneven hedge of oleanders, greenish-yellow fields (a sunburned golf course), and the hills leading to Rocca di Papa; in the middle distance are the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct. It is not quite eight o'clock in the morning, and some coolness remains in the air from the night, but it is unsubstantial, wispy, and will soon disappear.

From the head of the table, he addresses his writer, Loesser; his cameraman, Alliat; and his stars, Jehane Duret and Oskar Haase. (Marcus's family—his children and his housekeeper-companion—are in Paris; he has brought only his valet.) Jehane Duret is his mistress, but the affair is dying. She is tall, with a taut body, a broad, self-assertive mouth. "You are both restless," he says to Jehane and Oskar—"Oskar le Beau" the French papers call him. "They—You must see this thing about them." He has trouble finding words. "They are *ordinary*—not in looks . . . not in soul . . . but in the guesses they make. . . ." His voice trails off. His auditors stare at him with incomprehension. He frowns. He says pleadingly, "One could photograph them anywhere. In front of a department-store window—they would look *suitable* there!" His audience stirs, sensing something performable; they wait for further instruction. Marcus jumps up. "Look. Look, I will *show* you." He is a poor actor; there was a time when he tried to act, but no matter what part he was assigned he was onstage merely an over-intense, large-eyed young man anxious to be an actor. He embarks on a pantomime. His smile fades; he looks bored, distant; he wrinkles his mouth, knits his fingers.

A maid hurries out of the villa, her shoes loud on the stone pavement; observing the pantomime, she tiptoes the last few feet, a finger to her lips signifying she does not intend to say a word, and she slips a cablegram into Marcus's hand. Marcus shrugs and resumes his pantomime, turning in a slow circle until he confronts the striking view—the slow, yellow-brown descent of the fields to the aqueduct and the skirts of the bluish hills rising to Rocca di Papa. He hopefully scowls, reaches out his arms, turns away, head drooping. It is a ludicrous performance. Loesser, the writer, says in a low voice, "Isolated—sensually and personally. Trapped. Unable to feel." Oskar Haase exclaims, "*Ja! Gut!*" He nods, but he looks eager to please rather than penetrated by understanding. Jehane's eyes are shut, probably with embarrassment at Marcus's performance.

Marcus says, "They feel this way in front of expensive automobiles and movie theatres. Their guesses are crooked." Oskar and Jehane sit up, actors' shrewdness and voracity in their eyes. The cablegram rustles in Marcus's hand. "So you are very restless," he instructs them, adding, "and cold. If there is no self-pity, you cannot pity others." He turns to the cablegram. It is from America, from his stepmother, and states: "NAN-

NA DIED IN SLEEP LAST NIGHT FUNERAL TWO-THIRTY B'NAI SHOLOM BOSTON SEVENTH JUNE."

The sun lies heavily on Marcus's white shirt; dampness wells from the ochre walls of the villa.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" Jehane asks.

"*Ma grandmère est morte.*"

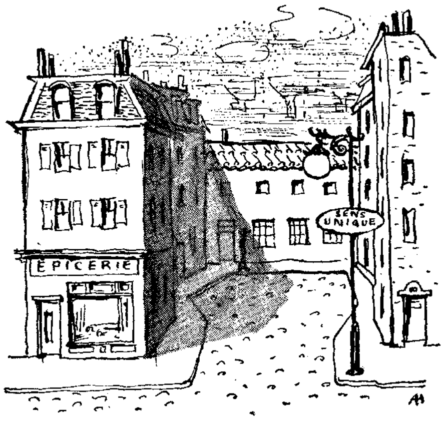
"*Oh, pauvre petit,*" Jehane says. Her actress's face plunges into sympathy, the muscles of the strong, self-assertive lips loosen, the eyes grow sombre. It is a familiar sight; she has stayed up with him for long nights on lawns, in rooms: "I cannot sleep." "*Pauvre Marc.* Shall we play cards?" "I am too nervous for cards. The picture is not growing. *La mort vient et je suis nu.*" He is afraid of being tired the next day, but he fears death more and cannot sleep. "I've taken three Seconal, but they don't work." Jehane has walked with him for hours in the city, among lampposts: "Our orchard," Marcus calls them. He can always sleep after dawn.

Jehane is thin-shouldered, long-necked. Her hair is straight, an arras. The famous eyes ripen with emotion, and Marcus scowls, wanting to discourage her; shooting is about to begin. He has no intention of being upset because a cablegram has announced that Nanna is dead. He hears—it is imaginary—a metallic clang, a corrugated metal door sliding shut, rollers spinning in the curved tracks (he sees them); the door bangs. What was a doorway is as solid as a wall. Fingertips creep along the bottom edge of the door, work it up an inch or two; is this memory? Nanna's neatly waved, short gray hair, like ribs of grayish-brown sand.

"She is a rich woman," he says, careless of his tenses. "Perhaps she's left me her fortune."

His senses bucket uneasily on the tide of sunlight. Marcus rides their plunging momentum, legs braced, paunch distending his belt; the figures at the table are cut about with shadows. His eyes, his nose, the features of his face are full-formed, fleshy; nothing in his face is skimped or in short supply: not flesh, not shapeliness, not intelligence. The thick quarter-moons of his eyelids blink rapidly over the strained eyes. To control the blinking he squints. He does not want his actors to be distracted or alienated. Actors are sentimental, harshly ceremonial like children, and, like children, suspicious; should they be put off, they will disbelieve his judgment, they will evade his will, commit surprises in front of the camera. "She was not very kind to me. Or to my mother," he says sternly.

To his mother, no. Noreen was pretty, long-limbed; her hair was gold red. His mother, Noreen. A gay, laughing Irish girl—so she saw herself—bringing love and joy and religious truth into her husband's family. Pretty Noreen said, "I've always admired Jews, their close family life." She was taken by surprise. Her husband's rich German-French Jewish family looked askance at the gift of love and joy brought by religious truth—intensities and rivalries and everything ugly breathed out through the confessional as through a whale's spout. They practiced self-cultivation and seriousness and owned to a bewildering complexity of attitudes and rites. It seemed that they already had a religion. Noreen sat, laughed, displayed her jollity, showed off her full trousseau of beliefs on all matters, her acceptance of Jews, and her in-laws watched her politely, with good-natured patience until they grew bored, and then they ignored her. The child Marcus looked on, and thought of a Maypole that danced and threw out streamers to dancers who would not move to pick them up. Noreen drank a good deal. "Oh, it's four o'clock! I'm in the mood for a drinkie. Anyone else want a drinkie, too?" Marcus, catching Nanna's eyes studying him, realized that in some lights he appeared ordinary, a doubtful quantity.



Marcus abruptly sits down at the table. The others, to soothe their uneasiness, talk of their grandmothers; Oskar mentions a *Grossmutter* killed in the bombing of Hamburg, Loesser a grandmother who played pinochle with her nurse between attacks of angina. Marcus listens. Nanna walked with her sons after dinner at Scantuate, in the garden, above the sea. The flag crackled blusteringly on the flagpole. The children in a crowd went out at dusk to lower it. Nanna was small, well formed, neat gray-brown—beside Noreen a thrush next to a flamingo. She wore dark floral-print dresses that had no particular style, and hair nets; she did not like to have her hair disarranged. Marcus sees her old-woman's hair, grown long during illness, blowing loose, unconstrained; her uncapturable minnow eyes—he had never as a child managed to control them, hold them, as he wished, to his will: (One day when he was five, he knelt by the ornamental pool in the garden. "Are you trying to catch fish, Markie?" He shook his head. "I can't. They won't let me catch them")—and her round cheeks, and the small almond chin that was the focus of her old-woman's prettiness, and the thin, always somewhat awry, intelligent lips are as constrained and without vivacity as if, in a game of turnabout, they have been netted and her hair has been set free. Her face—to him a creature,

ON THE LIBRARY STEPS

A bird may build so many nests
Before it dies and think them one
(If it thinks at all), the straw the same,
The twig the same, the fledgling's cry,
And it must feel all woods the same,
Though winds may raise those flimsy wings
And take them south to other woods
Whose leaves and skies are all the same.
And when the similar water falls,
What reaches rock or reigns in clouds
To later fall will fall the same,
Though ice or steam may make it seem
Dissimilar fractions of a blue
No one can tell from another blue.
And so the hero goes up the steps
Of the library (between two lions
Impossible to tell apart)
To read a treatise on the hero,
And finds ten books about himself—
Their love, his love, the same, the same.

—HOWARD MOSS

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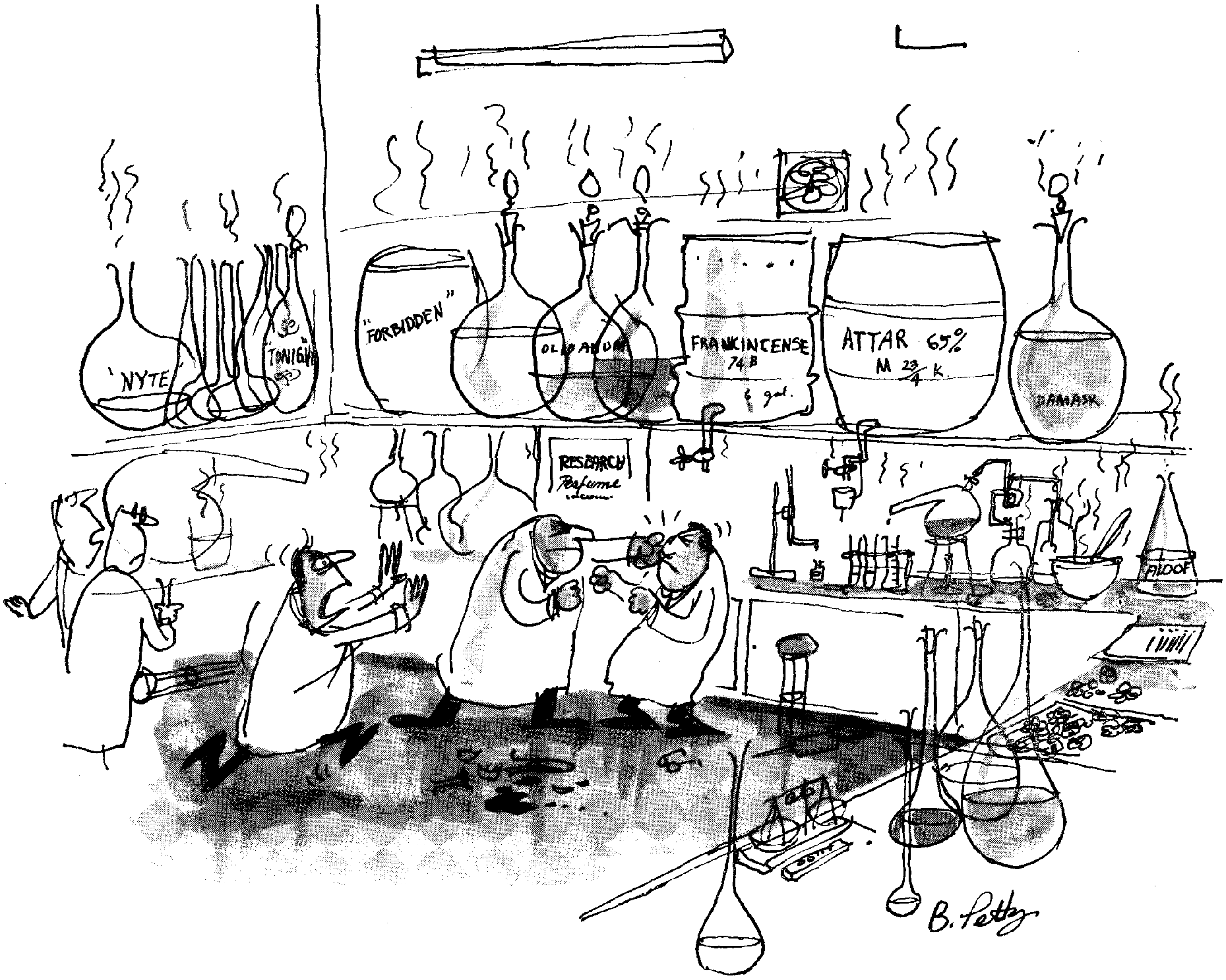

"Not on the nose! Not on the nose!"

• •

like a marmoset—has been extinguished. Jehane has told a story of her grandmother bidding her obey the nuns at school or risk hell-fire, and now she leans her head on Marcus's shoulder; sweat breaks out on Marcus's skin. He does not want to be consoled. He is concerned with facts. A fact is, he is not grief-stricken. Another fact: Nanna will not again give her letters to Nils, the chauffeur, to mail. Nor write checks.

NANNA wrote checks in such numbers that one could not see a checkbook without thinking of her. "Markie," Noreen said, "Nanna's sent you another check." Nanna's emanation arrived in the small apartment in New Rochelle where he lived with Noreen after her divorce from his father. They brought privileges: clothes and lessons—riding, tennis, piano—summer camp, books; a bicycle, a cashmere scarf, a globe of the world for Christmas. Nanna's checks made him special, separated him from the other children in the block of shabby apartments. Nanna wished her grandsons and granddaughters to pursue interests, hobbies, projects; hobbies, followed seriously, became distinctions. Nanna believed a Weill was, by definition, able. To go to see Nanna was to have a darkroom in the large cellar beneath the house at Scantuate, the wails of which thrummed when the waves broke on the bluff on a stormy day. Was to have Nanna look at him again, reconsider him. "Would you like to go away to school?" He went to Andover on Nanna's checks like a north-woods boy on snowshoes. The doctors who tended him that spring, when the nervousness he'd suffered at school turned into pneumonia, said he must have sun, air, and untroubled rest. He spent the summer at Scantuate with Nanna. Nanna said, "I would like to buy you a present." He said, "I am very happy you could let me come. That's a present. I don't want anything else." He could not look at her directly; it seemed a hand that signed a check could circumscribe a heart. He absorbed calm from the brown, ugly house, the carpeted rooms, among the Chinese bronzes. "You should be outside—swimming." He said, "I thought maybe you wanted company." She said, "Later. You must have exercise, Marcus."

"Dear Mother," he wrote, "I am fine. I am well. I miss you." He wanted to be polite.

He made two comic books, lithographing the pictures. One comic book was "Madame Bovary;" one was "Wuthering Heights." He showed them to Nanna. "I like to tell stories with pictures," he said. "Would you like a movie camera?" Carefully, Marcus said, "I would like one, but I don't think I deserve one. I mean, it isn't my birthday. I haven't done anything to earn it." The chauffeur brought a movie camera from Boston, a model recommended by Nanna's lawyer, whom she telephoned for advice. "You must think about going to visit your mother sometime this summer. Perhaps after Labor

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"Day," she said. Marcus said, "But you'll be alone then." The next day, she said, "Since you don't seem to want to leave me, I have written your mother and asked her to come and visit us here." Marcus was intent on making his first movie with Nils, the chauffeur, and with one of the Irish maids. "Now, you're a murderer. You come sn-sneaking," Marcus stammered to Nils. He had stammered when he was younger only at moments of high excitement, but lately—for the past year—he had begun to stammer more; he stammered almost all the time now. "You c-come around the garage door with the knife. . . ." He set the Irish maid running along the bluff, hair and skirts awhirl. "You are in mortal t-terror of your life." Noreen came, almost as pretty as ever. He showed her the darkroom, the comic books he'd lithographed. The comic books upset her; they were lewd. Noreen said she was seeing a man named Little, a hardware dealer. "We just may get married, Markie. You'll have another father—won't that be fine?" she asked hopefully.

Noreen drank quite a bit on that visit. Marcus watched—she filled herself with bubbles; the surface of her face bubbled like paint with air in it. Noreen asked, "Is it true you want to live with Nanna?" She let slide a glass tray of laughter. She said, a good sport, "After all, you have a right to all this. It's part of your heritage." Her gaiety was inflexible. "He can't make a decision. Poor Markie, he won't laugh." She tickled him with her forefinger, saying, "Stop being a sourpuss. Come on, Markie, let's be happy." She said to Nanna at the dinner table, "Markie's been disturbed; he ought to have some religious instruction. Religion is very stabilizing for a young boy." Nanna changed the subject. In the apartment in New Rochelle, when Noreen made breakfast, she sometimes sang in a tremulous, thin, weak, charmingly lyric voice—God, what charm there was in that tremulous voice—"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile. . . ." Noreen said, "Markie, you must tell me how you feel. I'll help you think. I have to admit Nanna can do a lot for you." Noreen said, "What's best is what helps you to concentrate on your studies, to work hard and do well in school, Markie. Do you want to live with Nanna?" She turned her amusement-hungry, warm, and depthless face to him. The child Marcus saw a face bubbled like paint with air in it, saw noise and a party and someone shouting, saw a hillside with shepherds and shepherdesses—and Noreen singing—and a breeze ruffling the leaves of the chairs turned into roses of Sharon. Marcus said, "I don't know." Nanna and Noreen were closeted in the library for several hours. Noreen came out and kissed him goodbye. She said, "You work hard and do well in school, Markie." She went to live and drink in sunny California—Nanna's checks helped ease the strain of emigration—and Marcus made his home with his grandmother.

A FLY struts jerkily in the sunlight. Marcus says, "We were talking about the movie. Where was I?" "Self-pity," says Loesser. "Yes," says Marcus. Noreen still held legal custody. "A formality," Nanna said. Nanna said she was going to Florida for the winter; Marcus was to have Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter with his father and his father's second wife and the four children he had by that second wife. "You must get to know them better," Nanna said. Nanna said she had brought Marcus back to the family. "You are a Weill," Marcus's father said. "I want you to feel free to come to my house at any time." "Thank you," Marcus said. He was thirteen. Marcus says, "Yes. Well. These people have no self-pity. They go *at* things." He makes a gesture of someone grabbing. It crosses his mind to say that they are as bold as doctors, that what they want—their habit—is to fall in love. But instead he falls silent. His father said, "Marcus, I want to say I'm glad you're— Well, let me say a father and his son are not happily parted." "Thank you," Marcus said. His father said, "You never asked me about the divorce. You must have a good many questions." "No, sir. I mean, no, thank y-you, sir." His father said, "Marcus, I'm not doing this for *my* sake." He paused, he said, "Don't you want to talk anything over with me?" Marcus said, "It's up to y-you, sir. If you w-want to talk, s-sir." Marcus says, "You have any questions about the camera angles? Oskar? Jehane?" His father said, "Never mind. We'll try again later." Marcus was ashamed of his father. What did talk mean? Talk didn't mean anything. Jehane cries, "*Marc, c'est impossible!*" The day is *triste*, the city, Rome, is *triste*, unendurable on the occasion of a death. "How can we work?" she demands. She is insistent, bitter, contemptuous. "How can we be expected to work as if nothing has happened. A woman is dead. It is a terrible thing. A terrible omen. My God."

Nanna said, "Your allowance will be fifty dollars a month. I expect you to keep a record of your expenditures. Someday you will have money of your own, and you must start now to learn how to take care of it."

Oskar, eying Jehane curiously, strokes his long, muscular throat. Jehane is always unsettled before starting a movie; the geometry of old age and death appalls her. Marcus says, "Our work makes us monsters." Jehane says sadly, "*C'est vrai; tu as raison.*" She lifts a sugar-encrusted roll to her mouth. Marcus thinks, That will stop the rat-hole . . . nothing can slither for a moment.

The maid announces the car is at the door. "*Bon!*" cries Marcus. "*Allons*, everyone." He chivies them along. The immense and dusty rooms swing up, float, descend behind him.

Two boats rode at mooring in front of Nanna's beach, which gardeners raked free of shells on Mondays and Thursdays. It was forbidden to swim or take out the boats on Sunday morning. Almost everyone in Scantuate went

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to church. "It is not polite to desecrate the Sabbath of others." To be late or unwashed at mealtimes meant eating in the kitchen. One wore a jacket to dinner during the week, and a jacket and tie on weekends. The only permissible way to dress was in the casual, local, escape-from-the-city style. A daughter-in-law foolish enough to attempt chic would be greeted with "I love red silk at the seashore. So suitable." Nanna's sarcasm, politely uttered, continued until the offender was submissive. Anger or sulkiness or a son's trying to persuade her—"Be more reasonable, Nanna"—would lead her to say, "It would seem I am not free to enjoy my own house." Her son then admitted he was wrong or gathered his wife and children and left—so the family joke went—on still another of the flights of the Jews. As her children grew older and more prosperous, they came to visit Nanna for shorter periods of time and more formally. The worst thing Nanna could say was, "This is boring. This is so boring."

Alliat, the cameraman, talking of emulsions, lenses, says, "In 'Rashomon' . . ." Nanna's voice mocks: "Panchromatic! Emulsion! Egg tempera sounds so much nicer." "Not really, Nanna. Listen—*egg tempera* . . ." Nanna rarely went to movies. Oskar, Jehane, Loesser, and Alliat climb into the black Lancia; the sunlight beats down on the white stones of the driveway, the nearby bushes; the atmosphere, Marcus thinks, is exactly that of a funeral—the tension, the unease, the constraint. It is always the same before a movie begins.

Marcus has said in interviews and to disciples that a movie is a face. "People go to movies to spy on a face. If a movie gallops, only children are amused. A true film advances from gossip to weeping. In 'Camille' you see Garbo first as a demimondaine, a very simple, very glamorous piece of gossip, but scene by scene the gossip becomes more complex, more details are added—she practices falsity, is ashamed of her body and herself, has a neurotic longing for honesty. Suddenly you get this breath, this sensation, My God, she really is a whore; she really does love that young man; he mustn't marry a whore; Oh, my God, how awful. And then you cry."

WHAT he imagined Nanna's expectations of a boarder to be caught like cobwebs at Marcus's eyes and throat. (Marcus in the car travelling in the line of traffic on the Appia Antica places his hand on Jehane's thigh, near her stomach; he folds his large hand over her flesh.) Marcus suffered from a form of asthma and breathed noisily. Nanna made much of the manners of Marcus's half-brothers and half-sisters, who were soft-voiced and reserved, the children of the English Jewess his father had married two months after his divorce from Noreen. They were better mannered than he was, but not as interested in pleasing Nanna. Doctors had said Marcus's breathing was a physical affliction. Marcus was careful. He learned. He breathed quietly. Nanna said, "You see, the child's not asthmatic." Nanna did not always look at him; sometimes it seemed to him she imagined he was someone else. The school had written, "Mark has the capacity for brilliance but is eccentric in execution." "In feeling, too," the teacher had added when he spoke to Marcus's father. At the moments when Marcus stammered, his mouth, awry with strain, resembled Nanna's. He said, indicating the wicker furniture, the heavy sideboards, the Chinese bronzes, Japanese chests, and Corots his grandfather had collected, "This room has the r-richness of the Orient." Nanna sighed. "Jews are often called Oriental. Do you know what fatalism is? It leaves out the will. I disapprove of that very much." The minnow eyes struggled with momentary confusion. "What was I saying? Oh, yes. I loathe fatalism." Marcus said, "The wind is rising. Look at the spray. The sea has crinkly, Jewish hair." "I dislike poetic conversation," Nanna said. Marcus asked, "What c-color were the P-pyramids when you and grandf-father were in E-egypt? Was the sun very bright? Was the sand white or brown? Did your sit-upon h-hurt from riding on the camel?" Nanna said, "I did not know I remembered so clearly." Marcus, in his desire to please, tended to mimic the grownups he was speaking to. He was small for his age (but he grew twelve inches in his first sixteen months with Nanna), and his mimicry unsettled adults. He would say, "Have you licked the crabgrass problem this year, Dr. Poore?" His voice was changing, and he was excitable and nervous. He saw that at the dinner table others made straight-angled and orderly remarks that were like toy wooden blocks. But he could produce nothing so regular, geometric, and gay; his conversational throat was a cave, and what came out was an over-gallant compliment from his reading—"I'd g-give the g-golden apple to you, Mrs. Tredwell," he said to one of Nanna's guests, and blushed—or he spoke and Nanna lifted a hand to her hair as if to protect it against a bat Marcus had released to flitter around the dinner table: "People not t-talking about money is like people not talking about sex. I bet they don't want to g-get excited in public." He blurted once, "Do all women go cuckoo at menopause?" Nanna's minnow eyes flickered and took refuge in distance. "Medical matters are not discussed at table, Marcus."

Outside the dining-room windows, Crimson Glory and Maréchal Niel and Peace roses (a staining of pink along the lips of their ivory petals) grew around a reflecting pool. Nanna ordered the roses thinned, ordered speech lessons for Marcus. The roses prospered. Marcus did not stammer any more.

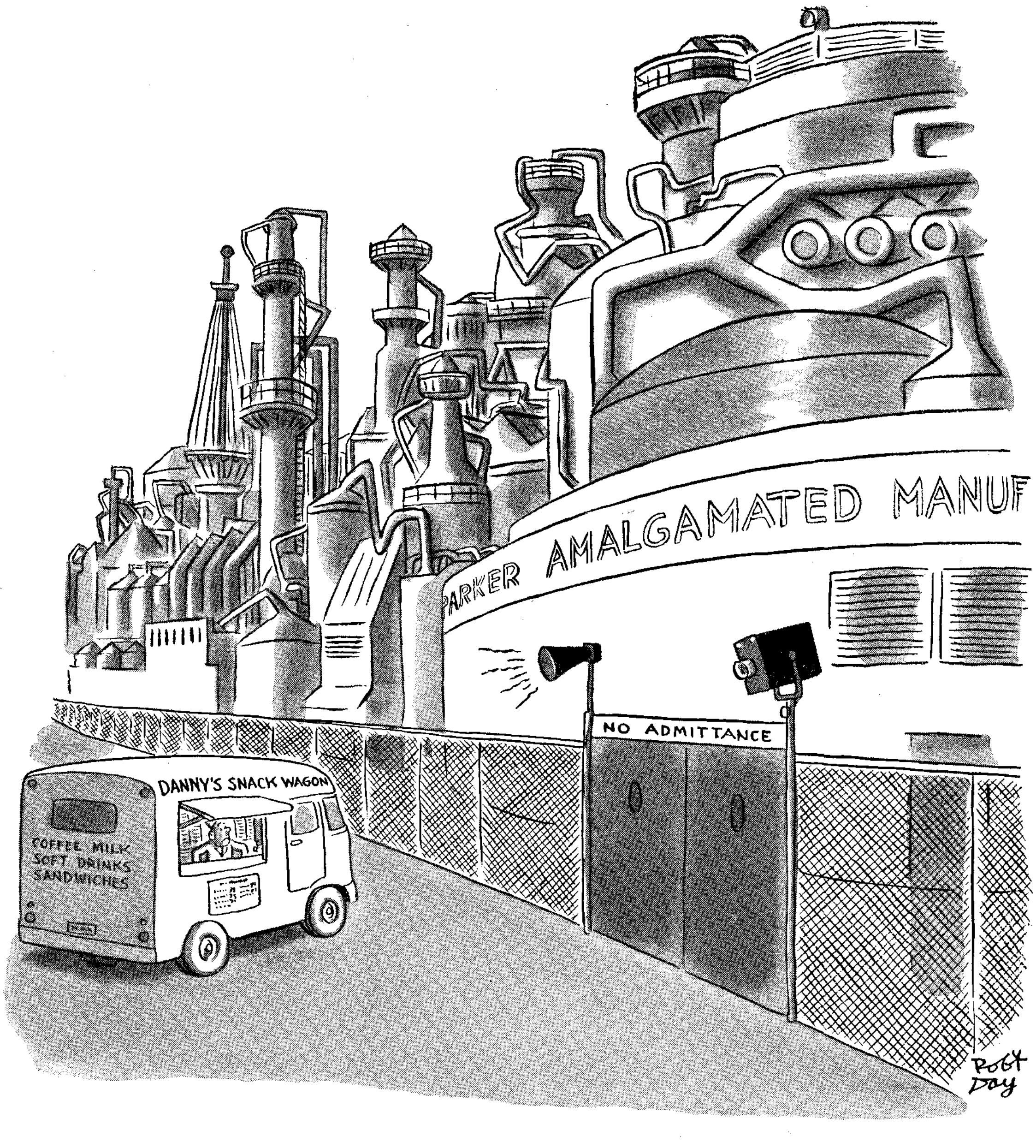
Charities. Reforms. The will to do. Improving Marcus. "Conversation should be light and pointless and yet have a point—but by surprise, like scent in a sweet and pretty flower." "Yes, Nanna." The minnow eyes moved in, away, not quite regarding him. "Like posies?" he asked, drawing the minnow eyes out of the shadows to laugh. "Like poesies," he said. "Poses." The minnow eyes moved away. He had gone too far.

The car pauses at the traffic light in front of the bastion gate of San Sebastiano. Its two towers guard a narrow gate set in the rose-pink walls, folded stiffly along a tussocked rise. Traffic moves through San Sebastiano one way, out of the city. The Lancia turns left, past a row of suburban apartment houses, beyond which appear distant fields. The country, *le paysage*, passage everywhere; a city is precise about passage. Reasonably safe. Nanna was never drunk.

Guests at Nanna's table were honored by her invitation and worked to be amusing. She was well served by her tradespeople and her servants; the dowagers of Scantuate treated her with respect. Marcus sat, taking care not to slouch, and reported his progress with his boxing lessons; Nanna admired the ability to protect oneself. Nanna listened. Her minnow eyes swam over his face, his posture. She was lonely. She did not get along well with her children. Her friends were ill or dying. Arthritis clenched her fingers. She was old.

Through a modern gateway (two croquet wickets, one twice the size of the other) cut into the wall, the car enters Rome.

Marcus's father said to Nanna, "It must be difficult for you." Nanna was a chauvinist. She said, "Marcus is a genius." Marcus walked with Nanna before dinner on the bluff above the harbor. Nanna spoke of Europe; the children of the family usually went to Europe before they came of college age. Marcus, pretending to be unshaken, said Europe sounded very interesting. Nanna said they would think about Europe; he was becoming very gentlemanly; he was a dear boy. Marcus burst out into his imitations. Formerly, he had done imitations of animals—lions, roosters, rabbits—the wit of which had resided largely in the abjectness of his performance. He had adapted his repertoire to doing people as animals—Franklin Roosevelt as an otter, Ethel Barrymore as a lemur, Gamma Foster of



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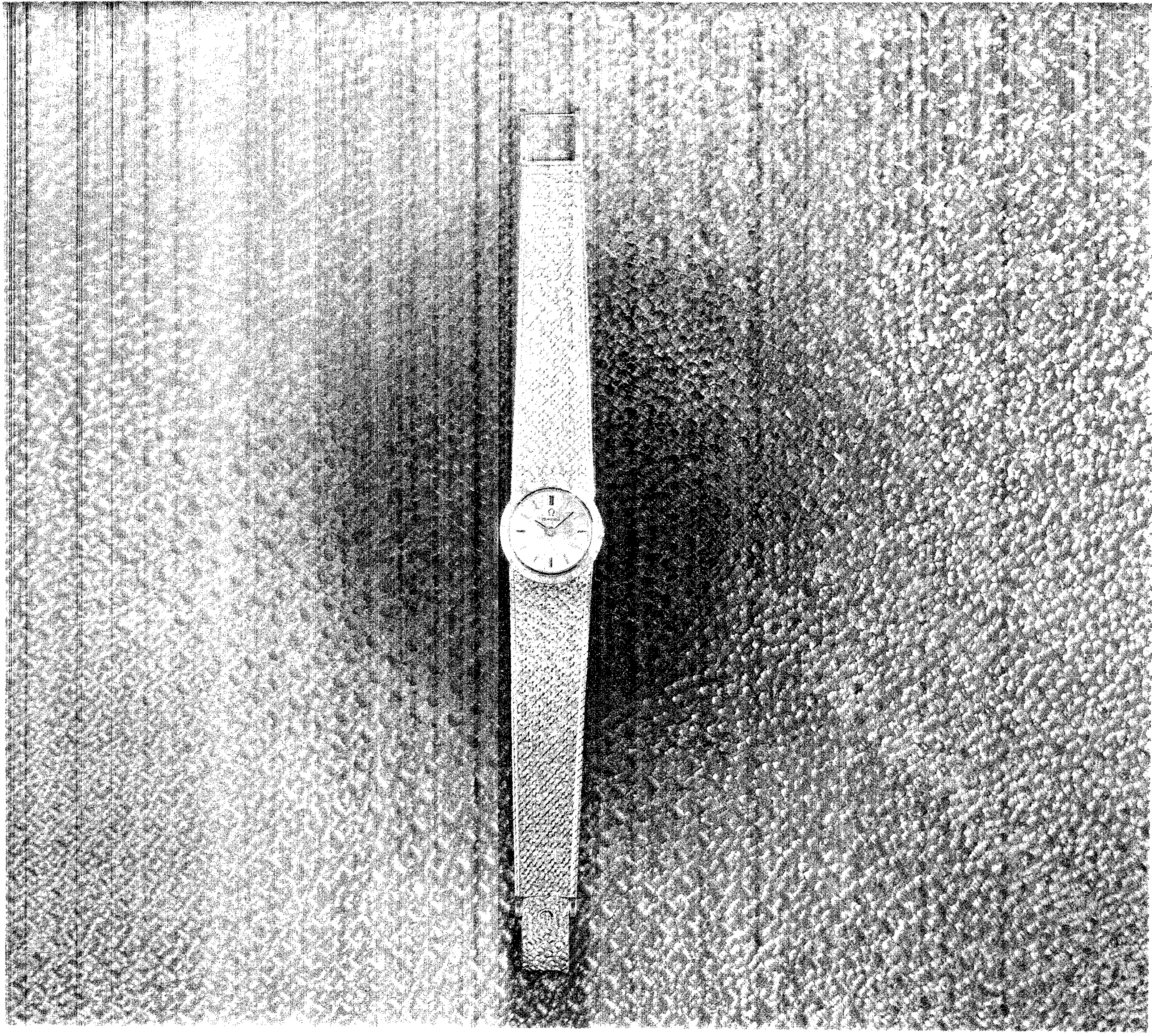
Scantuate as an elk in the rain forest; his imitations sometimes jolted with a queer penetration and induced painful, unhappy laughter. Nanna did not approve. She laughed and changed the subject; she spoke slightingly of certain Massachusetts politicians. Marcus, beside her, glanced out over the harbor, the silken water of high tide, moored boats with masts like splinters rising into the quivering, yellow-powdered air, the uneven bluffs and wandering frame houses across the pipe bowl of the bay, neatly pretty and calm, peaceful, a scene glazed on a plate; he walked beside an almond-chinned Manchu empress; he wore a Chinese court costume of brilliant red and blue; the frame houses were pagodas.

"It is interesting," Oskar says, "that the trees in Rome are not so many or so tall as in Paris. I think the average rainfall here must be less. I think this is truly a more tropical climatological region."

The pedantry in Oskar's voice belongs to Willi—the German tourist who has an affair with Jehane in "Rencontre du Voyage." Since rehearsals began, Oskar has become less certainly Oskar; he has become Oskar-Willi; it is difficult to make out when Oskar is Oskar and not Willi. Oskar himself no longer clearly knows. If an actor holds too strongly to his image of himself, he will seem sly to his audience, clearly an impostor; the audience will think they do not want to have anything put over on them, and they will not be amused. Oskar is in earnest about his art and deludes himself.

But he is afraid of not winning the love of the audience, and his voice as Oskar-Willi is wan, and sorrowful as if to say that he is not the man that he should be and might he not be pitied and understood. Oskar is self-exculpatory. Oskar as Willi has the moving sweetness of Oskar's view of himself. Marcus thinks that Oskar conceives of time and the world as a story in which he is the hero, that Oskar is not convinced that other people are as real as he is. For the part of Willi, Oskar the man is quite right. It is Oskar the actor trying to improve on Oskar the man who does not suit the part.

Marcus wants Willi to be savagely alive, more lifelike than Oskar's acting allows him to be. But if Marcus goes to Oskar and says, "Oskar, look, I want you to see your own fatuity and your habits of self-delusion and use them for Willi," Oskar will grow depressed and look for a philosophy or to psychiatry to set himself right, and since acting to



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Oskar means a chance to improve on himself, he will be denied access to his talent and give a wooden performance in front of the camera. Marcus must be devious with Oskar to get what he wants. He has a scheme ready to limit Oskar's fancying up his image too much; he will let Oskar be simple and charming and then he will catch Oskar out—he hopes to have Willi, Willi as he wishes to be, Willi perhaps so real that the audience will be torn with pity and fear.

Marcus eyes Oskar's hands. Oskar's hands are Willi—sinewy, ready, recognizably male; they are versatile machines. Marcus reaches out and takes Oskar's wrist. Oskar jerks, then relaxes, as if to say, "Do with me as you will." He is being seductive. Marcus murmurs, "Sh-h-h." With a dry rudeness, he lifts Oskar's hand into the light and turns it this way and that, examining it as if it were an objet d'art someone was willing to sell cheaply. He sees in the shape of the side of the palm and its continuation into the little finger the shell of a dog whelk. The gulls hunted them at Scantuate. A shell, he thinks. Marcus the psalmist. Marcus sighs at the beauty of Oskar's hands. He looks like a Jewish peddler.

When had he ever held Nanna's hand? Not often, since Nanna was not demonstrative and did not like demonstrativeness in the people near her. When he was very little, five or six—his affections came quickly and powerfully as a child (and did so still, but in another context)—he'd held one of her hands with both of his, sitting on her lap while she told him a story; and once, when his Uncle David died, he was scared and wanted to be with her in her remoteness; he pretended grief and held her hand; and when he was seventeen, lying in front of the fire in the fireplace at Scantuate (September, time to go back to school), he told her boastfully, to compliment her for her labor to make him well and strong (he was not deaf to her requirements), that he was in love. He did not tell her how happy he was, or what love was like. Whenever he closed his eyes, a myriad-pointed light exploded; it was unbelievable—this girl, this pretty girl cared for him. Nanna was not amused by sex in the young. He was very careful in what *he* said. Nanna talked about "grace" in people; those that had it were like falcons in the air, chamois on a rock; love and grace were cousins, she said, joining him in admiration for Sukie Tredwell. He reached for Nanna's hand and she let him hold it. "I can tell people's character from their hands," Noreen had always said. Nan-

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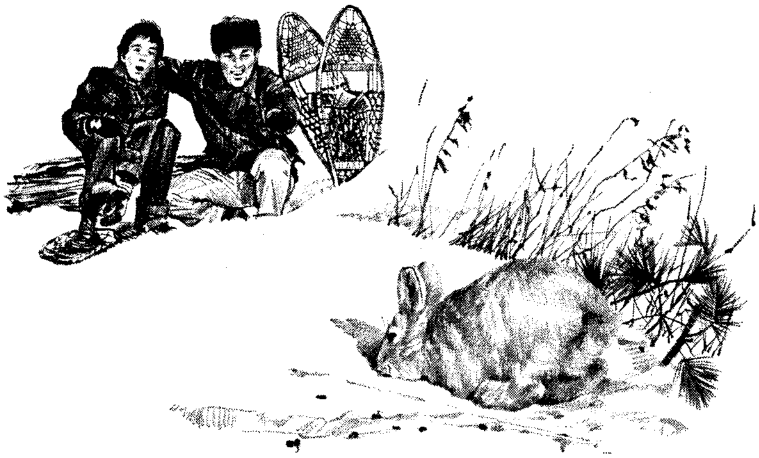

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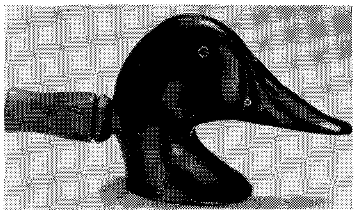

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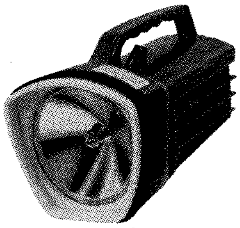

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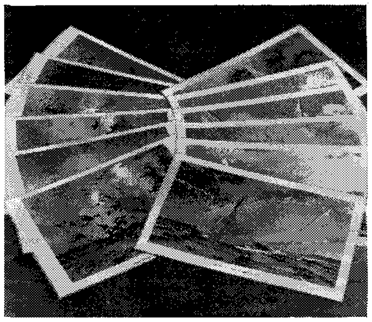

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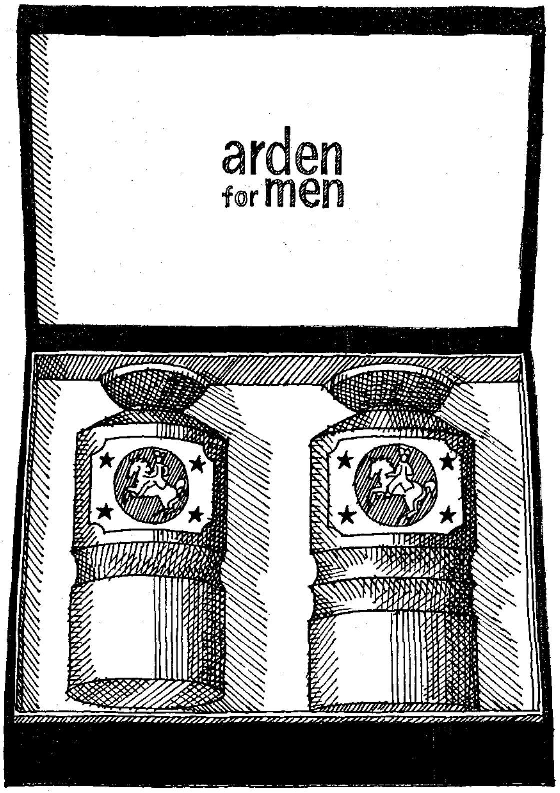

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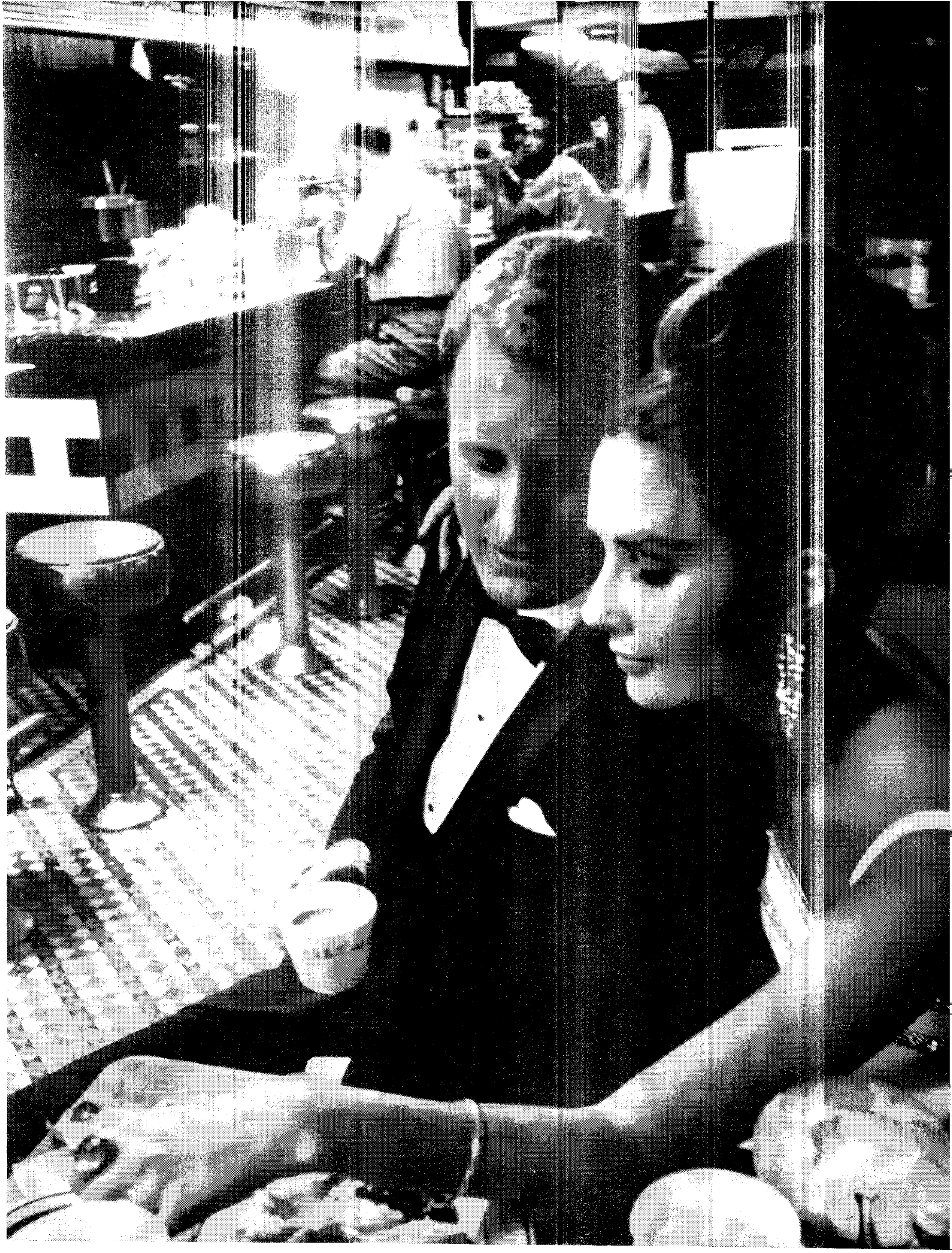
na's hands were round and firm. White. Ringless. Now dead.

"LOOK," he said, "as white as the flesh of dead hostesses," and held up the note. After eleven years of silence, Nanna (aged seventy-eight) announced she was in Paris at the Lotti and would like to see Marcus. Marcus was thirty-one then, a celebrity of sorts, a thickening, heavy-lidded young man. In a white suit that needed pressing, Marcus sat in her suite at the Lotti while she prattled—she was so oblique, the impression was of wit—about doctors, travel, the condition of Paris, indicating that she was ignoring the past, he could do as he wished. It disconcerted her whenever he looked at her; he studied the gloss of the wooden floor. He listened to her voice. It was tired and broken by little clicks. Her sense of grammar was intact. He could not remember if she had always talked so much. He heard in her light, old-woman's sarcasm the stumbling chords of a vast boredom. She was at odds with the family. "I don't, however, tamper with my will. Perhaps you'd like the house in Scantuate?" She was not as clever as before. Marcus saw a crooked rick of thin quartz rods, largely cracked, peeling, and broken, supporting the weight of a large rock that half rested on them. He was touched by the sight of her almond chin. She rested or slept for long hours in order to be fresh and "able" when she was with people. He introduced her—"My grandmother"—as if she had been a charwoman who had scrubbed floors to send him to college. He took her to Rubinstein's, Braque's, and Colette's.

"My new movie is a comedy," he told her. The Comic Spirit—he had reasoned it out; he saw—was a total thing. Every action had to have a comic cast—cast of characters, tone, and deformity of vision. To see the comic side one had only to refuse indulgence to the tragic; what was left was comic. Marcus spoke gravely; he was obviously deeply immersed in his movie. The rhetoric of tragedy was that the characters were under the pressure of death and of their lives and were bereft of choice. The tragic imbecile cared and suffered and forgave. The Comic Spirit took everything for granted, ordained that one suffered little and found little to forgive. His movie was to be about the lives—that is, the businesses and love affairs—of certain Parisians. Each of the characters professed a belief: "It's all psychological. It's all in my mind (or yours)," and "This is a troubled age," and "Religion is utterly necessary to man-



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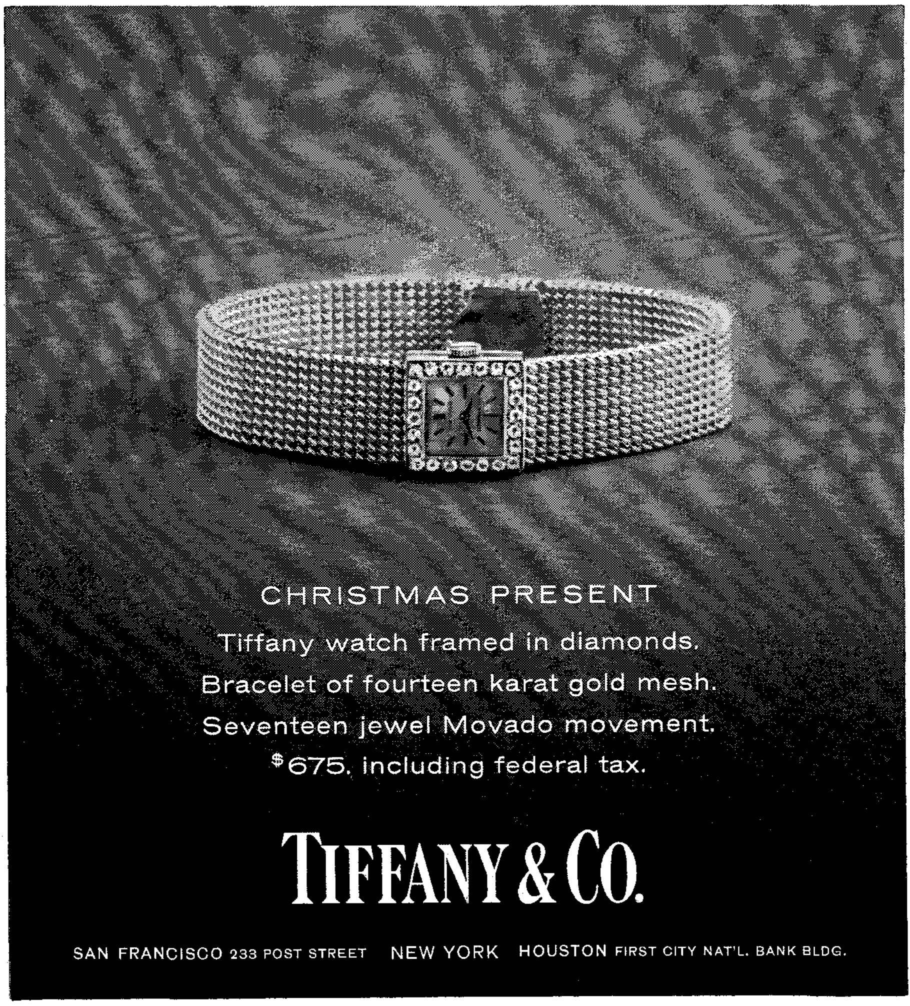

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kind," and "As the good Russian Chekhov said, 'Man finds happiness in work.' "

"You see how funny that is," Marcus said. "Take almost anyth-thing—cutting yourself shaving. A c-character can cut himself and say any one of those things—'This is a troubled age'—and it's funny, you know. We are going to have only simple happenings, you see. It is a sincere movie. A little cruel. One is sincere on so many levels." He began to talk very fast. "And, of course, sometimes it will be sad enough that you can cry. The pet dachshund of the woman who holds that religion is utterly necessary to mankind is run over and killed. The woman is basically a very kind woman, but she was her dog's religion and now she can't say anything. She does not know what she can say about her dog."

"I am not certain I would cry," Nanna said.

"Yes. But it goes on. She recovers. Her grief has made her self-centered; she still says that religion is necessary for mankind; she says she could not have managed without it; she has a new dachshund she doesn't like very much. She says that good dachshunds who do well in obedience school and are faithful to their mistresses go to Heaven. She says, 'Religion is utterly necessary to mankind.' She is very consistent, but basically, by then, she is a broken woman. Wait until it is in the movie and you can *see* it."

"Yes," Nanna said. "I'm certain it will be good."

At Orly, Marcus kissed her goodbye. Nanna said, "Perhaps you will come see me at Scantuate." Her smile was small, and wry; he saw a paper airplane hanging in the branches of a tree.

"I need so much in the way of comfort. I am not a good traveller," Marcus said. He broke off. Very little could be said without lying. He pressed her hand to his cheek. Orly; the noise of jets. A departure is like a funeral.

Jehane says, "The Ardeatine Gate opens onto the Avenue of the Baths of Caracalla." She is jealous of Oskar, and Marcus's mood oppresses her, and she does not look forward to the movie. She pushes the hair back from her face with one hand and imitates Oskar-Willi's voice: "I wonder that in this part of Rome there are so few structures." She is making fun of the movie. Loesser and Alliat smile. Oskar says, "Ah," and continues the line: "Does it say nothing in the guidebook?" Jehane plucks at her lip and pretends to squint at a peculiarly worded paragraph: "It says a pope was besieged and asked the Normans who at

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[illegible] shells all the le[illegible] of [illegible]al. Ea[illegible] [illegible]he trai[illegible]d porp[illegible]es and [illegible]ur golf tournam[illegible]ts. Or [illegible] city in Florida. Coming?

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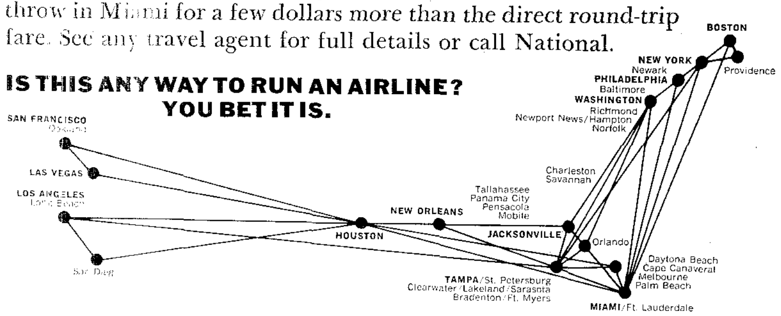
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that time held Naples to come to his aid, and they came; they rode in armor, and arrived at the city walls at night, and the leader of the Normans ordered this part of Rome set on fire to make light and clear away the defenders and open the narrow streets so that he and his troops could make their way to the center of the city. Ever after, this part of Rome has remained vineyards, gardens, and farmland. No one has lived here."

Nanna said, "Fools think nothing is serious, but only a fool makes a show of how serious he is." What one valued showed in one's manners. One trusted people whose manners were like one's own. After a dinner party once, when he was fifteen, Marcus said, "Nanna, did I do all right? Did those people like me?" Nanna replied somewhat angrily that it was impermissible to ask such a question; it was always clear—common sense always indicated quite clearly—our situation vis-à-vis others. He was being self-centered and eager for flattery and was not being nearly clever enough. He said, "Nanna, I thought Cook outdid herself tonight. And, God, how you handled Gamma Foster. Like a master." Nanna smiled and said, "You were very amusing. You're always amusing when you try."

Oskar in a falsetto does Jehane's next line: "The Normans in Normandy are terrible people." Loesser recites with him, "Once, on a vacation, I went to a Norman farmhouse and the farmer made ugly overtures to me." Jehane says in her best Germanic baritone, "My father was killed in Normandy. He was a lieutenant in the Luftwaffe." Marcus says suddenly, "Did you know there was a Jewish pope? A Jew named Pierleoni, a butcher, was the strongest man in Rome. He gained control of the Castel Sant'Angelo and the island in the Tiber and served the Pope. He had his second son baptized, and when the old Pope died, Pierleoni saw to it his son was elected Pope." Oskar says, "That is very interesting." Marcus continues, "However, the bishops outside of Italy refused to recognize him. They did not take baptism seriously enough; they still considered Anacletus the Second, a Jew." "The history of Rome is very rich in incident," Oskar says, lapsing into Oskar-Willi. "Yes," says Jehane, taking up her part. Oskar says, "Every people is forgiven its war crimes. The British are forgiven their terror raids, the Americans are forgiven Hiroshima. Only the Germans are not forgiven. I am certain even you, being French, are prejudiced against us." "Not enough," says Jehane.

The psychiatrist said, "Don't take

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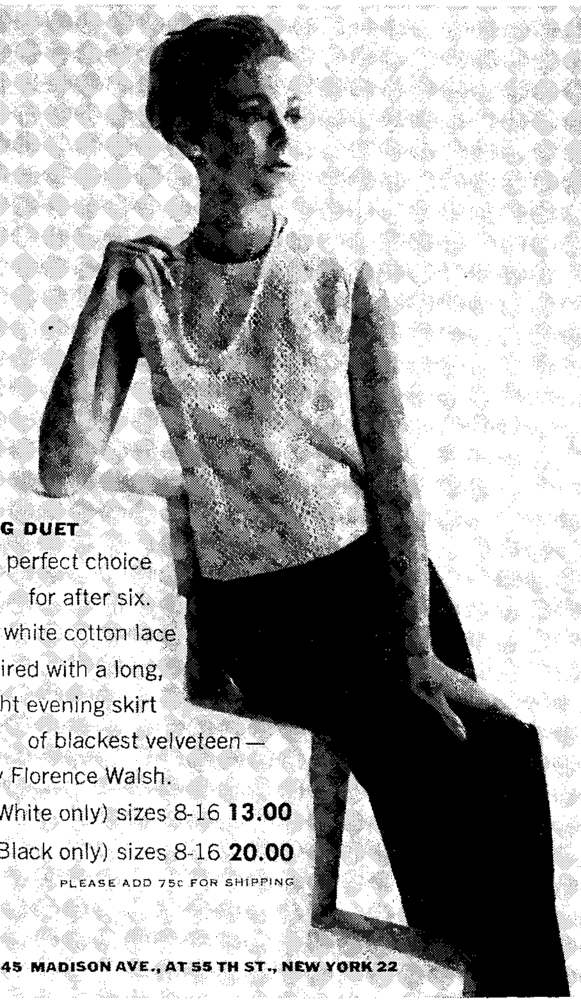

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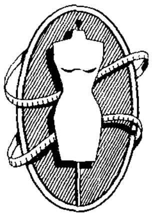

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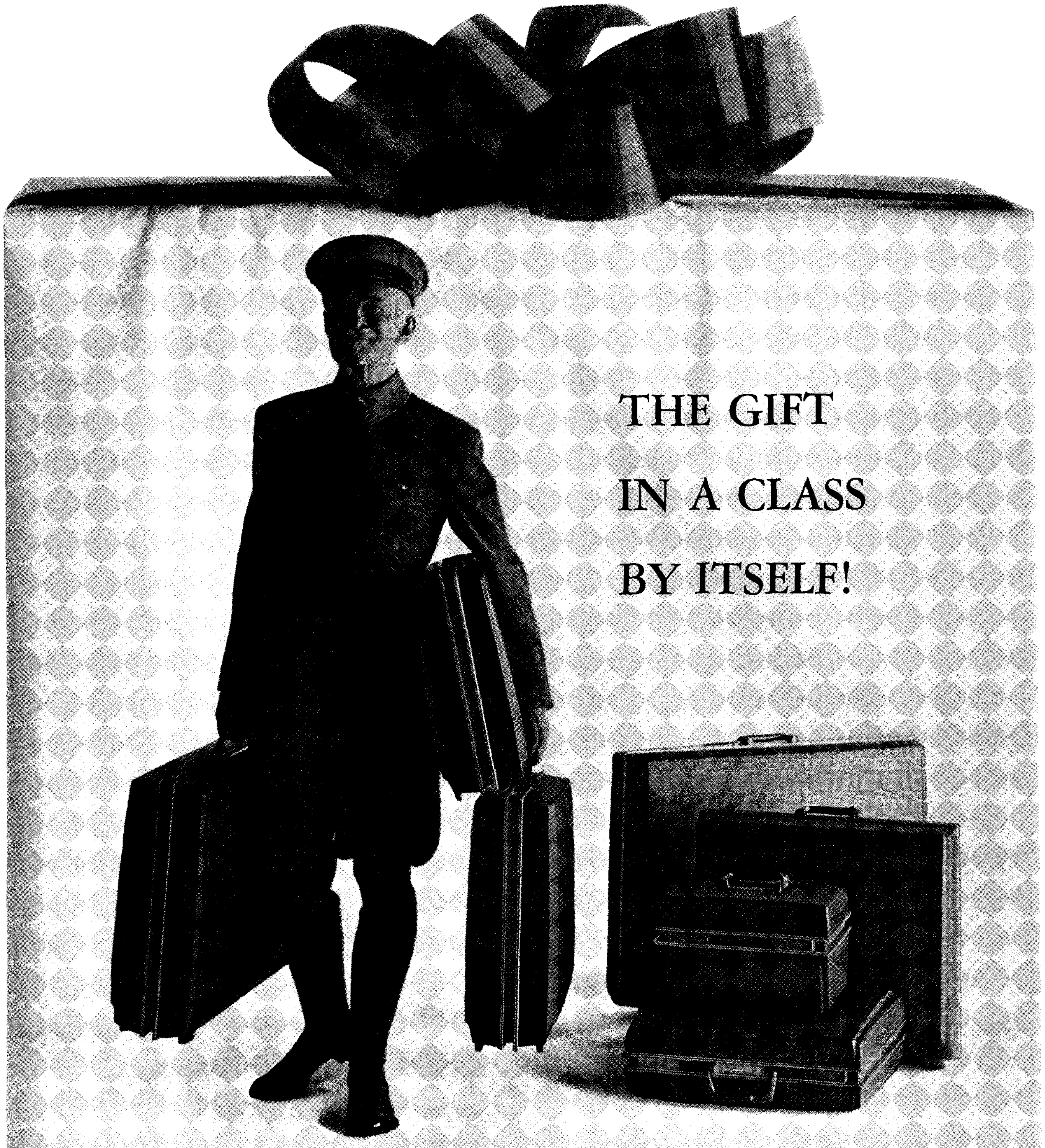
yourself so seriously, boy." Marcus's father said, "We do like you. You know you're always welcome here." Noreen said, "A little bit of humor is a big, big help." Marcus's roommate said, "Take it easy, fella." Marcus at fifteen said at the dinner table, "I can't go along with 'King Lear'—I don't believe in tragedy. When people start to take themselves that seriously, I get very uncomfortable." He spoke with a convert's snobbery. "He's only one man. Is it fair to ask an audience to take anyone that seriously? Why doesn't Lear develop a sense of humor and sit down and laugh a while?"

IN the Piazzale Numa Pompilio, an immense green bus cuts diagonally across traffic toward the Lancia. The light is blotted from the Lancia, and green shadows appear on the back of the chauffeur's neck and Loesser's hair. Marcus's work requires that his nerves be uncovered; the nakedness of his nerves is the reach of a pianist's fingers. The possibility of an accident rends him with anguish. Abruptly and passionately, he lifts his hand to shield Jehane's face. The speed with which his mind moves is very great, because it has no stillness to be aroused from. It pictures the disorder on the faces of his two sons and his daughter if he should be killed. (By the well-being of his children Marcus measures the goodness of reality.) They will be convinced of their bad luck; nor will there be enough money for them and for their mother—in a sanitarium in the Vosges, her peculiar and private gaiety soars like a balloon, and forgets to return. Marcus hears the rain of sounds of an accident; experiences despair at the waste, and astonishment at the softness of metal, which wrinkles as easily as a flower. He sees time wadded, crumpled, tossed into a fire, thinks Scotland's burning, and grieves for his children.

He is pressed back against the seat as the Lancia, accelerating, moves left, eludes the bus, faces oncoming traffic, hurtles to the right, slows to a more reasonable speed. He has been misled. Sunlight floods his eyes. Alliat's hair stirs slightly in the wind. The chauffeur expostulates, "*Imbecille! Omicidio!*"

Marcus snorts, chokes, then snorts again—he is a fool. He wants to make a noise. Loesser and Oskar turn and look at him. Loesser demands, "What is so funny." Between spurts of laughter, Marcus says, "We were not killed." Oskar, eying him, tentatively begins to laugh, like someone who parts the branches of a bush to start a rabbit—he hopes to discover the nature of the



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joke. Jehane says, "*Nous étions presque tués!*" Marcus gasps and says, "All's well that ends well." Jehane cries out that this shows the effects of a reactionary government; an oppressed people reverts to savagery. Loesser cuts in in his high, clear voice: the Romans are not a people, they are a history. Their history has made them megalomaniac and simplified their desires: they want power, life after death, and the pleasures of the body and of art.

Alliat exclaims, "Ah!" and Marcus sits up, shoves aside his laughter. The Arch of Constantine is written into the movie; the lovers are to shelter under it from the sun and speak there for the first time of their love. The movie is to be ironic but not a comedy; the lovers are without choice, sensualists in the Greek tradition, in the tradition of the moment uninflected by the presence of God. The Arch, hardly more than an interference, draws near, metamorphoses into a stream of sunlight. Marcus thinks of wings carved in stone, of things become their opposites, of the mood of music striving to be architecture. The jamb of the Arch is out of true from age, and whatever boast it had once been meant to make has been obscured by its lapse from geometry. Oskar will stand beneath it, his arm around Jehane, and point across the street to the rows of evenly spaced cypresses clipped flat on top and cylindrically at the sides to mimic columns, and say, "That was a Temple of Venus."

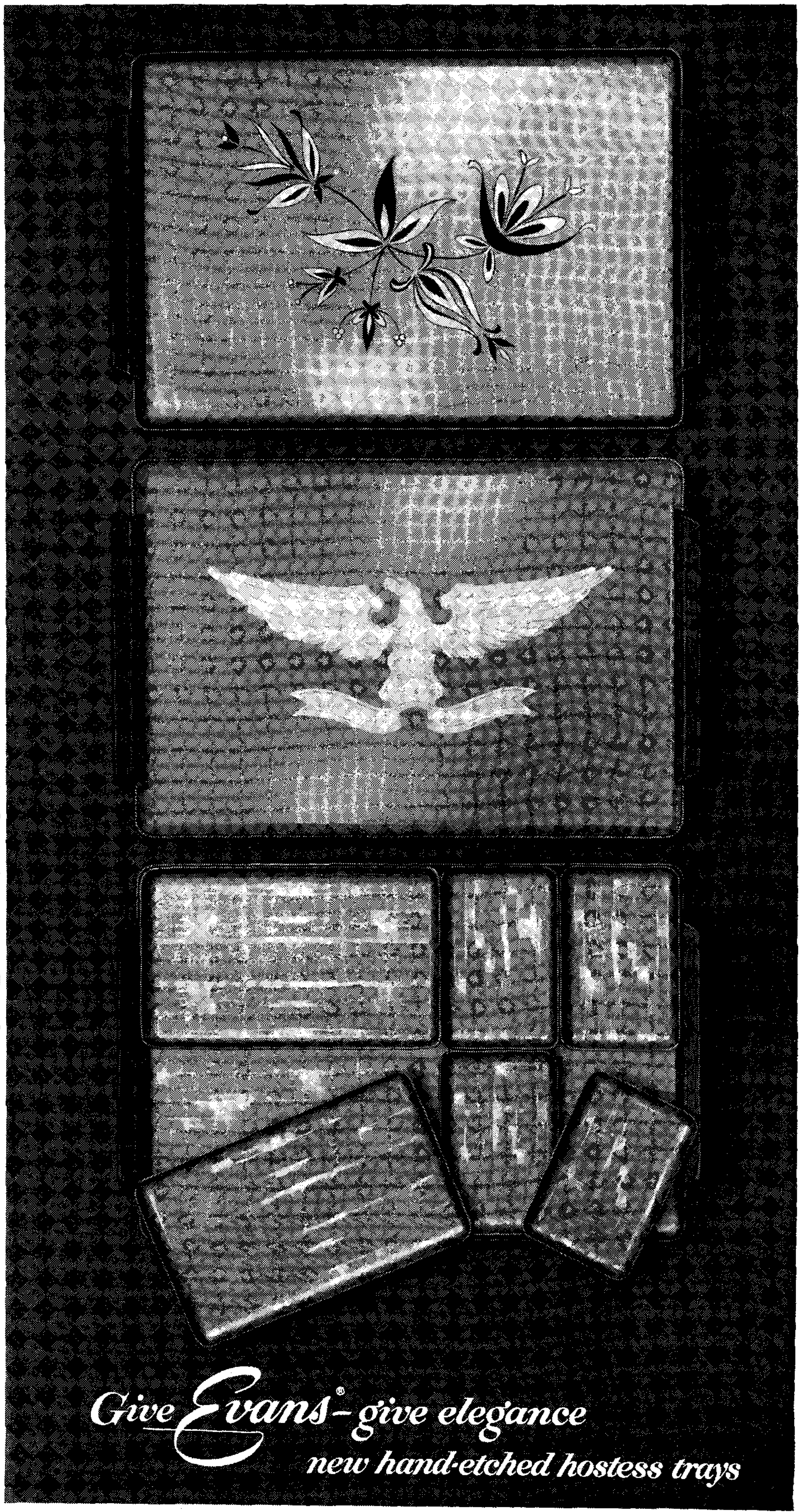
The Arch is suddenly near: a door without walls; no one need pass through it. But the Colosseum, which rises to the right, is an immense circle, with a multitude of doors that one must pass through to enter or to leave. Marcus breaks into a sweat, and exclaims, "Loesser, we have the symbolism all wrong!"

"What?" says Loesser, frowning. He is satisfied with his script. If Marcus deviates too much from it, then what is filmed will not be Loesser's work; he does not feel he is a pensioner of Marcus's.

Marcus, wordless, points. Outside the car windows wheel the barrel vaults of the Colosseum, tier on tier.

Loesser says in confusion, "The Colosseum, Marcus? You said you thought it was a cliché."

"The Colosseum is a wall," Marcus says. "If the lovers . . ." The car has entered the Piazza del Colosseo. Directly ahead, in the side of a hill, is the entrance to the remains of the Domus Aurea, Nero's house, the Golden House. Underground, a cave; the word "grotesque" comes from the figures in its wall paintings—*grotteschi,* things in a



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grotto. The image grows. The Colosseum. Nero's house. Marcus never claimed to know, only to see. On the topmost rim of the Colosseum is a place—there—visible as the car passes, where the stones have started to fall; the courses waver, large cracks, uneven Vs, are kept from growing by a modern brick wall that rises in a smooth sweep to hold the stones in place.

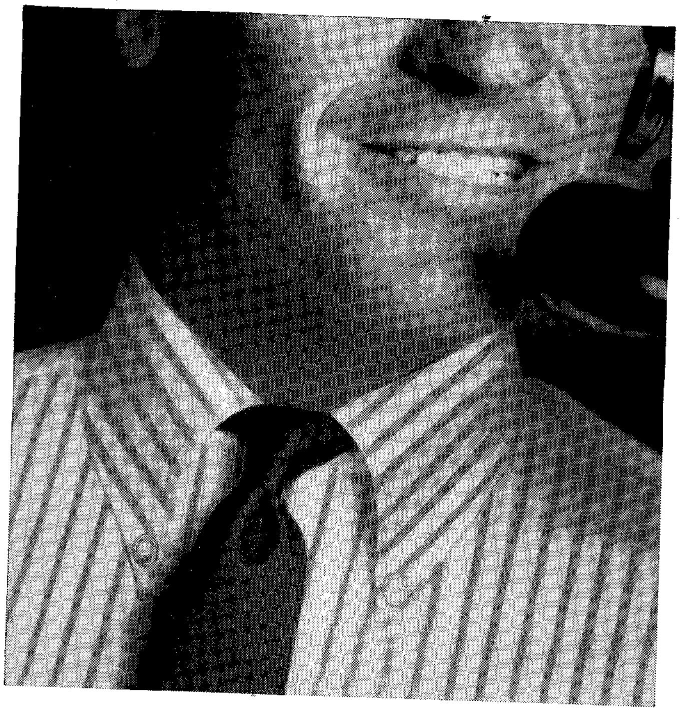
Marcus says excitedly, "The lovers come out of the Domus Aurea; they will see the Colosseum falling. No. We'll start when they go into Nero's house. No. She refuses to go in. At first. '*Lui, il était fou*' . . . Nero the madman, do you see it? She's afraid. I mean, she doesn't know the person she's fallen in love with. What will he do to her? . . . He insists. They go in. She says, '*Comme un tombeau ici.*' "

"*Naturellement,*" Loesser mutters. He says, "Marcus, we planned this episode to—" but he is interrupted.

Marcus says, "No, no, listen to me. It's dark in the Golden House, and he says 'Boo!' to scare her—my God, as if she needed it! He wants her to embrace him. She does. She clutches at him. Then we cut to— They are walking out—out into the sunlight, and he whispers in her ear, '*Je t'aime, je t'aimerai toujours,*' and she sees the Colosseum falling. These will be real lovers," Marcus exults. "They go into the Colosseum; they pick their way among ruins, and Oskar can whisper, '*Tu es belle, tu es belle, belle, belle.*' " Marcus presses his hands together. He says sentimentally, "They kiss in one of the archways, little figures in an archway. *Then* Oskar can point to the Temple of Venus."

"It won't mock anything in that context, Marcus," Loesser says. "You said when we were doing the script that you didn't want to do 'Wuthering Heights on the Seven Hills.' "

"Good God, you're stupid, you don't see anything!" Marcus bursts out. He adds, "For Christ's sake, leave me alone. I have a day's shooting ahead of me." Jehane peeks at Loesser in the rearview mirror, and Loesser, meeting her glance, raises his eyebrows as if to say, "I don't understand a word. What am I supposed to do?" Marcus sits, his hand over his eyes. The image, if captured, is a landfall, a mooring, the transfiguration of danger into safety, his life's work. The Golden House that is a cave, the Colosseum falling, half fallen "*Tu es belle, belle, belle!*" is a harbor, is a spasmodic twinkling of the hypnotist's mirror, is a blank white concavity in which Marcus's mind rolls like a metal ball helplessly, obstinately, noisily. His fore-



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head dampens. He cannot let this obsession with a half-glimpsed image interfere with the day's shooting any more than he can the news of Nanna's death or rearoused wonder at her meaning in his life.

At prep school, he told the doctor, "It scares me when I make up my mind. My mind seems to have a mind of its own . . . I guess; that's a joke." He said, "Tell me, do you inherit your mind? I'm very quiet or else I'm a fanatic. Do you think it's because I'm Irish and Jewish, and a lot of Spanish, if you go back far enough?" He promises himself he will get to Loesser later, seduce, cajole, nag him—bend him to the image and see that it is captured. He tells himself he does not need the image for the movie. But he cannot be consoled. Delay is dangerous, suspense beyond him. He tells himself, "*It doesn't matter.*" His method for calming himself at such moments, the only one that works, is to abandon caring; he subsides into what he calls his Christian mood. He grows calmer, abandoning for the moment his enormous and inchoate hopes, like a Christian assigning the spiritual portion of existence to the care of the vicars of God and modestly resigning himself to the sensual remnant, which is transient, sun-brittle on a summer's day, and sour to the tongue like grass.

Nanna took him in at the suggestion of the doctor at Andover. The doctor said, "He suffers from having no sense of belonging." He said to Marcus, "Your mother wants you to be happy here or she wouldn't have sent you to Andover."

"She doesn't send me. My grandmother pays for it."

"But your mother agrees. She signs the reports and so on."

"She wouldn't approve of this school if she knew more about it. She wouldn't like it if I changed."

"Would she want you to be rude to the teachers, to most of the students?"

Marcus said, "If I ever got to be like them, I'd shoot myself. My mother would shoot me. I study. I mostly use my memory. I show I can do it, and then I *despise* it."

The doctor said, "You seem to have a great interest in moral questions."

Marcus said, without self-consciousness, "Thank you. It comes from travelling around in different houses. You get to thinking about what's right in one house and not in another."

The doctor said to Marcus's father that Marcus could not handle the conflict between his loyalty to his mother and the education offered by the school,

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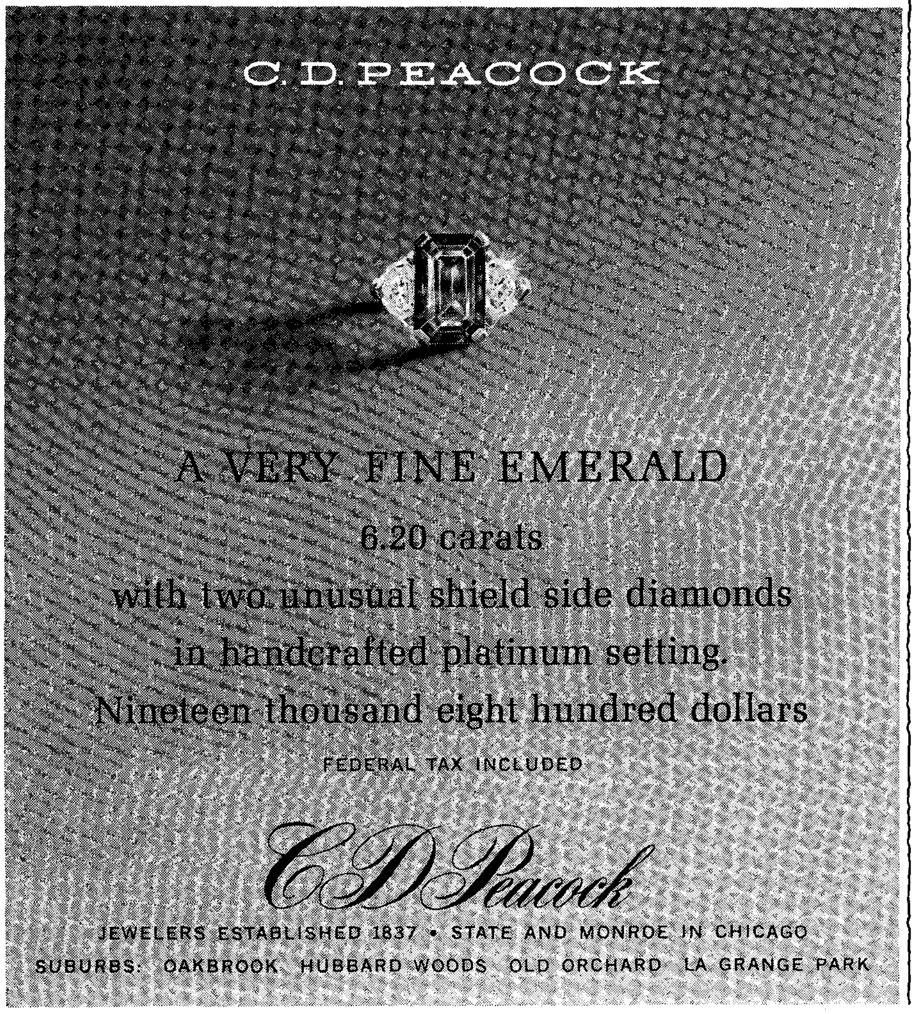
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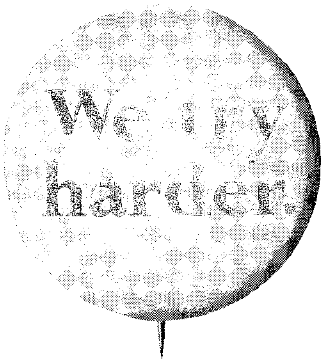
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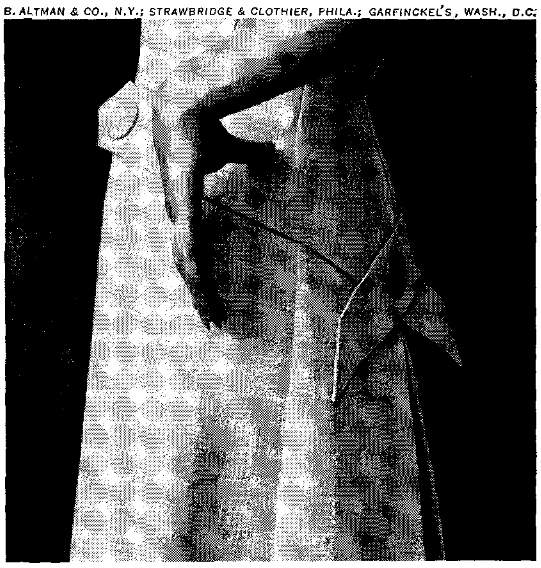

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and that Marcus would not betray his mother by going to live with his father. ("I have no problems," Marcus had said. "My mother is wonderful. She takes good care of me.") Nanna took him in and gave him a camera.

In Nanna's house he found himself stilled. In the new silence he read, at once a little in love with other people's minds and with his own; in the stillness he could have these mental affections. His strength no longer went so much into survival. Nanna said he was a genius; he thought himself to be stunningly ordinary, the world's guest, on sufferance, someone bluffing, a common boy. The genius Nanna referred to he took to be a social thing that earned the admiration of outsiders and did not extend into the house, where Nanna frowned on and discountenanced temperament, wild talk, rude behavior, burning eyes, uncombed hair, and flushed and nervous mannerisms.

Nanna's intelligence awed him. She had known and admired Maeterlinck. With the camera she gave him, Marcus made a movie, a sea-and-harbor étude to be set to Debussy's "La Mer." Nanna thought it very dear, excellent, quite beautiful in its way. (But it was mannered and incoherent, because Marcus's understanding of Nanna's taste was fitful.)

Nervy and alert and quick-eyed, Marcus at fourteen, as later, loved frequently; he loved secretly and from afar a girl named Sukie Tredwell (the granddaughter of old Gamma Foster, the bishop's widow). For companionship he relied on the gardener's son, who came and went at Marcus's (and Nanna's) convenience. He had friends of a sort, boys from the Yacht Club or from school, but somehow friendship never grew. Something would occur in the course of an afternoon—loneliness in their company, or one or the other caring too much, or boredom—and nothing took. Nanna became irritated at his isolation. Nanna called Gamma Foster, who had staying with her a grandson two years older than Marcus; the boy had grown up in Paris (his father was in the Foreign Service and about to be sent to Tokyo), and was to start at Andover in the fall and be Americanized. "We think," Nanna said, "you and Robin might have something in common. Robin is intelligent. Gamma says her grandson is artistic."

Marcus drove with Nanna in her black Packard, Nils, the chauffeur, up front, down the shore road to Gamma Foster's immense, be-porched, and undistinguished house. He and Gamma Foster's grandson Robin stole glances

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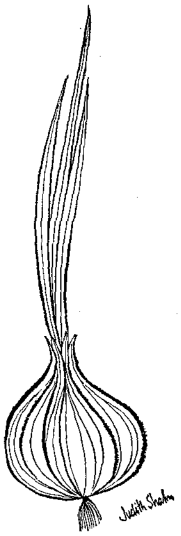
at each other across the luncheon table. Robin was as thin as string, and fair, with dark, opaque eyes and enormous, nervous, graceful hands. He was Europeanly precise in his movements, and Nanna smiled at him. Robin showed up the next afternoon at Nanna's with a portfolio under his arm of several of his large, Bérard-like ink and water-color sketches of theatrical *mises en scène*. He said to Marcus that he intended to go into the theatre, that he was something of a genius. Marcus asked him, "Does your family harp on that, too?" Robin said, "No. You're lucky you're a Jew. Jews have a real appreciation of the arts." He confided to Marcus that he was lonely. Gamma Foster was impressive, but not European—not like Nanna, who was clearly very cultivated. He gestured with his large hands while he talked. He came the following day, and the one after. The two boys lay on wicker couches on the south porch and talked. He told Marcus, "I am deeply French. I do not care what you say as long as you say it with distinction."

"My friend, my friend," Marcus said to himself, lying in bed at night. He was cautious and did not reveal the extent of his affection. He did not trust Robin, because he could not see that Robin had a moral nature, but he blamed himself for his lack of trust. He had not yet been told the tenets of that particular Jewish hagiology—Jews are saints (Noreen did not know of it, and Nanna never spoke of it) and Gentiles are a cross they bear. When Gentiles pursue the company of Jews, the hagiology states, they do so because they are rejected by their own kind and feel they will be welcomed by Jews, who are, of necessity, flattered by the attentions of a Gentile. These Gentiles are not to be trusted. A Jew who takes Gentile friends must expect to be exploited, lacks pride, and is a fool.



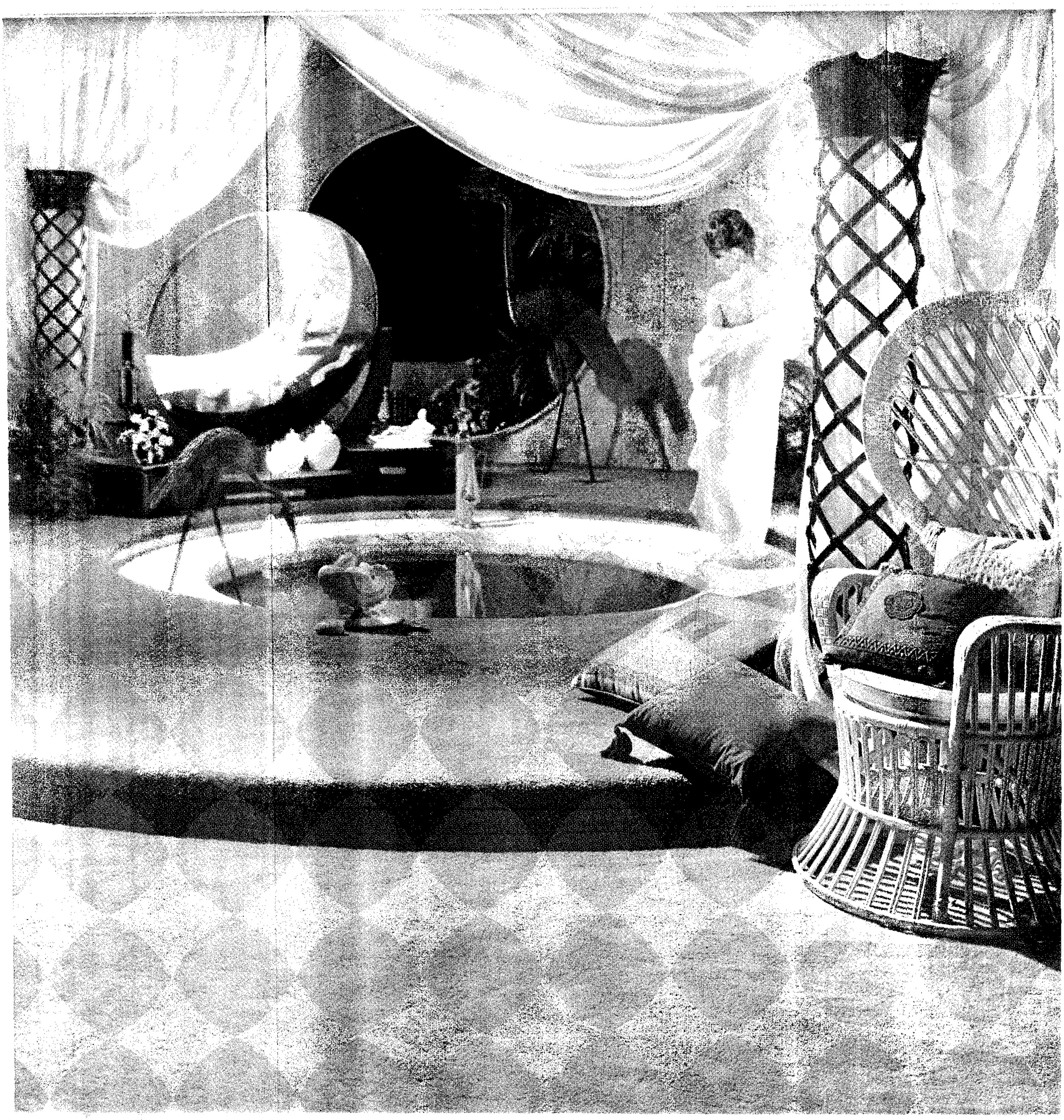
Robin talked of Jewish understanding and Jewish warmth and Jewish intellect. Robin was sweetly-smiled and a petty thief (loose change, bibelots, fountain pens). Robin was experienced with whores and well read. Robin told Marcus he had talent but that he was pedantic, heavy-handed, rather old-fashioned and ignorant in style. (When Marcus imitated Robin's manners, the results pleased Nanna.) Robin introduced him to symbolism, to Mallarmé, to Rimbaud. He said he admired vitality and earthiness, and that no one should refine his mind and tastes too much and become effete; he should remain a little clumsy, because clumsiness was strength. Marcus began to make another movie, one never finished, with Robin as protagonist. Robin said all titles sounded better in French, and the movie was called "Les Yeux d'un Poète."

Marcus thought as a child that people were speeches, delivered with sincerity in incomprehensible languages, and one had to learn those languages. (Death was that people grew silent. The end of a conversation was death, and he was left alone. His terror of death at that age was terror at the breaking off of a dialogue.) Before he learned someone's language and knew how to translate into it, he hid himself in eagerness to be agreeable: "What would you like to do? What kind of mood are you in?" He'd known Robin five months before he risked showing one of his images; it was after Thanksgiving, which Marcus spent in New York at his father's. When he was back at school, he said, "Do you know what I think at family dinners? I'm at the Wars of the Roses. There are people in a living room and they throw white and red roses at each other, with thorns on them. There's blood on the carpet. They squawk; it sounds like 'York, York, York.' But if everybody's peaceful it sounds like a fire in the fireplace: 'Lancaster... Lancaster . . . Lancaster.' "

"That's rather far-fetched," Robin said. "Frankly, I think it's overdone. Anyway, I don't get it. Family life is much more psychological. Freud appears with the hors d'oeuvres and stays through the tapioca—that's my opinion."

"Yes, you're right," Marcus said. Robin's difficulty in getting grades (except in English, where he wrote a superbly terse and grammatical prose, more French than English in spirit) proved he was intelligent and thought for himself. Marcus tried to think with Robin's thoughts. He began to erupt in scenes without understanding why he was making them. "I have a terrible temper," Marcus kept saying. Robin admitted that Marcus was violent and deep. He admitted it with pleasure and with proprietary conviction.

MARCUS leans forward as the Lancia enters the Piazza di Spagna. He thinks, Yes, yes, yes—he wants the two shoals of parked cars on either side of the open channel in which traffic



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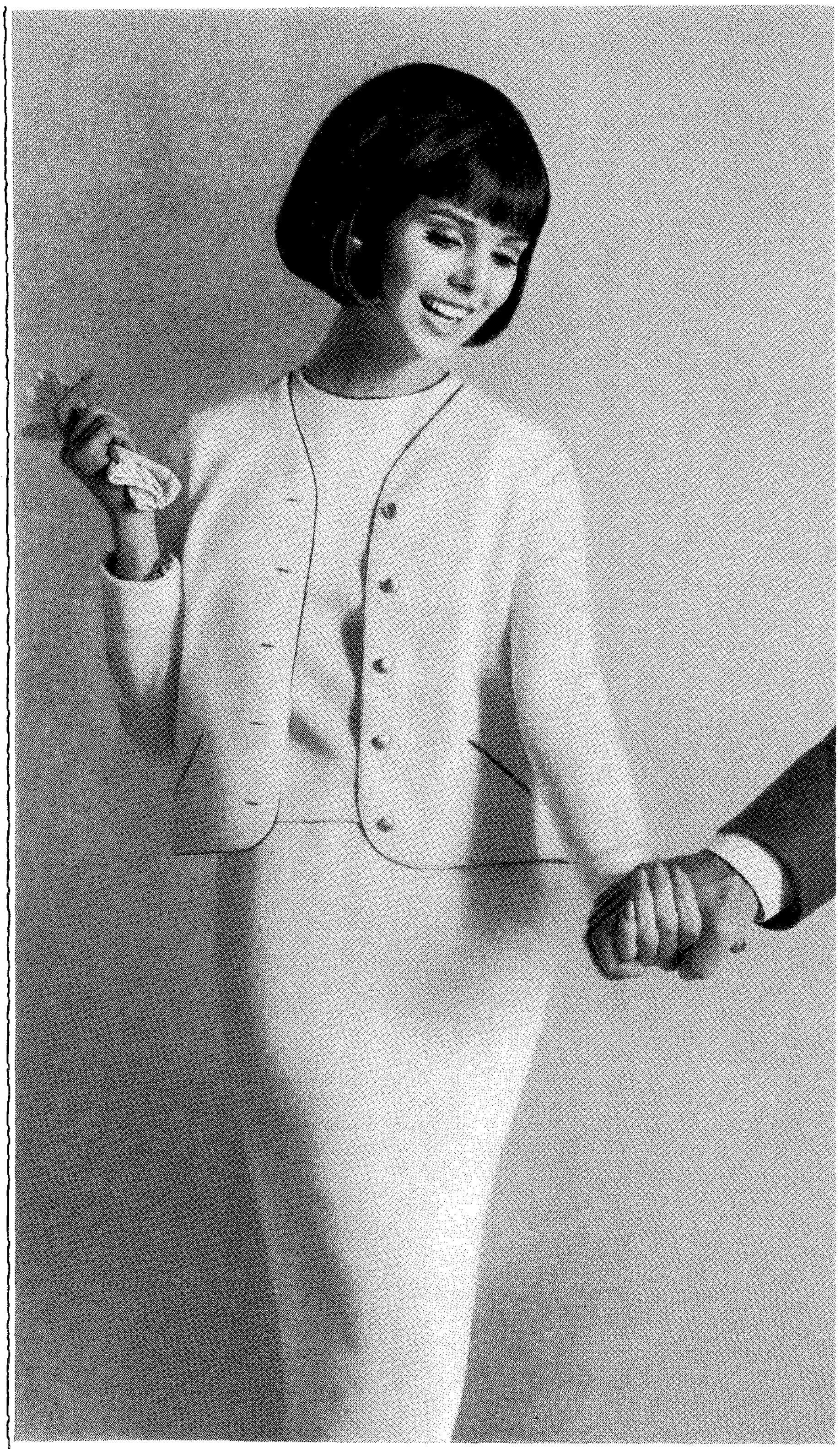
moves. He wants for the movie the tourists in shorts and sunglasses, the Peugeot with bedding rolls strapped to the rear, and the four dust-coated taxi-drivers smoking as they sit at the foot of the obelisk. The urban jumble will explain the lines in Jehane's forehead above the bridge of her sunglasses when she crosses the piazza.

The car halts behind the costume-and-makeup trailer and an orange generator truck from which spill out black electric cables; up and down the travertine curl of the Spanish Steps, extras and passersby hurry or stand. The workmen turn with an air of expectancy as Marcus climbs out of the car—a wooden-faced episcopal figure in the stillness at the altar beneath the dome. A bystander, a woman, cries out, "*Je vous ai toujours adorée, Jehane!*" Jehane smiles at the ground, sombre-faced. She and Oskar are hurried off to the costume trailer by the makeup man. Marcus waves to the electricians. "*Noi comminciamo, sì?*" They call "*Sì*" and smile. The lighting man, brought from Paris, points to the lights already in place on the second landing, where Jehane will meet Oskar going down. There is to be a closeup of their faces, and Marcus wants the faces to be without shadow. "*Bon,*" Marcus says, gripping the man's shoulder. "*Nous commençons.*" Marcus greets the script girl and the Italian workmen and the Italian translators: "*Nous commençons. . . . Noi comminciamo.*" And he smiles and pauses to shake hands. "*Un buon momento, non?*" He has charm; he finds it easy to be charming whenever he is certain people are listening.

He greets Whitehart, the assistant director, with overt affection, as if it has been months instead of hours since he saw him last. He puts his arm around Whitehart's shoulder, and Whitehart returns the gesture. Whitehart tells him that Liselotte (the Munich strip-teaser who is to play Oskar's middle-class, self-conscious, sexual-looking wife; Oskar will describe her to Jehane as cold. "*Und du, du bist . . . Ich kann nicht sagen. . . .*" The audience will not know if he is lying) has had a broken filling, has been to the dentist, is a little shaken but otherwise all right. Marcus nods. We are all breakable, he thinks. Whitehart goes over the order of the takes to be shot that day. Marcus listens; details are commands of conscience. The sunlight touches him. He is seized by a nervous desire to begin to hunt down in the sunlight and in the faces of the actors the shadows of meaning in his movie. He wants to ask Whitehart if the camera boom is in place atop the Spanish



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Stairs for the first scene, but he cannot think of the word "boom," and he points and says, "The thing—the thing." Whitehart says, "The boom? It's there. Ready," and Marcus smiles at him and says, "Thank you."

ROBIN took him to Boston and introduced him to Sukie Tredwell, his cousin. Sukie was getting over a crush on Robin. Sukie said she was in love with Marcus and acted as if she were. She was short, thin, and her face was porcelain white and sunrise pink, her hair ash blond; her hips were wide, her shoulders high. She chain-smoked, and spoke in a small, nasal, high-pitched flat-in-tone voice, very directly and simply. Sukie was a prism in which sunlight broke up into a rainbow. Marcus's happiness was vertiginous, steep-sided like a cliff.

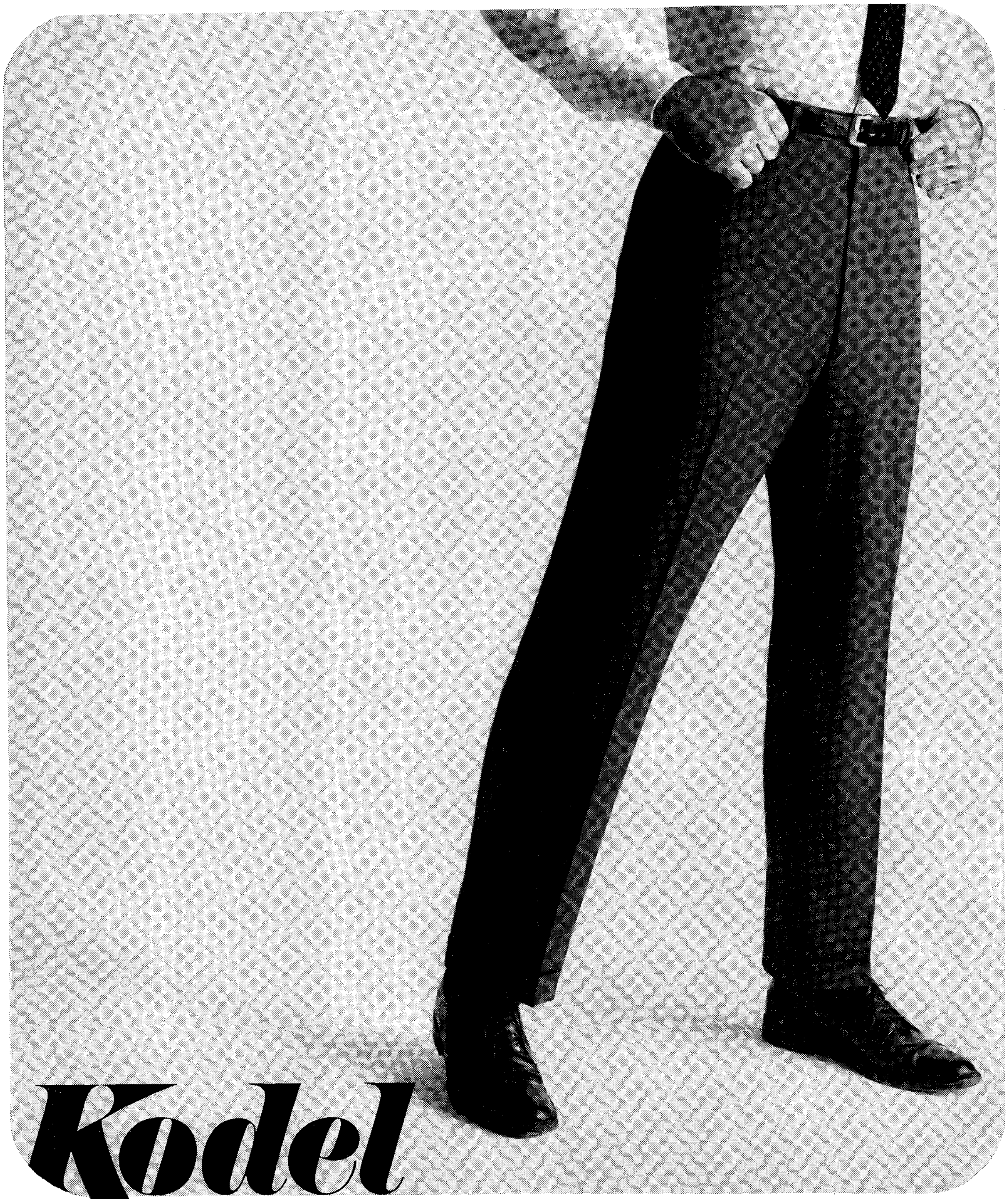
Summer came. At Scantuate, Robin sprawled in a wicker chair and picked at strips of skin peeling from the sunburn on his arms while he hummed and grimaced to a broadcast recording of "Don Giovanni" on the radio. Night made mirrors of the windows of the porch, the sea soughed, and the soughing curled the night outside into a shell. "Sukie," Marcus said, "I want to tell you something, something very strange."

"May I listen?" Robin asked.

"Well, you're here," Marcus said. "Sukie, I have a very strange mind. Listen, I'm just sitting here just now, and it was like—well, a man in armor walked in," he said quickly, interpolating, improvising to soften what was really in his mind. "He walked in through that door. I could see the straw mat through his feet, and he struck me on the arm with his sword. I have a big wound on my arm. I have a wound but not on my arm. My wound is your mouth. I look at you and it changes; then it's your mouth is my wound. And I'm going to die. But I can close this wound if I kiss you."

"Good God, Pony!" Marcus was called Polo (Marco Polo) and Pony (Polo pony) and sometimes Pony Boy. Robin, his large gray eyes fogged from listening to music, exclaimed, waving one large hand irritably in the air, "Kiss my cousin if you want, take her out in the garden if you want, but cut out the Hebrew poetry. Mozart is being played."

"Shut up, Redbreast," Marcus said, blushing. "Come on, Sukie." He and Sukie stepped outside. The night widened around them. They walked through the squares of orange light that fell on the path from the porch win-



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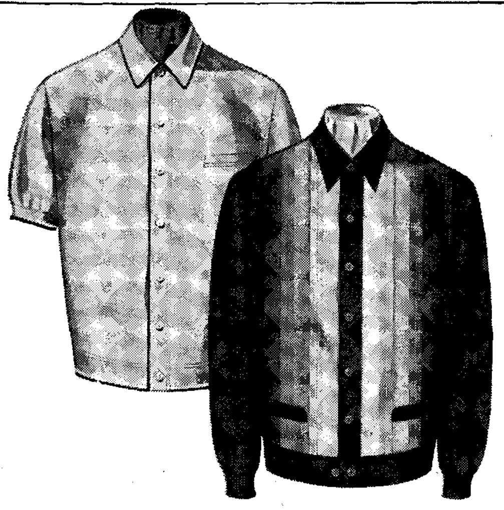

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dows (inside, Robin, his legs over the arm of his chair, jiggled one foot high in the air to "Il mio tesoro") and then in the dark made their way to the rim of the bluff. There was no moon, only a vast dusting of stars, and the lights in houses across the bay sparkling fireworks trails on the water, and occasional headlights of cars driving along the shore road.

Marcus said he didn't mean to be boring but he really wanted to know what Sukie thought of his mind. "Wait: you know what I was just thinking? We're all death. We're little envelopes around death, and everywhere we walk we arrive like the mail, and people approach us with hope, with letter openers in their hand to open their mail—that's what I was just thinking. . . ."

Sukie said, "Everybody gets strange thoughts. I have very strange thoughts, too. Like I'm going to die any minute—things like that."

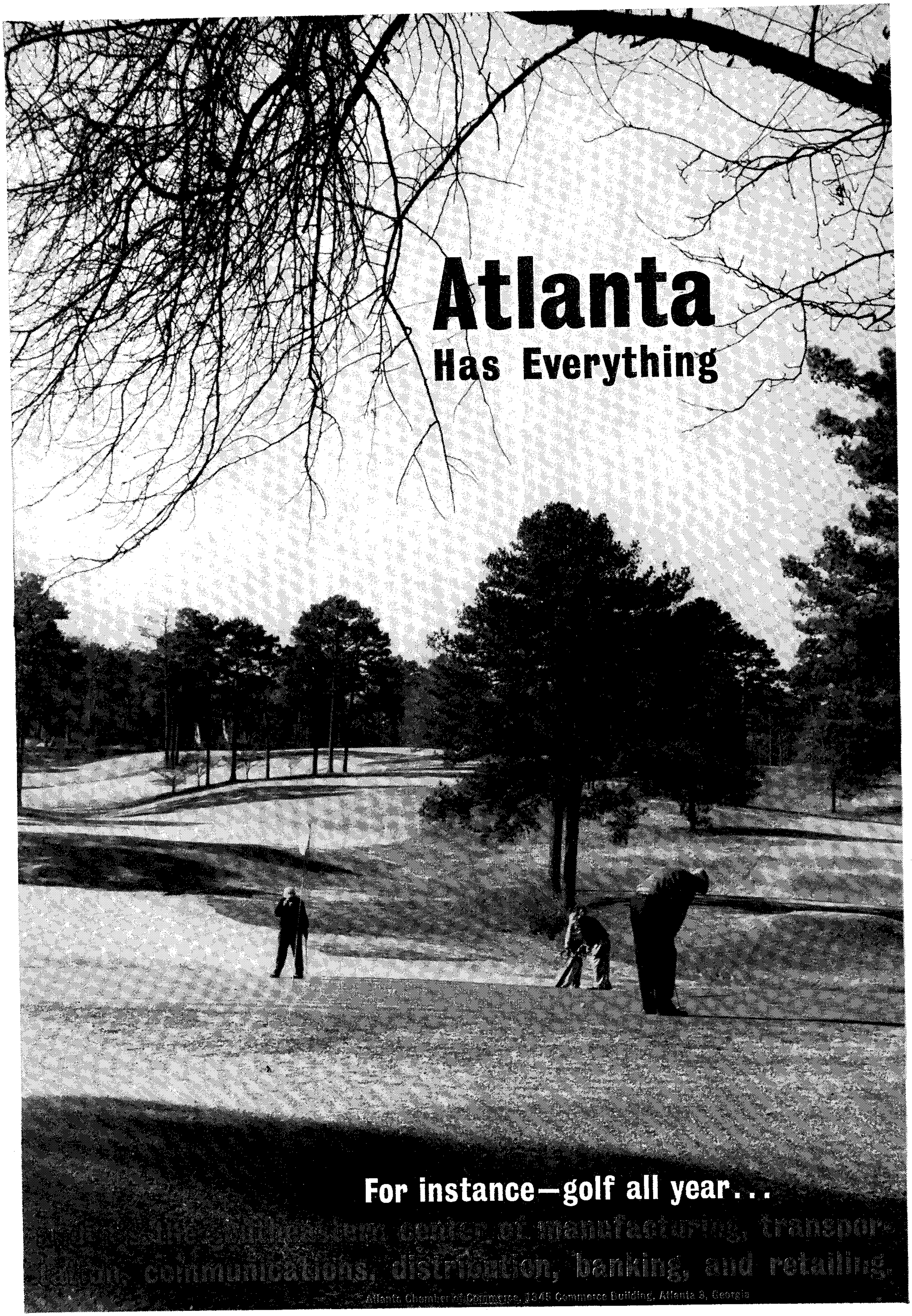
Marcus thought abruptly it was true (it sounded true); everyone had strange thoughts, and he was callow and inexperienced to have thought it odd in himself. He laughed suddenly. "Letter openers—ha, ha."

"I don't mind the way you talk," Sukie said. "I think you're very, very sensitive. I help make you secure, don't I?"

"Yes," he said. "You do."

Marcus told no one (except Nanna, later), discussed with no one (except Robin) that he loved Sukie. He wanted no one's opinions, no one's breath, to touch his love. A second Adam, he saw that all leaved plants were beautiful, and that on window sills sunbeams slowly seesawed once each day. Sukie held a cigarette between the tips of her short, square fingers. She lay supine on a towel at the beach, and said, "It's a perfectly beautiful day, isn't it, Marco? Isn't it the most beautiful day?" He had been wrong ever to doubt himself. Such errors were conceived in the vagaries of manners (like light dancing on something bright and obscuring what lay beneath); people when upset invented faults, but there were no faults, only bad habits. People were achingly akin. He was sixteen.

He waited on Sukie's pleasure with the care and attention with which he waited on Nanna's, and he was grateful and flattered when she was pleased by his devotion. He was circumspect and watchful of the decencies. He was half in love with Sukie's mother, whose breasts bobbled, and whose eyes were electric and dark, and who spoke in a baritone register when she wanted to be funny: "My God, here comes Sukie's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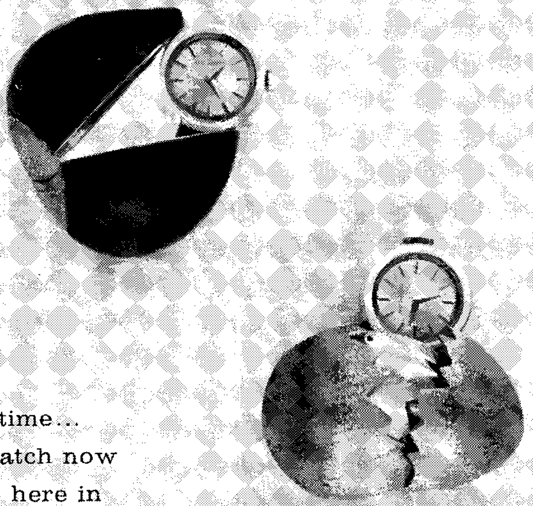

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lov-err," the "err" of "lov-err" dropping to C below middle C. Or she'd say, "Here comes Sukie's swarthy, handsome lov-err," and offer him a drink. She radiated an intense awareness of him, of what was happening; she had an air of caprice, of serious devotion to the idea and practice of love.

Sukie said, "No, don't go photographing. Lie on the beach with me." Sukie said, "Robin is more sensitive than you are, but you're a more complete person." Sukie said, "Everybody knows Jews make the best lovers and husbands." Lying on the beach, she permitted him to kiss her arm, her leg, the small of her back. She never touched him. She would lie still, growing more and more rigid while he slowly kissed her, and then she would sit up, pushing her hair back, a heroine, and say, "Oh, Pony, I'm *mad* about you. It's inevitable, isn't it? We will—all that, I suppose. It's inevitable, don't you feel that, Pony?"

OSKAR stands at the top railing, looking out over Rome; the Spanish Stairs fall away beneath him. A young workman guards an electric fan that stands on the railing and blows Oskar's hair. Oskar looks unconscionably noble, even in his sunglasses. "Look up higher in the sky," Marcus instructs him. "Oskar, *meine Liebe*, this is the City of the Popes." Marcus leans precariously over the railing and sights through a portable camera at Oskar's face. "It must be overexposed," he says to Alliat; he wants Oskar's face to be like a pencil drawing—a few lines, and the darkness of his sunglasses, and the reflection of the view in them, and Oskar's mouth. Oskar's mouth, if he can lead Oskar into the right mood, will be alive and dangerous: an artful shape, the instrument of the most human music.

Oskar, determinedly holding his pose, remarks, "That one is the Keats' House, *ja*? He is your great poet. 'Truth is beauty and beauty truth'—*ja*?"

"*Mein Schatz*," Marcus says, "lower your chin perhaps one inch." Marcus minutely and slowly inches the camera this way and that. Oskar's mouth grows bedraggled but dutiful. Marcus says, "When I was a child, I spoke as a child and acted like a man, with bows and arrows and guns, but now I'm a man and spend my time doing childish things." Oskar smiles vacantly. Marcus says, "Willi, imagine a naked woman in the shower, completely unself-conscious; she does not know you're watching." Oskar's lips thin sensually. Marcus beckons and Alliat leans over

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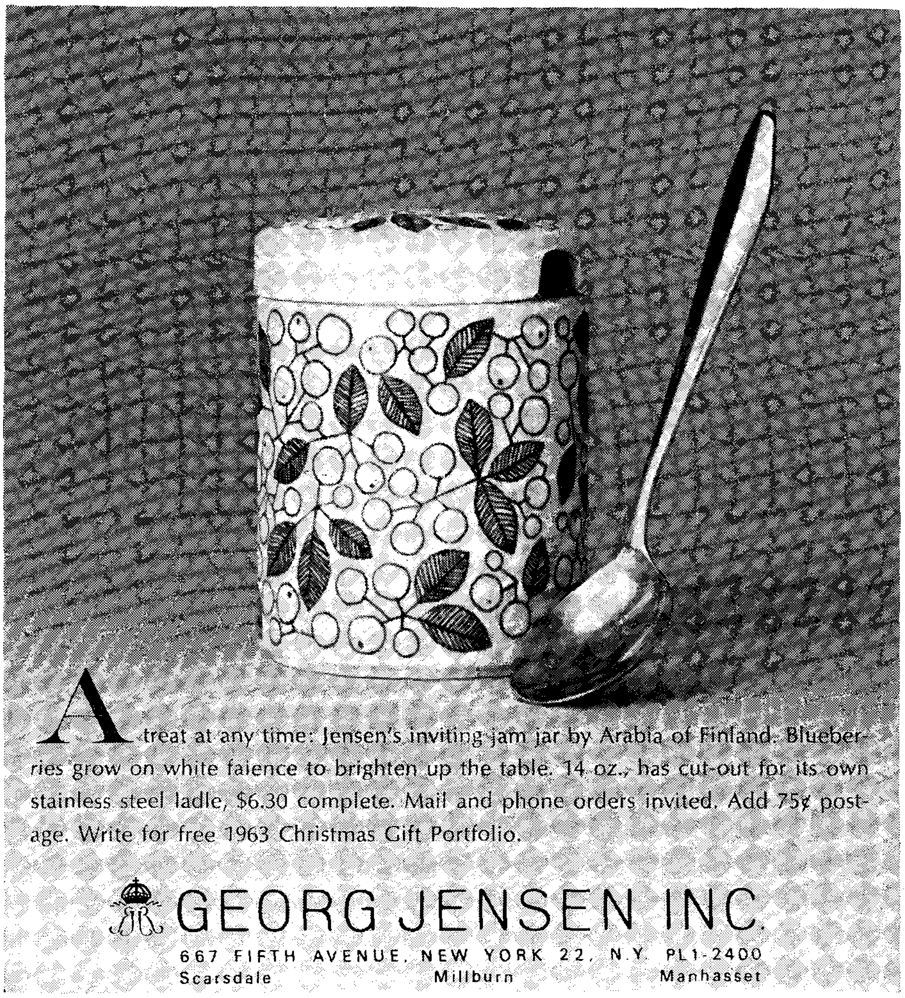

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him, observes the position of the camera, takes it from him while Marcus scrambles free. Marcus holds a small mirror in front of the camera and studies Oskar's reflection in it, and says, "To the right. Up. A bit m— Yes."

Nanna was alert and watchful, but not as alert and watchful as a moment to be placed on film. In the mirror, Oskar's face flickers. The mirror is an eye; and the pupil, the tunnel to perception and the capture by memory, is Marcus. On the glassy lids of the large, silvered, metal-rimmed sunglasses Oskar wears float twin reflections of a swarm of roofs, sweetened by the rising in their midst of grayish, high-arched domes. Oskar's hair moves. Marcus says, "Oscar, *mein Schatz*, what would it be like if they put up a statue to you in the Villa Borghese as the most talented German since Goethe?" Oskar takes a deep, simmering breath. An internal shift occurs within the oval of Oskar's face—a queer light, an illumination. He looks Olympian. He waits, unattached and daydreaming, and Marcus touches Alliat's knee and the camera starts up, stops, starts up again. The camera whirs a third time.

"That's it for the moment," Marcus says. He touches Oskar's shoulder. The actor has grown into the railing, the sunlight, the daydream, and must be summoned back.

MARCUS sat in the classroom unprotected, his feet on the floor, his head and eyes lowered as if a wind blew. In the shower room, he exclaimed inwardly, "I love you, Sukie." He wrote her, "I love you." His roommate bumped into him and Marcus lashed out, "Don't you touch me!" Marcus cried out in his sleep, "Sukie!" He wrote her, "I miss you crazily."

Robin played the pander. He asked, "When are you two going to sleep together?"

Marcus shouted, "I don't want to hurt her! I don't want to do any harm!"

Robin said, "Don't tell me you think sex is wicked, Pony. Haven't you ever read a book? Haven't you read D. H. Lawrence?" Robin said, "There's a real beauty when a woman becomes a woman." He said, "Jewish morality has crushed everything in Western culture that's beautiful and natural. If our own sense that it is necessary to sin—and Freud, of course—hadn't come along, we'd all be neurotic Calvinists. Tell me, Pony, do you believe in the Old Testament?"

Beneath the springs of the upper bunk distended with the weight of his room-

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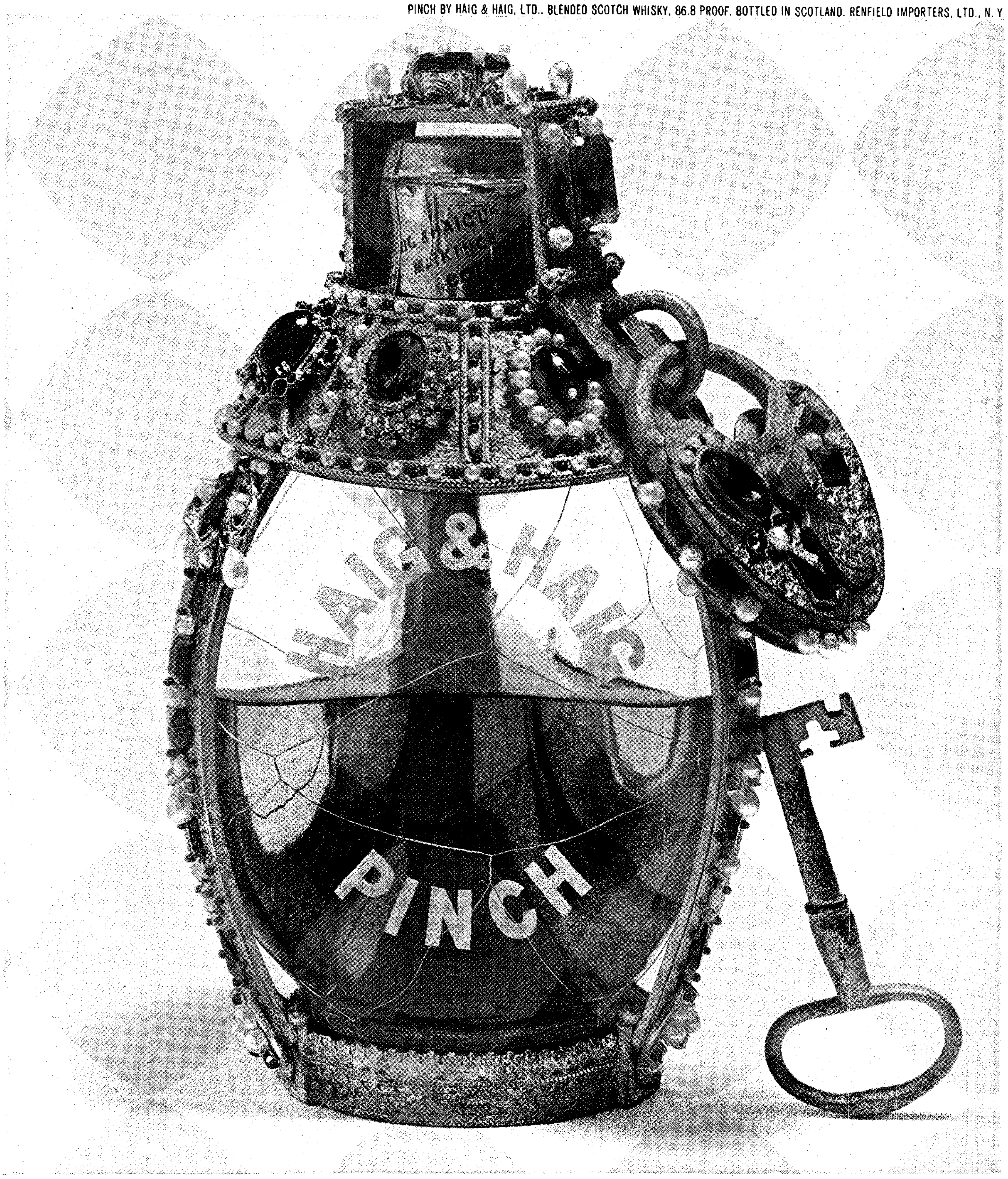

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mate's sleeping body (whose breaths made runners of sound in the darkness), Marcus lay in a tangle of imaginings. He yearned to tell Nanna, far away, in Florida, that he was about to become transfigured. He said to Sukie over the phone, "Sukie, I want— Listen, I don't mean to be a bastard, but I— Sukie, please just tell me *when.*"

"Oh, Pony," Sukie said in a small voice. "Whenever you want. I'm helpless in your hands, Marco."

Robin made a reservation at a hotel in Boston and drove Marcus up the afternoon the Thanksgiving holidays began. Sukie came by train from her school in Connecticut. Robin said, "You have two hours before I have to get Sukie home," and he said he would wait in the coffee shop.

In the hotel room, the pleasure was brusque, simple, and heart-stopping. When it was over, Sukie said, "You control all our lives, mine and Robin's and my parents'! You're incredibly powerful." She said, "You're beautiful and very sexy and have a much nicer body than Robin's." She said she'd slept with Robin but it hadn't meant anything, not like this; and once with a boy in Maine, but that hadn't meant anything, either. "Pony, I'm embarrassed. Everyone will see the change in me. I know I'm going to blossom." She said, "Are you one of those men who only want what they can't have?" She said, "I wish you weren't going to New York. I don't know what I'll do without you." She said she hated her mother and her mother hated her. She said boys never liked her. She said the girls at her school avoided her. She said she wanted to kill herself. She said, "I know you'll bring me happiness. Everybody knows that Jews make the best husbands and lovers."

At Christmastime, Marcus told his father he had to return to Boston Saturday morning to see Robin about the school play. In Boston, snow was coming on. He arrived bone-broken and askew with longing for the sensation—very like the assurance of being wanted—that had come when Sukie undressed and had let him hold her. He was dull with a sense of humiliation he couldn't identify. He thought, She needs me. He was racked by astonishment as much as by desire. From the hotel, he called Sukie; she said she would come as soon as she could. He waited, and the moments seemed to him to lack walls, roofs, and floors. Never since had he experienced anticipation so violently.

At four o'clock, Robin and Sukie arrived—together. Marcus told Robin,

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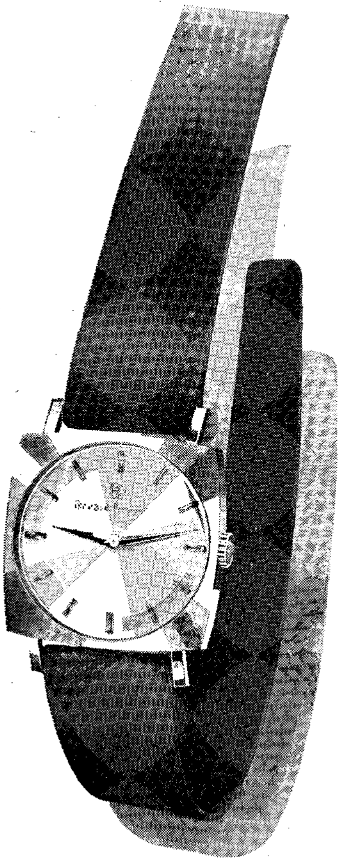

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"Please go away," and when Robin left, without a word, Marcus began to undress Sukie. In the silence, it was as if certain sounds that had been curtained by a rush of noise became audible. Sukie grew nervous. Marcus told her to hold still. She said, "You don't know what you're doing; this is creepy," and began to cry.

Marcus said, "Sukie, what did I do wrong?"

"You don't act as if you like me."

Red-faced and taut, Marcus assured her that he liked her, swore that he did; he swore it on his soul.

Sukie blinked, then said submissively, "All right."

After that they made love.

When Robin came back, Marcus went to the door, wrapped in a blanket, and said, "Give us five minutes and we'll get dressed."

Robin said, "No, let me in. I won't peek," and he came in and sat on the foot of the bed. He leaned across Sukie's ankles and talked rapidly—chattered about what an ugly town Boston was, how dreary winter was. Sukie and Marcus lay as quietly as corpses. Robin turned his head away while Sukie got dressed. (He'd said like a gym instructor, "It's time we got going.") Marcus remained in bed, propped against the headboard, the blanket up to his shoulders. Robin's weight hurt his ankles. Stiff-necked with excitement, Robin said, "I'll bring her back whenever I can."

Marcus returned to school and told himself that people were all alike. Sukie would soon change for him, as he had changed for Nanna's sake. She would become a warm, responsive, trustworthy girl. He would help her and be strong. At the same time, he longed to escape from her. But he wanted her, too. He wrote Sukie twice a day. He was tired and could not sleep. He toppled into periods of nervous exhaustion and lay staring at the wall, drenched with sweat. He'd lock the door of his room at such times; he wanted no one to see him. Feelings that he could not put a name to, incomprehensible but powerful feelings, like abstract paintings: a blue one, a blue-and-black one, a gray one shot through with viridian—filled his head and chest. The recollection of the texture of the skin on Sukie's back drove him from the lunch table to walk slack-jawed, both exalted and wretched, in the snow. He began to avoid his mind. (When he grew older, he found he could avoid his mind easily whenever he wanted except when trying to fall asleep; to quiet his mind then, he would drink two shots of brandy and take a

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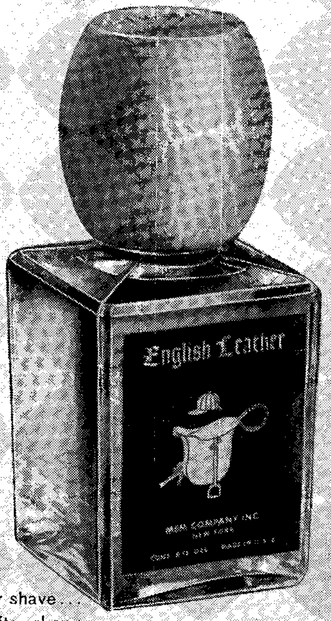

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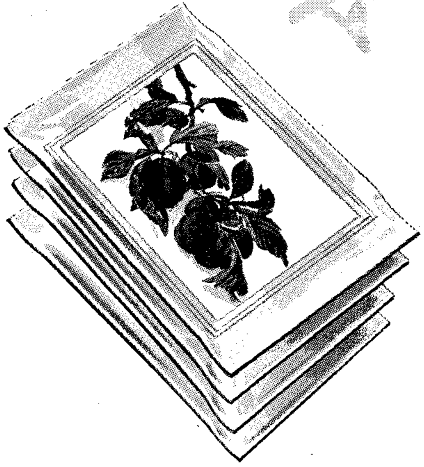

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Seconal, and wander around his bedroom until he entered a state of near idiocy; only then, when he fell on his bed, would he find unconsciousness within reach.)

Sukie's letters burned like dry ice; in them she complained of her classmates, described her feelings—"Everybody looks at me; I think I'm blossoming"—begged him to arrange with Robin to drive down to her school: "I'm going out of my mind. I'm suicidal. I'm so bored, Marco. I must see you. I love you."

He'd make arrangements to go with Robin to Boston to stay in Gamma Foster's house on Saturday night, and then, Robin telling Gamma Foster he and Marcus were going to the movies, they'd drive to Connecticut, both boys sitting hunched forward as if to hurry the car on. Sometimes he felt Sukie's presence was unpleasant and he would tell himself passionately that she was stubborn, insisted on being unlovable, did not care if she alienated him or not; she was spoiled. He watched her face always. He knew its lineaments. He saw apparitions in it, landscapes, the hues of flowers. When his will faltered, he saw it as something associated with pain, a bandage. Sometimes a mood would warm that porcelain-white face and him, and he would begin again the fall of falling in love. On his way to see her, not knowing what he would find, his heart and nerves went rackatty-clack like a half-empty train rushing through a countryside at night. He'd arrive and his eyes would fly to that face. ("Don't, Pony. It makes me so nervous when you stare at me.") If her face was trampled or muddied, he would grow distant and emotionless, like a doctor; he was anxious to help her, not to be bad for her. He tried to be a proper lover, like one in books, and he told her—remembering another moment when he had been unable to speak—that she was the sun and wind and clouds and a rosebush. Sukie brightened and said, "Oh, that's lovely." He continued with increasing sincerity, and compared her to the craziness of dreams, to a beach, to warm sand and the sun making you dizzy, and sand fleas making your legs twitch. She said, "I don't think I like that. No, it's nasty." She looked uneasy. He said he hadn't meant anything, a beach was a force of nature—he'd only meant to compare her to a force of nature.

She was most peaceful when he was tired, half asleep (although in his pride he did not like admitting to her that he was tired). Then, sometimes, she'd touch him or smile in a warm way. It

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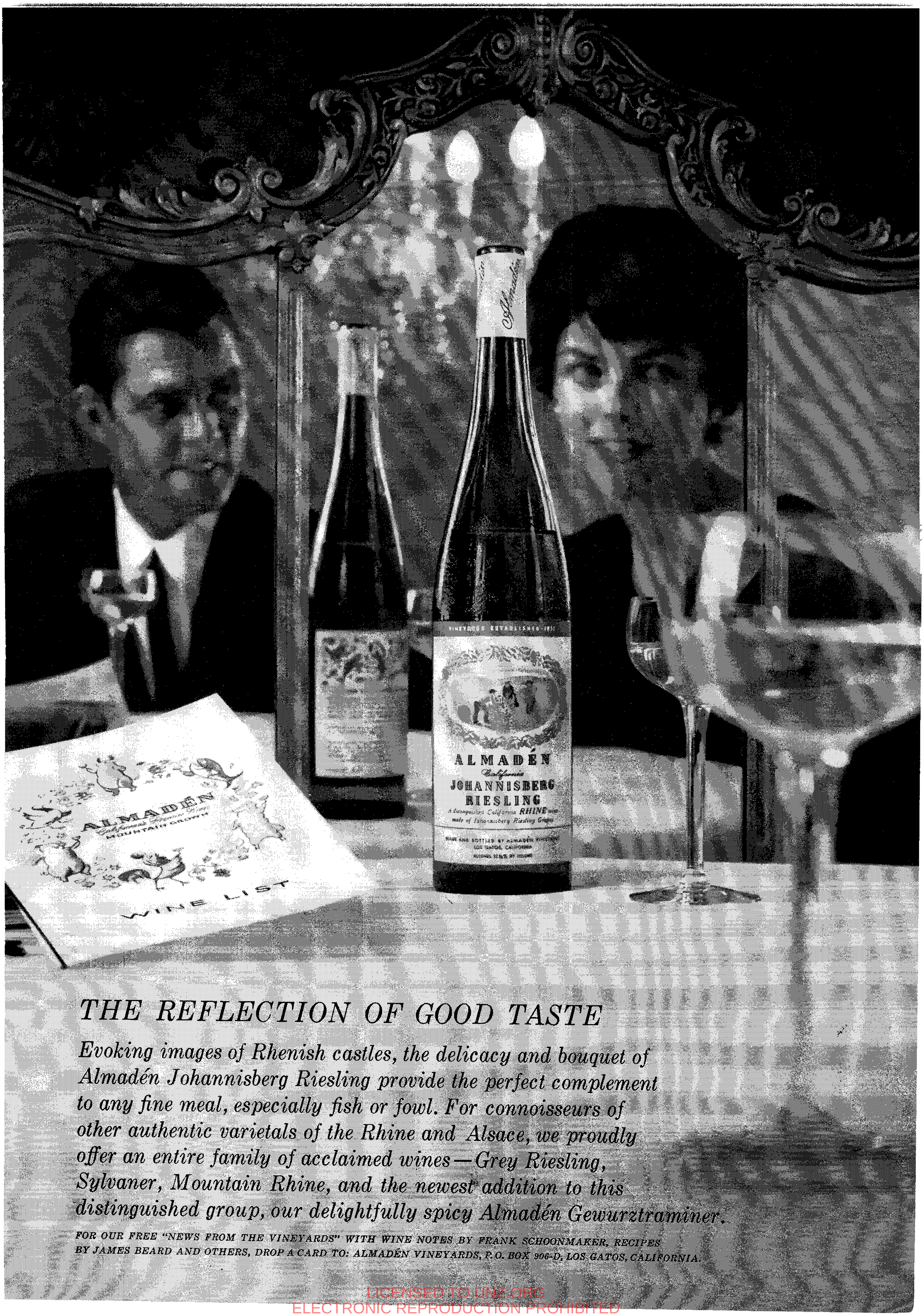
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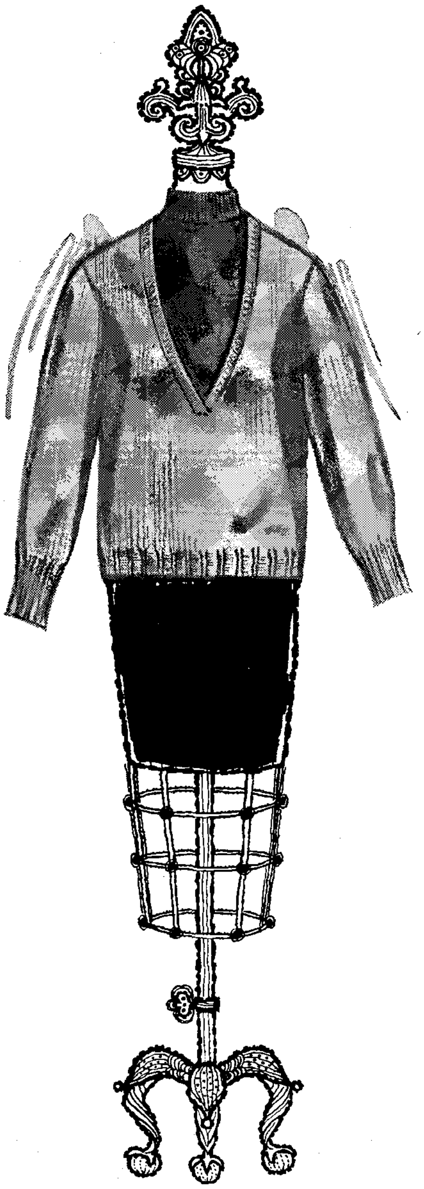

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excited and exhilarated her when the three of them—Sukie, Robin, and Marcus—went out together in Robin's car. Bars wouldn't serve Sukie; in the car, Robin, Marcus, and Sukie passed a pint of bourbon back and forth. They drove on back roads, safe from observation in their world inside the car. They often went at ninety, the automobile swaying, with only the loosest connection to the road, the earth, to fixed locations. The air inside the car was dry and warmed by the heater and chilled by cold leaking in at the windows, and faintly visible with their breaths, and sweetish with the smell of whiskey. Sukie's excitement affected Marcus as if she were a flag.

She cried, "A ciggy-boo, I must have a ciggy-boo. Did you remember my Sen-Sen?" She said, "That school's a tomb!"

Robin said, " 'The grave's a fine and private place, / But none, I think, do there embrace.' "

Sukie said, "I love you, Marco."

Outside the car, moonlight lay tremulously on the thin fields. Marcus said, "The world is coming to an end tonight."

Sukie said, "Don't be gloomy. Let yourself go on the Happiness Swings." Happiness Swings were the opposite of Bad Weeks. "It's a Bad Week," Sukie sometimes said.

Marcus said, "I am on it."

But Sukie said, "No, you're not." She turned to Robin. "Isn't Marcus difficult? He scares me."

Robin agreed. Marcus was awesome.

Marcus didn't see it. Robin's tongue was more cutting than his—Robin said Gamma Foster had a face like the Bible. Sukie and Robin were less sentimental, less eager to please, too, than he was. "Do I seem to you abnormal? Maybe what bothers you is that I'm Jewish."

"But you're not all Jewish," Robin said.

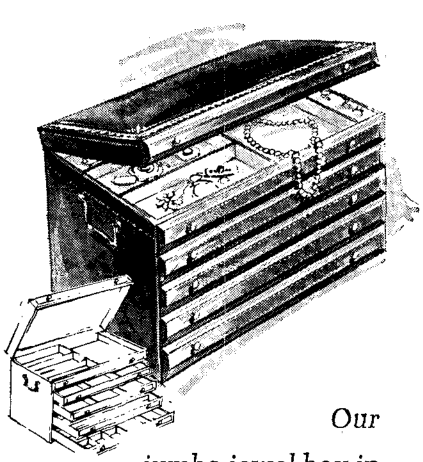
Sukie said, "It isn't being Jewish that makes you so difficult."

Marcus was accustomed to women approving of him most when he was happy. "Oh, God, I'm happy!" he exclaimed. "You just don't know. I used to think when I was a kid nothing would ever happen."

"All kids think that," Robin said, one arm on Sukie's shoulder.

Sukie said, "I did. Do you want to hear a joke? Knock, knock. Who's there? Abie. Abie who? A.B.C." She giggled and leaned her head on Marcus's shoulder, then on Robin's.

They stopped and walked barefoot in the snowy field, shouting and laughing. Marcus threw himself down on the



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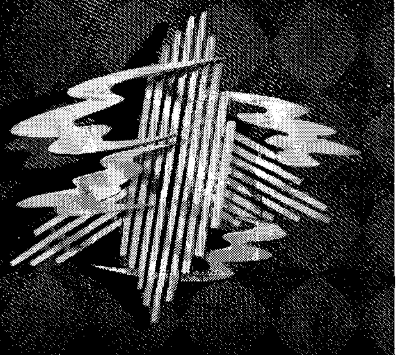

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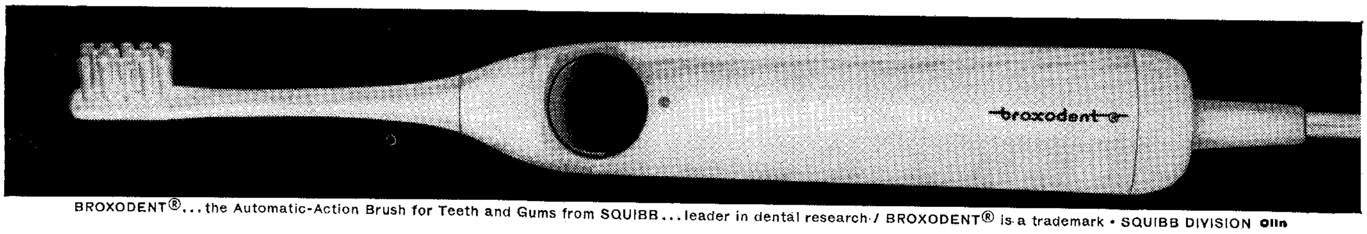

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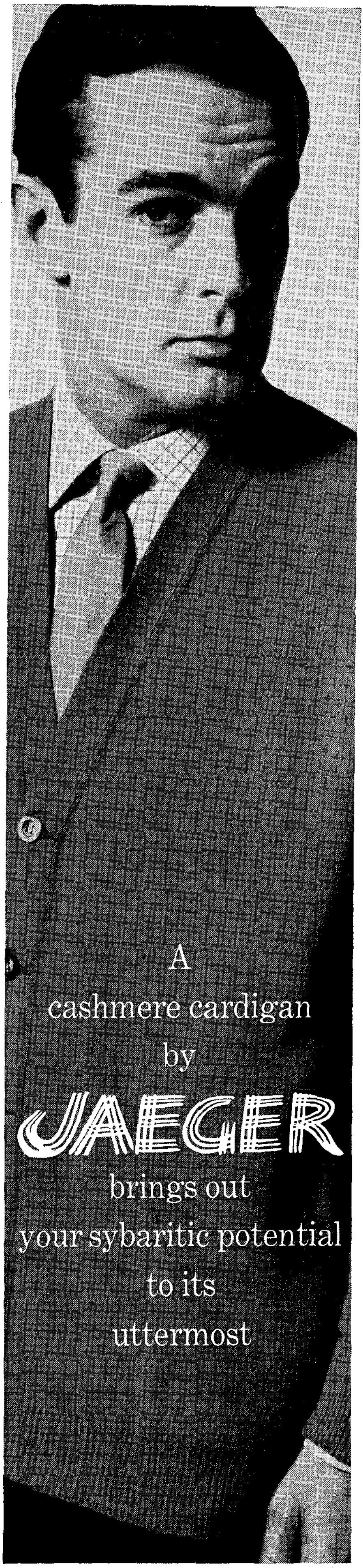

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snow and stretched his arms out and said, "I am ready for Easter." Sukie circled, turned round and around in the field, her shadow hopping behind her, then in front of her. Marcus said, "She's dancing with crows."

Robin went for a walk while Marcus and Sukie lay in the car, their breaths feathery, their eyes shining in the dark. Robin returned, and then they drove to the door of Sukie's school. The girl Marcus held was muffled in a coat, was warm, and smelled faintly of gardenia soap. "Oh, Pony, I have to go back to the tomb. I love you."

Robin said, "Wait, Suke! Better have some Sen-Sen."

Sukie said, "Oops, stupid me!" Smiling secretively, she put her arms around Robin's neck and Robin kissed her ear.

On the way back to Boston, Marcus said, "I don't like the way you kiss Sukie. I'd like to smash your teeth in."

"Look, Pony. She happens to be my cousin. I—"

"Shut up! Shut the hell up!" After a minute or so, Marcus said, "Oh, God, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Redbreast. You know I'm crazy. I'm so much in love, you know." He sat slouched in his seat, tired, nervous, in an agony of fatigue. The dark, now stale air in the car seemed to him a fit setting for himself.

IN the movie, Jehane, after coming to understand that Oskar does not intend to divorce his wife, returns to her *pensione*, opens the door of the room, and steps inside without turning on the light. At first, she simply sits in the darkness; then she begins to sob, reaching into her purse on the bureau for a handkerchief to stuff between her lips to prevent herself from making a noise and disturbing the other tenants in the *pensione*. She falls on the floor and cries without a sound, accepting almost with relief the humiliation. She does not move, but continues to cry silently on the floor.

Earlier in the movie, before she meets Oskar, she walks along the Via Condotti, past the store windows, the reflections, the things for sale. (The camera will be low, at waist height, because Marcus thinks one of the secrets of the beauty and credibility of Italian Renaissance frescoes is that the figures seem to be taller or on higher ground than we are and we have to look up at them; this helps persuade us of their reality, because we remain children and continue all our lives to crane our necks to see the expressions on the grownups' faces.) And she will walk past a young man in sunglasses similar to hers; she will slightly hesitate, as if amused that *he is wearing similar sunglasses*, but then, because the young man does not smile at her, she hurries on in an access of memory of what she expects for herself, ending what Marcus calls a masked moment, like the one when Robin told him, "I don't see why it matters in what way *I take my pleasure. I don't see that it* matters in what way anyone takes his pleasure." She prefers flight to self-knowledge. She careers on, grandiose and virginal. Between the Jehane of the Via Condotti and the Jehane of the *pensione* lies the death of the hardness of her self-regard.

Oskar intervenes between the two Jehanes. Marcus says to him, "It is your second day in Rome. You have left your hotel and walked through the Villa Borghese. Trees and children. The Latin sense of design. Your wife hangs heavily on your arm; you walk a little too fast for her. You made a mistake marrying her. She asks questions: 'What is that? What is that?' And 'that' is only the water clock. Yesterday with her was dull. Today seems it will be dull, too. But you don't show irritation; you are good-natured. Always. You are clean in the sense that you never rebuke yourself. You have a very fine sense of life. Do you understand?" Oskar nods, his face slipping into lines of ease, intensely good-natured and impenetrable; his face looks scrubbed. Marcus gazes at him and says, "Good."

He glances over Oskar's shoulder at Liselotte, the Munich strip-teaser who is to play Oskar-Willi's wife. She sits in a canvas chair beneath a tree, in speckled light and shadow, hands folded in her lap, eyes closed. Marcus thinks, Her tooth still hurts. Oh, does she feel self-pity! And he grows cold, froglike. He beckons to Whitehart. "Tell her just to play she is in a strange city. Tell her not to try to act. I don't want to touch her mood." Whitehart winks, and hurries off. Marcus stands, measuring the two realities of Liselotte with the fingers of his mind. Her real inexperience and nervousness, her attempt to deceive the camera and to appear not like a strip-tease artist from Munich, will become on film the unhappy manner of a middle-class lady whose manners are all at sea with her pretenses. Her heavy breasts will be the lure and misinformation that caught Oskar-Willi. (Marcus thinks with amusement of Oskar-Willi's illusions, and how easily he is fooled.) The audience, Marcus hopes, will recognize in Liselotte's two realities

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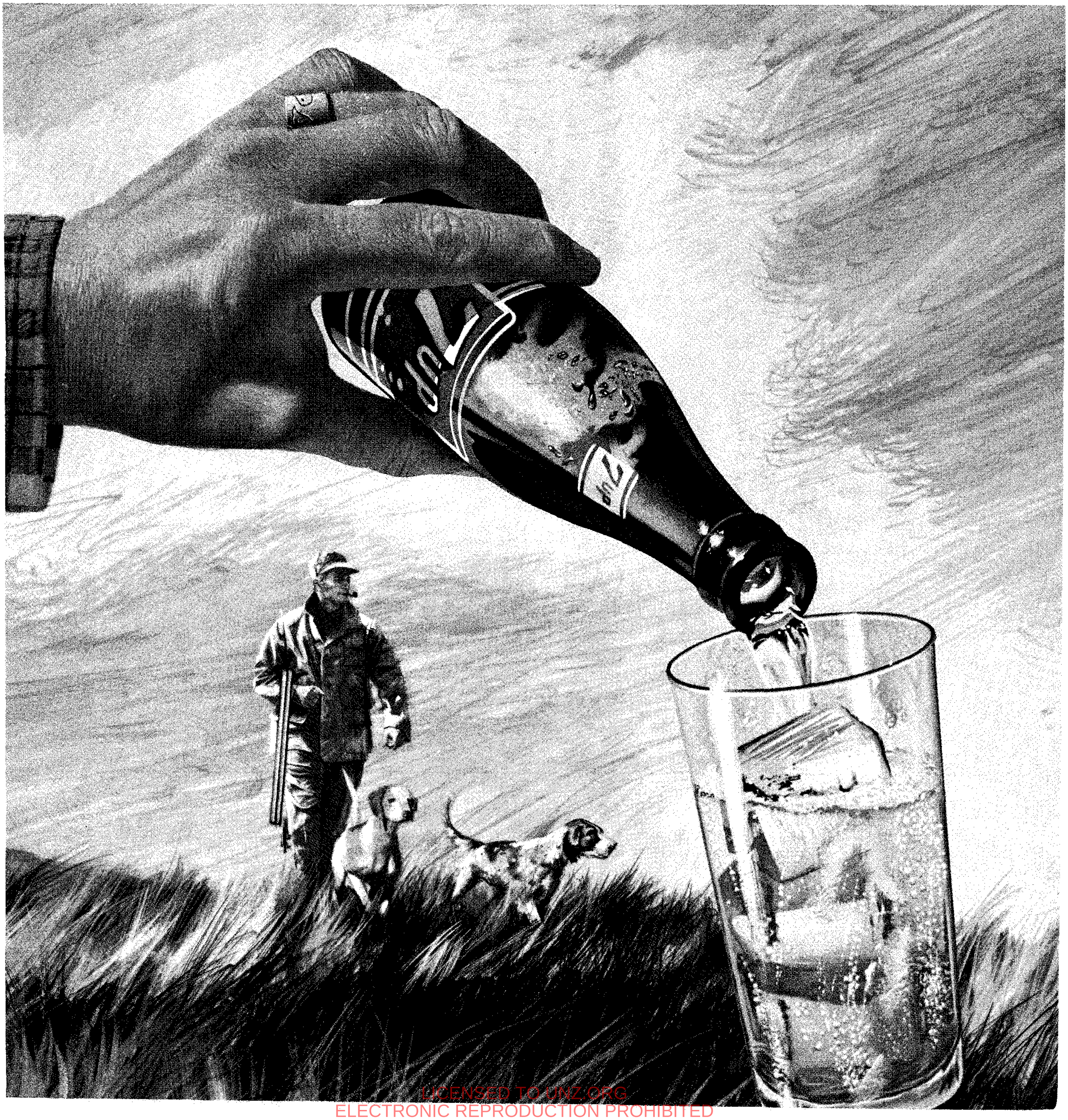

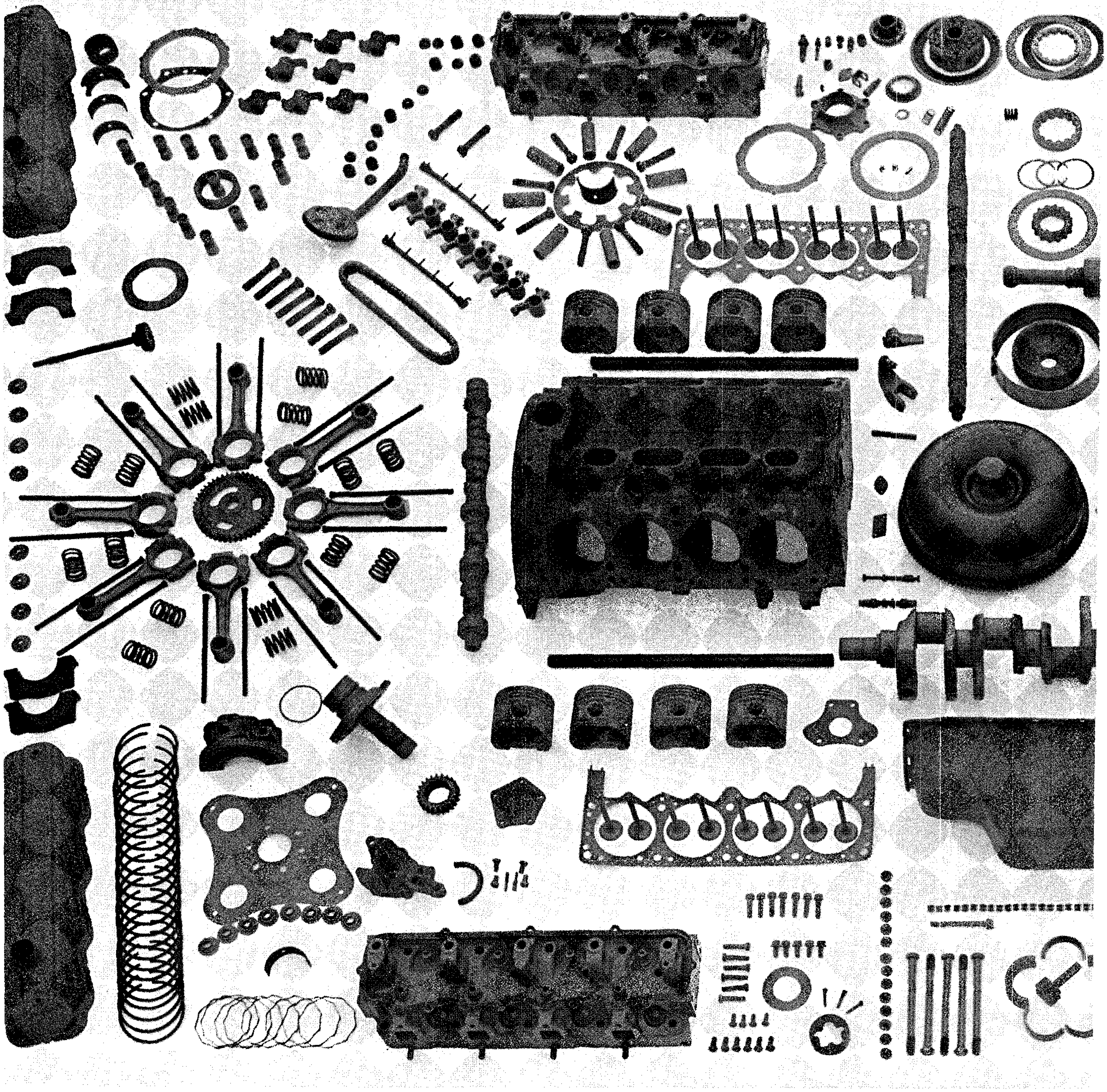

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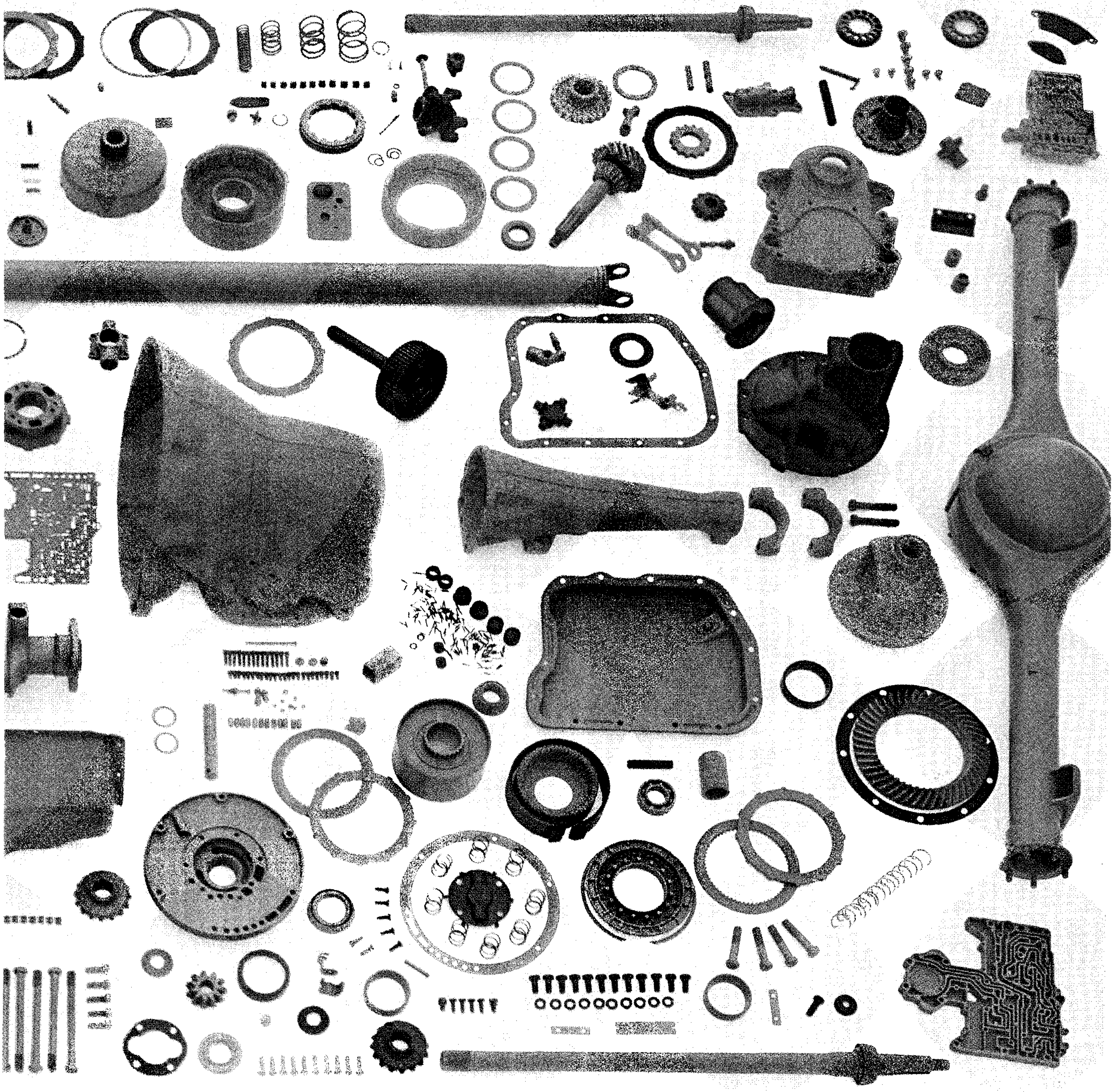

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the same blur of identity that obscures the people they know.

MARCUS took refuge in principle (his determination strengthened by a Gary Cooper film; the theatre was dark, like chaos—the images on the screen clear and large, light-filled), when his trying to figure out what he felt, or what Robin was like, or Sukie, led him to the admission that he was guessing, that he did not *know*. He went to the school doctor and asked for a sedative, giving as the reason that he was studying too hard. He told Sukie he couldn't see her in Boston over Easter vacation. "Nanna's come up from Florida. I owe it to her—I want to see her. It's not that I don't want to see you, but I owe it to her."

But then Sukie followed him to Scantuate with her mother, Robin, and Gamma Foster; Gamma Foster wanted to smell the lilacs and the sea, and sat all morning on an open porch, wrapped in a blanket, not reading, not sleeping. (She fell the following winter and broke her hip and became an invalid until her death four years later.) The children roosted in the light damp chill of an upstairs porch. The wicker couch creaked when Robin stretched out and laid his head in Sukie's lap.

Marcus stood up and said, "I want to go photographing at Miller's Pond."

"What a dreary idea," Robin said.

"I don't feel energetic," Sukie said.

Marcus looked at Sukie and saw a short, square-shouldered, moon-bodied girl. He bit his thumbnail. "I'm going," he said.

"All right, all right," Robin said. "What a bore. Our master's voice."

"Where was Moses when the lights went out?" Sukie asked, with a giggle.

"If you don't want to come, don't!" Marcus shouted, holding to his principles like a monk to a cross, exorcising demons.

"We're coming. We're coming."

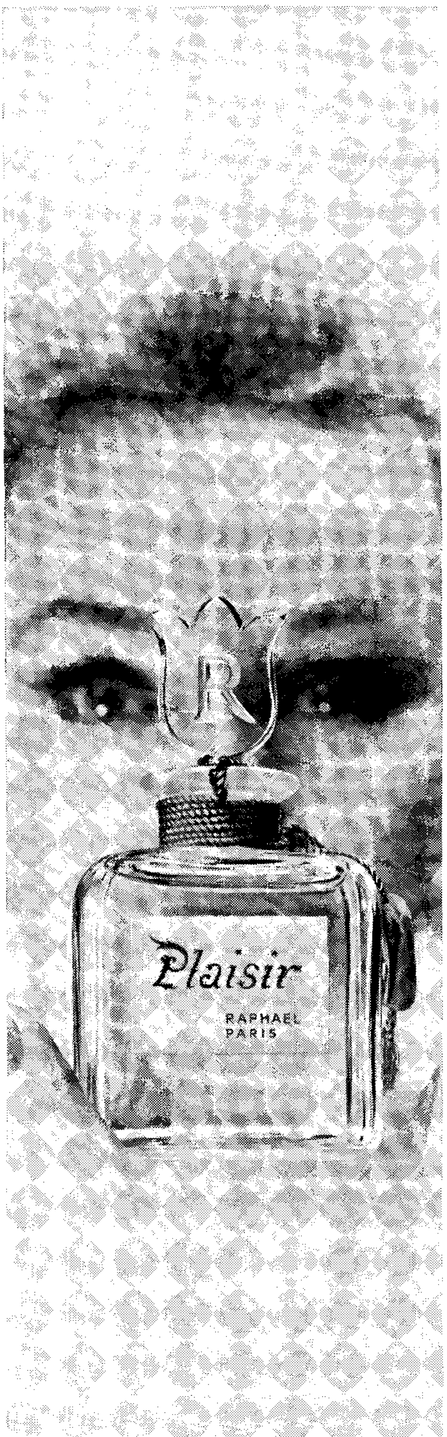
He did not get back to Nanna's in time for lunch, and Nanna complained he had given her no warning he would miss the meal: "I didn't know if you were stricken with illness. Or perhaps in a highway accident."

He apologized—"I'm sorry. I was photographing. There wasn't a phone"—but he wasn't humble.

"Please don't do it again. You know how easily Cook is unsettled."

"Oh. Well, I'd better warn you I might miss lunch the next few days. I'll be out photographing." He was distracted by a sensation that he was being rude, yet he did not back down.

The next evening, Nanna said dryly,



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"I do not want to monopolize your time, but I had hoped to see something of you during your spring vacation, because I thought I might send you to Europe this summer."

Marcus said, "Oh," and stopped photographing, and told Sukie he was going to Europe.

He went to Europe with Mrs. Tredwell, Sukie, and Robin; Robin arranged the party. Europe made Marcus uneasy; it was an old prostitute armed with devices to catch the eye and the absence of principles. He told himself that he must be careful not to turn into a shallow person. He wrote Nanna every day, and the salutation, "Dearest Nanna," evoked in him a spasm of sorrow. Europe had the strangeness of a carnival on the edge of town under a night sky, the lights of the Ferris wheel lifting and falling, and the shouts of the exiles echoing from behind the rim of colored lights.

"They made their cathedrals like movie theatres!" he protested. Robin said, "*Voilà*, Moses!" Mrs. Tredwell looked at Marcus curiously.

Sukie complained he was avoiding her. He said, "But we're with your mother. I'm like a guest—the laws of hospitality!" Sukie said, "I hate my mother. My mother doesn't matter." She said, "Oh, God, what am I going to do! You don't want me any more." He took her into his arms. Robin was in the next room, arranging the day's plans with Mrs. Tredwell. Marcus matched Sukie's eagerness; the wickedness of the situation so worked upon his senses that he was startled by the pleasure. Afterward, he was ashamed, and avoided looking at Sukie. Sukie said, "What's the matter?" He said, "I have a cold." He thought, Oh, God, I'm cuckoo. At lunch, he drank too much and desperately imitated the Europeans as animals—as terriers, as poodles, then as amorous cocker spaniels—for Mrs. Tredwell, who laughed. She used the baritone register of her voice and said warmly, "We've never particularly liked Jews in our family. You might call us anti-Semitic. But we're *all* terribly fond of you."

The drunken seventeen-year-old Marcus clung to the moral nicety of the point that he must not allow the mother of the girl he slept with to be fond of him and he became surly toward Mrs. Tredwell. "That's an Irish compliment," he said. "You're more impressed with your own sentiment than with me."

I don't like her, he assured himself. He told himself that he mustn't be a whore. His thoughts were dark, astro-

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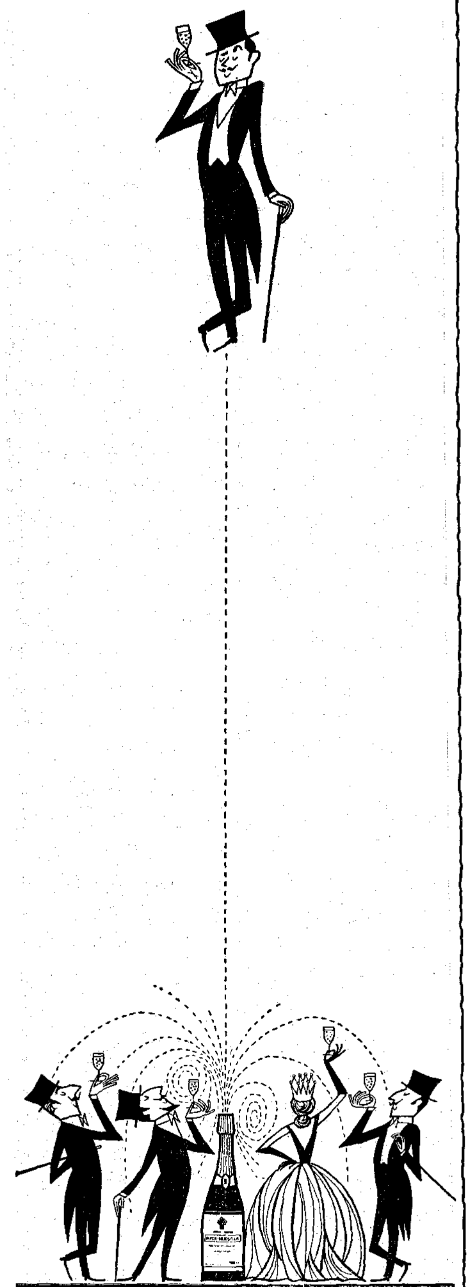

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nomical. His judgments of himself and of Sukie and Robin and Mrs. Tredwell were jumbled, as if several movies were being shown at once on the same screen. On the way back to Avignon, while Robin drove the car and Mrs. Tredwell talked, Sukie in the back seat beside Marcus indulged herself in a skittish series of blandishments and displays and sidelong glances from some reservoir of erotic imagination. His nerves reacted in a strained and exaggerated way, like a child's—everything was mythological and immense; it was as if his nerves and the world were new to him: Mrs. Tredwell was fascinated by him. "You seem so old for your age." He scowled at Mrs. Tredwell. Later, he said, "Sukie, we have to straighten out." Sukie said, "You get pleasure making me hate myself." He said, "Why can't you admire me when I'm trying to do the right thing?" Mrs. Tredwell and Robin were walking ahead of them in the vineyard they were visiting above the Rhone on an afternoon when the sky was as much white as blue. Sukie went pale and said, "You're crazy. You're sick. You're really neurotic."

That evening, Robin asked Marcus why he was treating Sukie so badly. "It's a matter of honor," Marcus said. Robin blinked. "You really don't make sense, Pony." Marcus shouted at him, "You wouldn't understand! You're slimy." Robin went white. "You're self-destructive," he said, and lit a cigarette.

The hillsides above the road were green. Marcus was silent and haughty. Honor froze his face. He had always thought of love as being like the view from the windows of his father's apartment at dusk, when the taxis in great numbers flock back from upper Manhattan with the lights on their roofs—jewels on their foreheads—alight. Now he thought of it as the sprung works of a clock which moved the hands improperly. Mrs. Tredwell was growing bored with him. He observed to himself that Mrs. Tredwell did not understand Sukie, that she was not a good mother. Sukie had become hollow-eyed and captious. "You think in clichés," she said to Marcus. She said, "Everyone knows photographs can't do what painting can." She said, "You have so many opinions because you're self-conscious and can't feel anything." He lay in bed, sombre in the dark.

Often at night in various towns, Robin would slip out and hunt for women. Then Marcus would lie tautly spread-eagled in bed, hating the solitude in the room, jealous of Robin, contemptuous of himself. He felt himself grow vague

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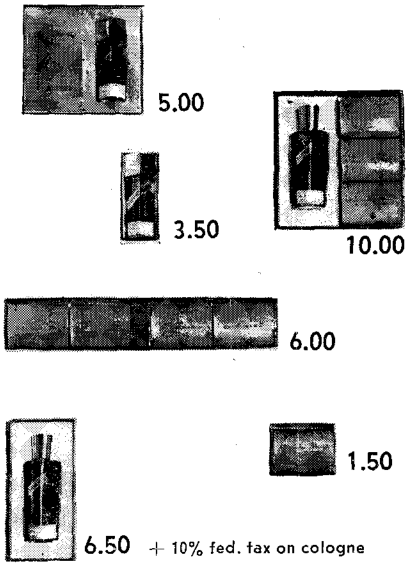

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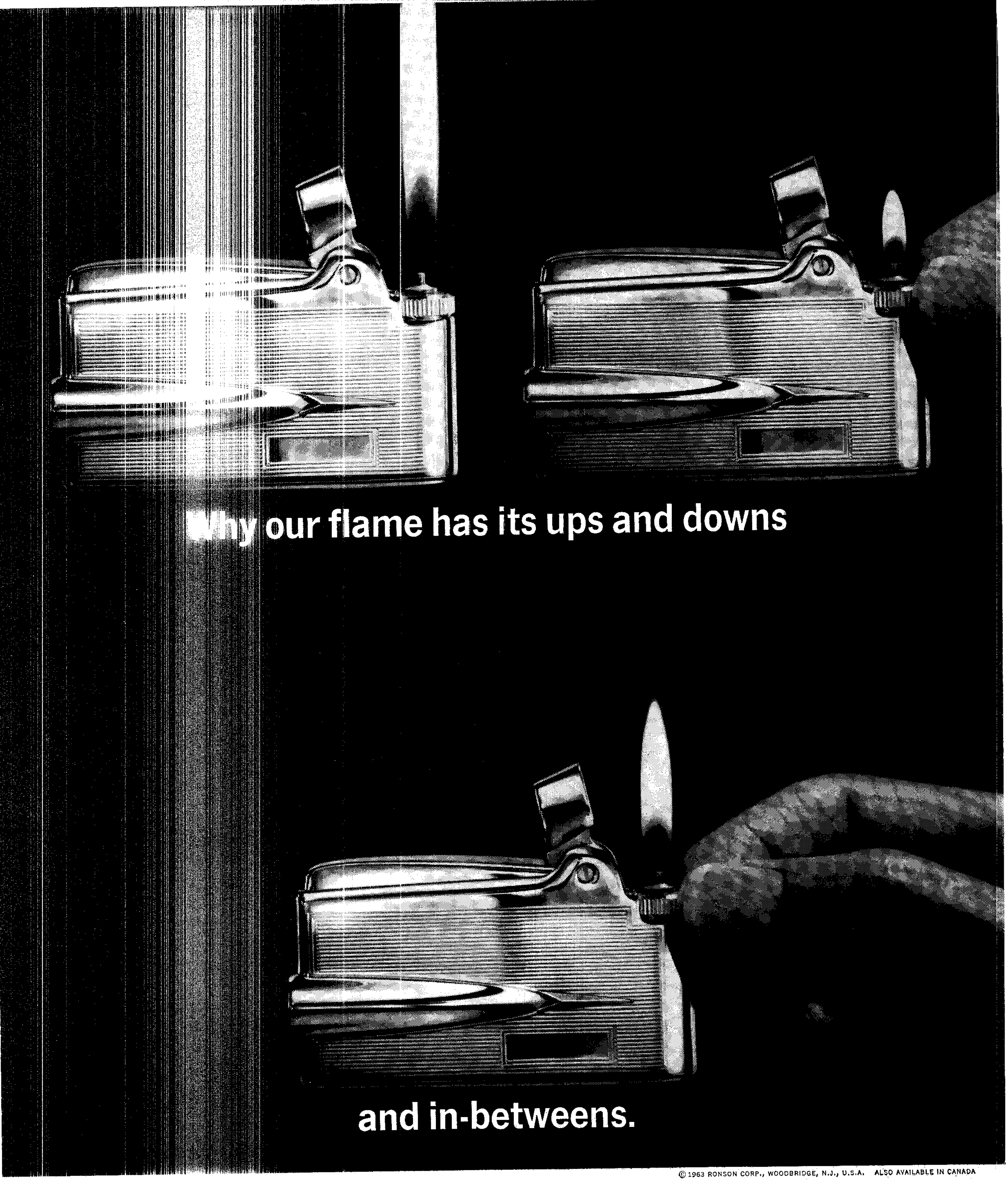

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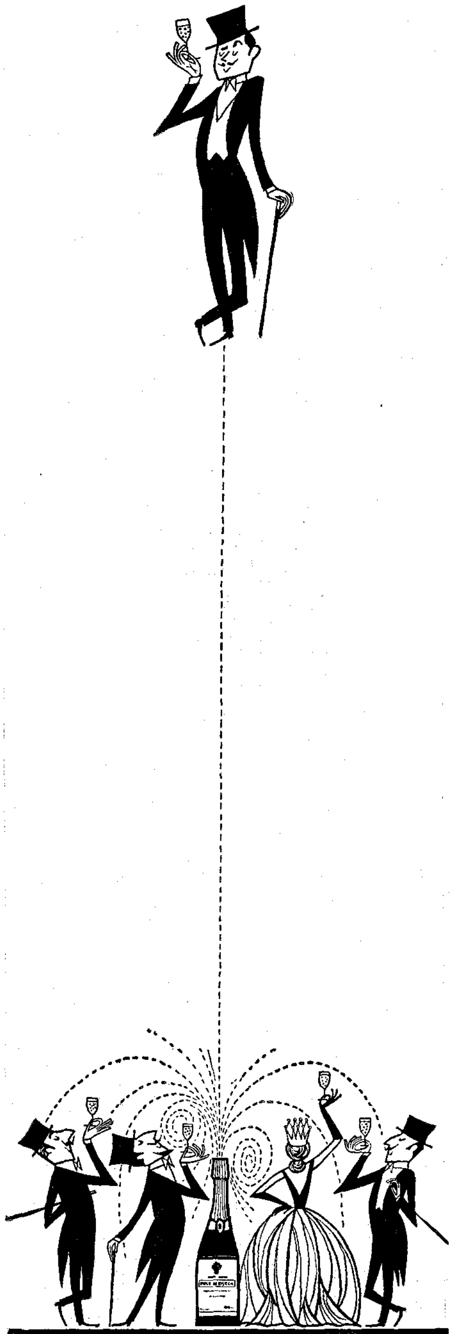

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and sulky with concupiscence. Mrs. Tredwell was amused by him again, smiled at him again; she spoke of the *noli-me-tangere* of adolescence in her husky voice. Marcus winced, drew back, and stared at her with large eyes. She said, "You're impossible!" and ignored him. Sukie was cool.

Marcus wrote Nanna, "I think of Scantuate often. It's hard to travel with people day in and day out." He found a kind of relaxation in becoming aimless and passive. He watched Sukie and Robin giggle together in Juans-Les-Pins; they walked, arms around each other, affectionate cousins. Sukie said, "He's kind to me. I feel better with him than with you." In Verona, the party went through the Castelvecchio, Mrs. Tredwell with Sukie and Robin; Marcus followed a different route through the rooms. Robin began to ridicule Marcus in public. In Venice, he said, "Tell us what you think about the view." He moved his arm in a semicircle. "What's the great man's opinion?"

Mrs. Tredwell and Sukie smiled, and Marcus said contemptuously that San Marco was like an advertising cutout—Want to feel bright? Try Brioschi.

Sukie was in love with Robin. Had always been, she said. "It was a strange—I don't know—some kind of detour or something I took with you." Robin said, "Pony, we need your help. I helped you." Sukie said, "Please, Pony, I'm not the kind of girl who can go too long without sex." She said something about being passionate. Marcus said, "Sure, I understand." He pretended to go to the movies with them, and when they sneaked up the back stairs to Robin's and Marcus's room, he wandered in the *calle* behind the Piazza San Marco until he was approached by two middle-aged, dog-faced whores and their shiny-haired pimp. Then he went off with them.

The next night, he rode with Sukie and Robin and Sukie's mother in a gondola down the Grand Canal, the moonlight and the commune's floodlights playing on the façades of palaces (dozens of gondolas laden with other tourists floated by in the dark; the water breathed its sourish stench), and Mrs. Tredwell and Sukie and Robin laughed and chattered. Marcus sat quietly. It did not matter what Sukie and Robin did. He was corrupt; he looked down on them; they were children.

MARCUS surveys the extras for the next shot—an old man in a straw hat, a shabby and badly dressed young man, a young girl who radiates disdain to keep at a distance the lusts of

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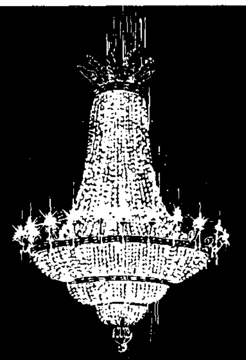

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passersby, and others who are to play the bystanders, among whom, not quite touching them, the movie is to occur. Where Oskar and Liselotte are to walk has been marked on the pavement in chalk; the camera, mounted on a dolly on tracks, holds Oskar's and Liselotte's faces and the reflections in Oskar's sunglasses (of the obelisk, a spume of leaves from the underside of the trees, the old man in the straw hat). The reflected obelisks jog up and down like inverted sewing-machine needles when Oskar strolls with Liselotte, stitching the moment with the laws of optics and history. At a signal, the disdainful girl begins to walk briskly. Her reflection appears in the lower left-hand quadrant of Oskar's sunglasses, balloons upward when Oskar's head turns to glance at her, and slides off to the right and disappears when Oskar restores his head to its former angle, parallel to his wife's.

A few weeks after the return from Europe, in the sudden quiet in Scantuate after Labor Day, Marcus went to Stedham's Moor with his camera. Sukie found him there; he looked up and saw her watching him—an ash-blond, pseudo-profound, well-bred girl standing in the gelid light, among the tall brown grasses and the rocks. "Are you going to be mean?" she asked him, a lost girl: *Who will love me? Who can I trust?* "I couldn't stand it if I thought you were going to be cold and hateful toward me."

"I'm not that kind of person," Marcus said proudly.

The scene is retaken. Between takes, Liselotte probes at her tooth with her tongue. "This is work for imbeciles, *hein?*" Marcus says to her. "No, don't look up." She tenses and petrifies with self-control. To Oskar, Marcus says, "The mouth, Oskar—emptier. You're an ordinary person, like those imbeciles"—he gestures toward the people gathered behind a barricade of sawhorses watching them—"and your emotions are not well defined. You are bored, *mon cher,* but you do not admit it too openly. Your wife is a distinguished woman—you chose her; you respect your own judgment. Do you understand?"

Oskar's face blankens slightly. "*Ja,*" he says. "*Ich verstehe.*"

They commence the next shot. Oskar takes a step, tugging Liselotte after him; Marcus thinks, The ego and the whore. The reflection in Oskar's sunglasses is first of Liselotte's forehead, then of her breasts, then the obelisk, the street, and the leaves.

How much did Nanna see? Sukie and Robin were secretive about their

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affair. Marcus never discussed his sexual adventures with Nanna. But Nanna was old, shrewd; surely she guessed. She clung tightly to his arm when they walked on the bluff. She said, "You have become an interesting-looking young man." She did not go to Florida that winter until after Christmas, but stayed in Scantuate, giving as her reason that she felt like enjoying the cold weather; but Marcus was sure it was to be near and help him. He was starting college and might get into trouble. Nanna asked him about Sukie. "She likes someone else," Marcus said evasively. "She and I are still friends." "I'm glad," Nanna said. "Gamma Foster hasn't been well. You never do your imitations any more." He saw Sukie at college from time to time. The people he knew said of her she was a very stupid girl, a snob, shallow, affected. One of Marcus's cousins (she also told him Nanna was cold and hadn't loved her husband and children. "She was crazy about her father and nursed him, and you know that kind of thing. He was one of those citizenship-mad Jews, very anxious to win awards") mentioned that Sukie had always had a reputation in Scantuate: "Definitely loose."

Work commences on the shot that will introduce the figures of Oskar and Liselotte when the film is edited. Marcus, Alliat, and the camera are ensconced on the boom. Marcus signals, and the boom rises into the air. High above Rome, Marcus and Alliat confer in whispers. Far up the street, Oskar and Liselotte begin to walk, Oskar slightly in advance—that is, Oskar walks and Liselotte is pulled. Marcus leans forward. Liselotte teeters on the vanity of her high heels. The camera sights down through the frozen surf of leaves toward Oskar and Liselotte among the pedestrians, speckled like the street with leaf shadows and bits of light, adrift, like the leaf shadows, details of the day, and as transitory. When they come to a place where the shadow is thick and unbroken beneath the trees, Marcus shouts, "*Halt!*" and Oskar, Liselotte, and the extras pause, as still as death, while the camera whirs. Marcus shouts, "March!" and Oskar and Liselotte emerge from the shadow. Oskar points from time to time, and Liselotte nods; on the sound track, Liselotte's voice, from a distance, will say, "*Ja, ist schön.*" When they pass the chalk marks of the shot before, Marcus shouts, "*Bon!* Stop! *Halt!*" and calls a retake for safety.

On autumn Saturday afternoons, Nanna walked with her cane in the

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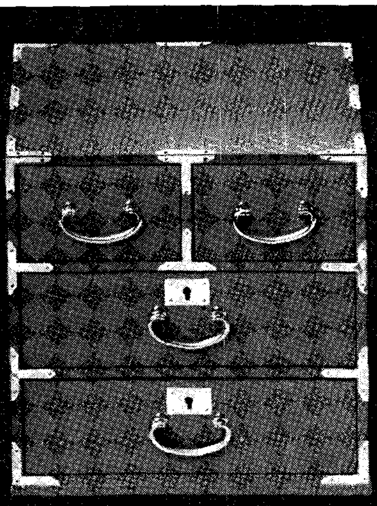

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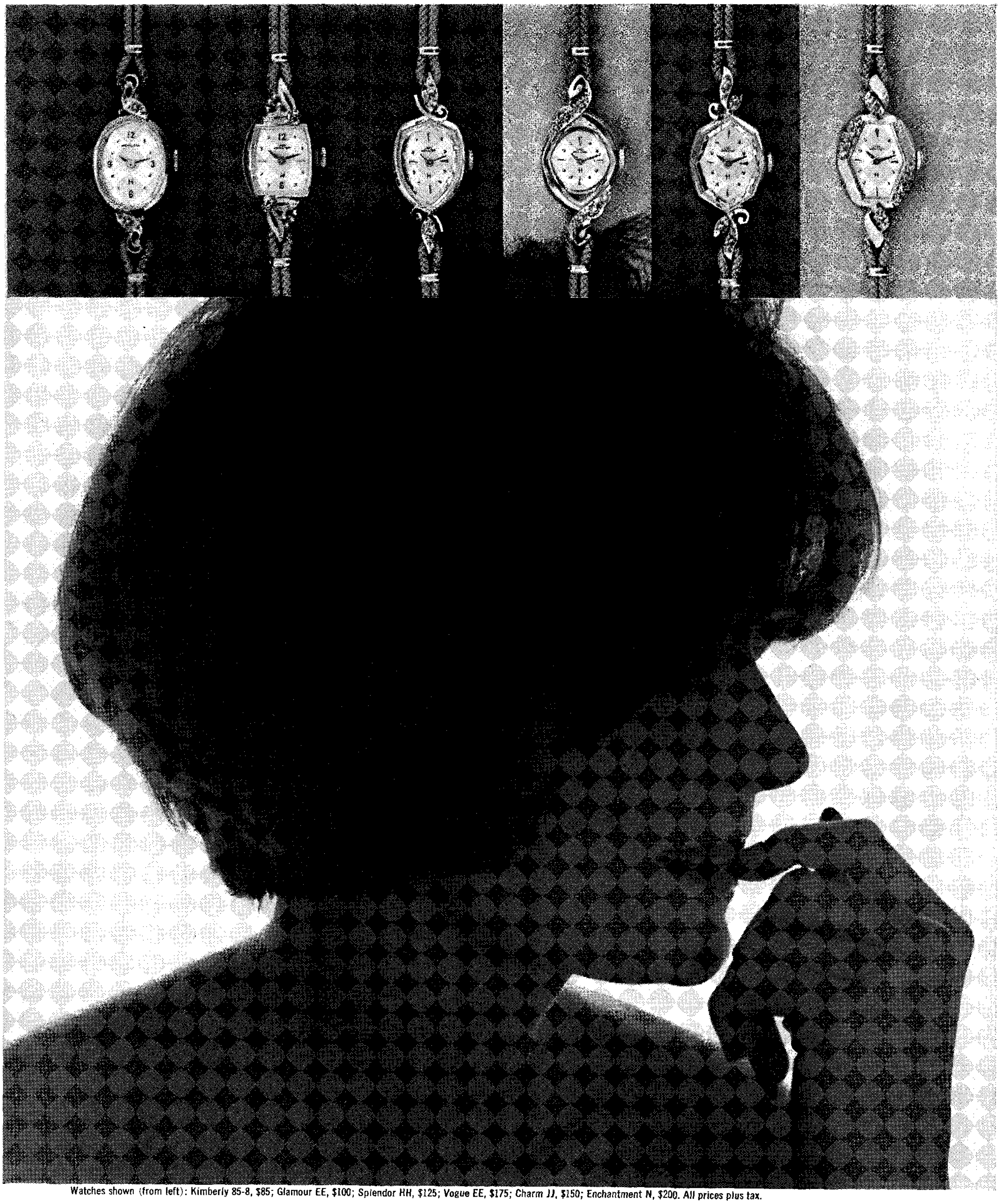

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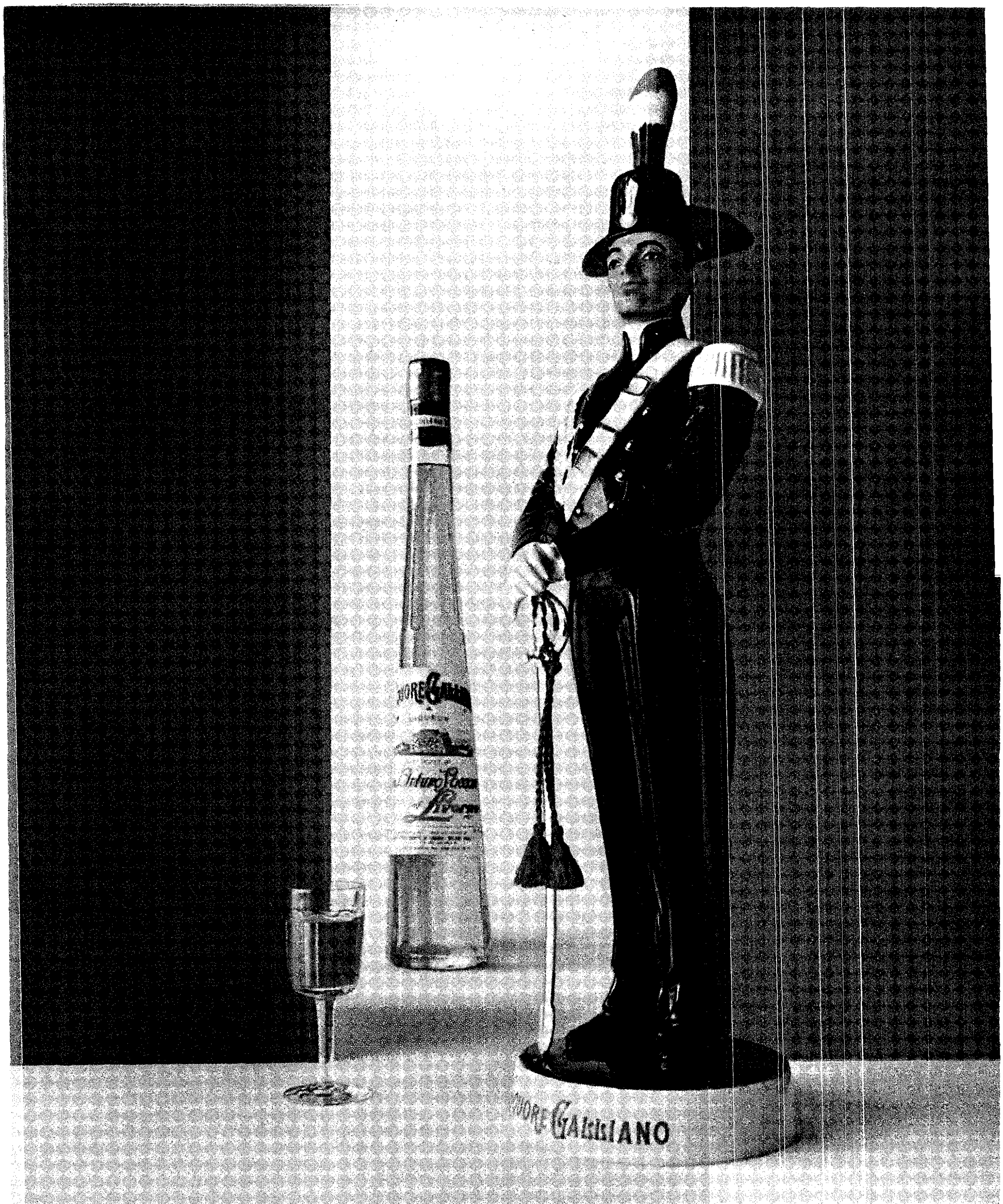

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garden. Nanna had a cyst on her leg. Marcus came down in the convertible she bought him. On the road between college and Scantuate, he left behind the life he led at college—the moods, the self-disgust, the talk, the alcohol, the girls and women, pursued without imagination or fervor but with indignation; they ought to give in. "Everything's fine, as usual," he told Nanna. That meant he was glad to see her. When Sukie and Robin were in Scantuate at Gamma Foster's, they always came to see Nanna. Nanna had become a member of their group. Nanna, who had never been demonstrative, now kissed Marcus—not frequently; when he arrived and when he left—and she held his arm when they walked in the garden. "I may fall," she said. There is no old woman among the extras, Marcus realizes, no old Roman women, only an old man in a straw hat.

Oskar tells Marcus through Whitehart's headset telephone that Liselotte is terrible, and he asks if in the next shot he should play his part as if he is acting according to a conscious plan.

Marcus thinks and says, "No. You plan, you don't plan. It doesn't matter. You do what you do anyway. I'll tell you what it's like. Excuse me, but it's like a dog. The expression in the dog's eyes when he is going to disobey a command. Is he thinking? It is his body. He smells the woods. But plot if you like. Only remember to be innocent at the same time, a man who does not plot. You have a very fine sense of life. Play it with uncertainty." Marcus, even from the boom, can see the tension in Oskar, and he is pleased. Liselotte crosses her spindly arms stiffly over her large breasts and stands pigeon-toed while Whitehart slips a pebble into her shoe. The shot will follow the ones of Oskar and Liselotte strolling and is to be taken from the boom, from above, to suggest Oskar's aloofness, his detachment from Liselotte after the disdainful girl has passed. Marcus shouts, "All right, let's go!" and Oskar tugs Liselotte, who cannot walk very well with the pebble in her shoe. She watches Marcus tearfully, and when Marcus nods, Liselotte halts with stunning suddenness, pulls back, and passes her hand over her forehead and speaks to Oskar. On the sound track her voice will say, "*Meine Füsse*"—a child near tears. "*Gut*, Lise, *gut!* No, don't look at me!" Marcus shouts. He thinks, Very good and crude: an unimaginative woman. Oskar bends his head over Liselotte woodenly, to hide his confusion about the nature of the man he is playing, and to conceal his wrath with her amateurish-

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ness. In the inclination of his head, and the way his hand touches her shoulder, he overacts—Oskar wants the scene done with and to be rid of having to deal with Liselotte. The concern he pretends has a vast adamancy, a coldness of spirit, and the grace Oskar cannot help but display in his attempt to appear a gentleman. Peremptorily the man and actor merge; he raises his arm and snaps his fingers. A taxi screeches to a halt in front of Oskar and Liselotte; Oskar helps Liselotte in, and the taxi roars in a U turn while Marcus shouts to Alliat's assistant, "*Allez oop!*" and the boom rises and dips to suggest Oskar's sensation of freedom and release, as if he were flying above the Viale Trinita dei Monte as the taxi vanishes with Liselotte in it.

That shot will be succeeded in the movie by the closeup of Oskar standing at the railing atop the Spanish Steps, smiling at Marcus's joke about Goethe and the statue. The smile will seem to the audience to be expectant—Oskar is waiting to see what reality will emerge for him from the City of the Absolute.

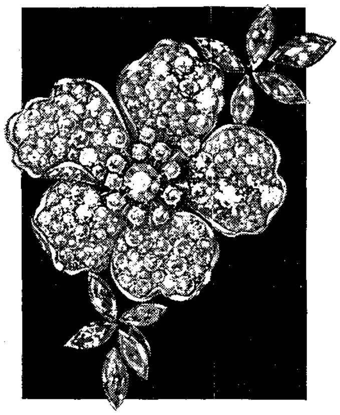
As soon as the shot ends, Oskar hurries toward Marcus, who is standing beside the boom. Oskar says, "That woman! That whore! She is stupid—an amateur." His mouth assumes a bent, paranoid smile. "You put her in the movie to make me a fool. It is a plot."

Marcus says, "Oskar, I need her. I need her for the movie."

"Why?"

Marcus shrugs. "For a touch of innocence. Of soul. She is a symbol of your soul, Oskar, *meine Liebe*." Oskar relaxes in part. "A symbol," he says. "*Ja, ich verstehe*. And I cast her off. *Ja*, I see." Marcus walks away, to end the conversation. Sweating in the sunlight, he thinks, So she's dead. How could a woman so old know so little? The minnow eyes are stilled—how strange. His heartbeat generates a haze in his chest. Whitehart, on the first landing of the Steps, a sketch in his hand, is arranging extras and instructing them in their attitudes and actions for the next shot. Marcus says to himself, "I must go down." But he knows Whitehart finds his safety in thinking he is indispensable to Marcus. Marcus tells himself, "I must give him another moment to be important."

He turns and goes down—not the Spanish Steps but the steep flight of steps that leads to the Via della Carrozze. Marcus's heart labors. He thinks it will be forty-five minutes before the sun is right for Jehane's ascent. He wants no shadows when Jehane climbs the Spanish Steps. He turns from the Via della Carrozze into the Piazza di Spagna,



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a middle-aged, heavyset man moving slowly. He says to himself, "It is the work; I take everything too seriously. The shots went well; if they had gone badly, I wouldn't grieve for her."

Clumsily, he bangs open the door of the costume trailer and steps inside. Jehane lies on a couch; her costume, a department-store dress, too short in the waist, too narrow in the shoulders, is bunched across her hips as she lies. Jehane sits up, her pale eyes like erasures in her face, and immediately, vivaciously cries, "*Mon amour!*" and asks him to pass on her makeup, only to break off with surprise—he has not been fervent with her for many months—when he presses his head into the hollow between her throat and shoulder, and murmurs, "*Tu es belle . . . tu es belle, belle, belle*," and then he raises his head, ashamed. "*Ton maquillage?*" he says, and gravely studies the face she holds atilt for his inspection. It seems to him the light whispers and weeps on her skin, and it occurs to him that once, long ago, he was more forgiving to Noreen than to his father, was always more indulgent to women than to men, to the woman in him more than to the man. He does not care now. Jehane and he discuss her makeup. She is well into her part, more than half illusion.

Marcus steps outside. Whitehart is standing near Alliat by the flower stall, and as Marcus walks toward him, the reporter and photographer from *Réalités*, who are doing a story on Marcus, intercept him. Whitehart signals that the extras are not quite ready. "I can give you a moment," Marcus says—*a gift.*

They ask him for a photograph, and while he poses expressionless in the sun, the Spanish Steps behind him, the reporter, who is a thin young man with a large nose, smiles deferentially, says, "What is the sensation when you begin the movie?"

Marcus bursts out, "It brings death closer," then he hurries on. "When I was young, it was different. *J'ai chanté*. I'd waited so long for my chance to speak. It was like when I had my first woman—one isn't careful—one feels, and then suffers when it goes wrong. The young, you know, are not *educated*. I had no technique. I felt. Though, God knows, I took the technique of feeling seriously enough. Thinking led to dishonesty. But I was wrong. The young are always wrong. They are imbeciles. They have too many lies to defend. They must go blindly or not go at all." He is embarrassed suddenly and stops, until he notices admiration in the young reporter's eyes. He

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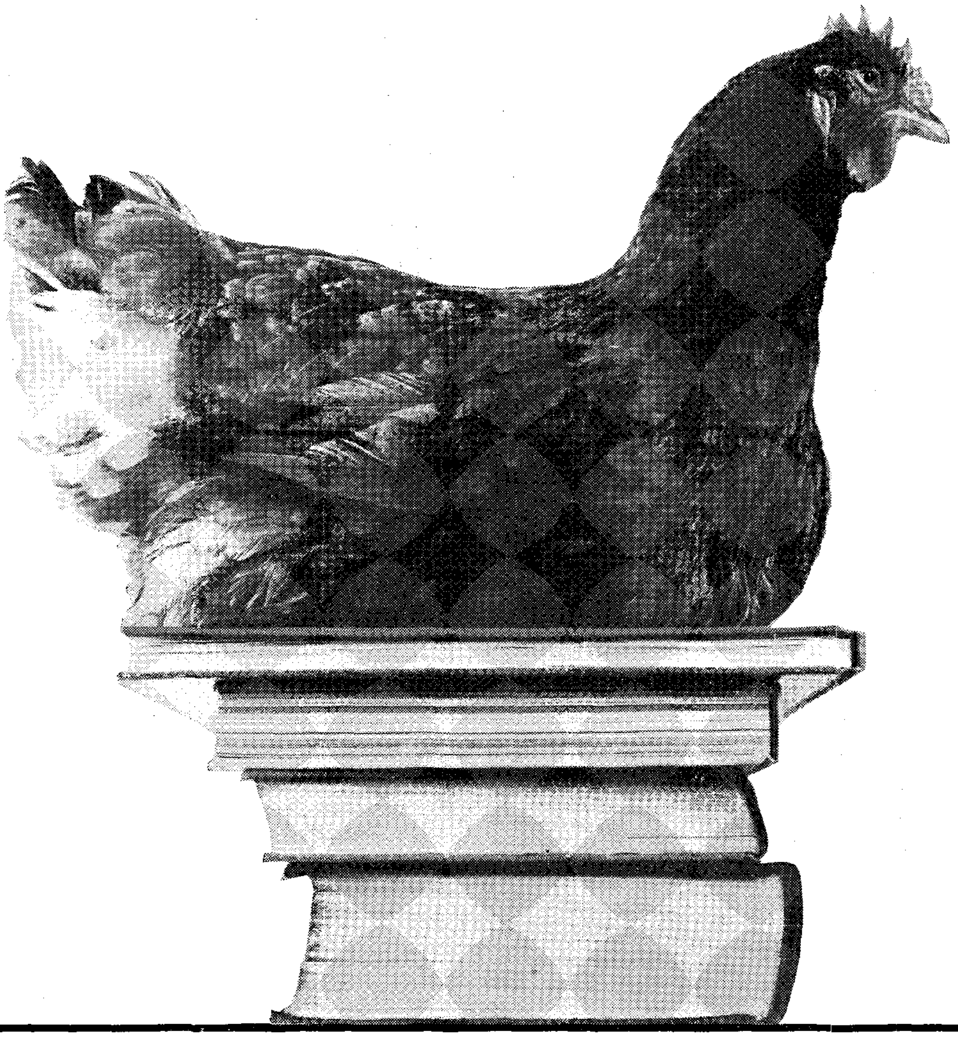

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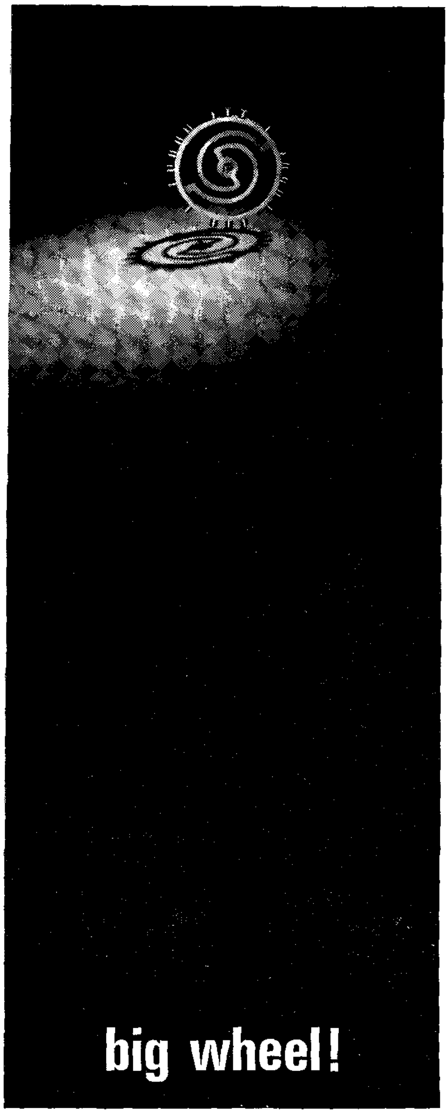

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goes on, "Now I plot everything. I am no longer innocent. I am corrupt with intentions. Sometimes I am rude when I work. I am rude because the idea insists on it, because I am in a state of ambition—do you understand?"

WHEN he came back from Europe corrupt, he found that with Nanna the corrupt part of him, which she did not know about, became insignificant. But when she bought him clothes, arranged an expensive room for him at college, a large allowance, a car, he protested, "I don't need those things. I haven't earned them."

"I want you to have them," she said. He said to himself, "I am a person who has these things." His car and the money he had to spend helped make him popular, except that he was not welcome in certain places or to certain girls after they heard his name. His classmates admired him, because he was moody, and knowledgeable about vice. He attached himself to the dramatic group and persuaded them that the way to raise money was to make a movie. "A silent. A joke. A parody of a movie. People like to be swindled." The movie had as characters Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin, Chaplin as a petty crook, Keaton as a pickpocket; the hero was a plainclothes detective disguised as an old-clothes man; the heroine, played by a boy, was, according to the subtitles, a mistress-criminal, killer, and left-wing deviate, and at the end was revealed to be Princess Margaret bored with palace life. The college-student audiences laughed, and the profits from the movie paid for a production of "Richard II," Marcus as Bolingbroke. Nanna came to a performance and said jealously, "Do you intend to make acting your life?" Sweaty and covered with makeup, Marcus cried, "I don't know! Don't be a snob, Nanna." She said, "You still have some lipstick on." She said, "I've missed you the last several weeks." She touched his arm.

Marcus lost interest in being one of a troupe of actors. He met a fierce-beaked young man named Rappaport, overweeningly stoop-shouldered, a clever, militant Jew.

"Weill? Ah," Rappaport said when he was introduced to Marcus, and smiled.

"Half and half," Marcus said, smiling back, sarcastically.

"Half and half? A half Jew is a Jew who's ashamed of being Jewish." Rappaport said, "Always some of our best people get drawn away from us—Einstein, Marx, Freud. Renegades. And what did they gain? Nothing. Noth-

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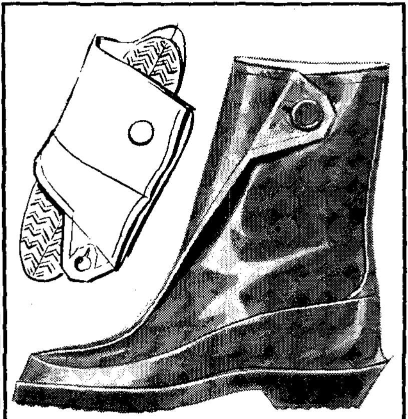

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ing plus nothing. They weren't treated like Jews? Did they finally feel they were the equals of the *goyim*? My God, tell me, were they equals before they started or not? Anyway, why talk about it with you—you're not a Jew. You're a half-and-half."

Marcus said, "My God, why make a fuss about it?"

"*They* make a fuss," Rappaport said. "Well, to be honest, we make a fuss, too."

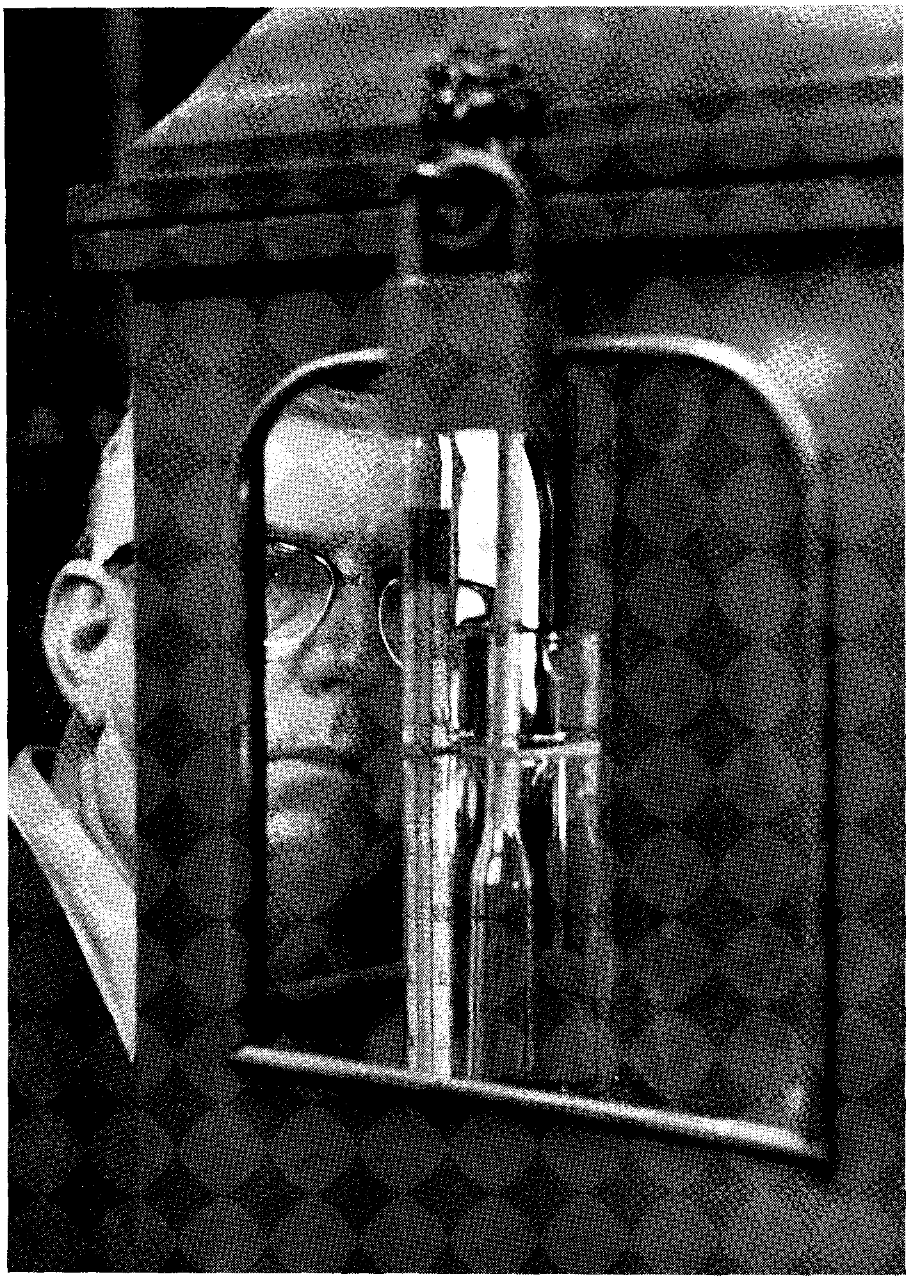
"What's a Jew?" Marcus said.

"A Jew? A Jew is a kind of man who believes in God and believes that everything is a matter of religion. You can't hide or lie about it. No saints. No divine prophets. Just prophets, and they're not always right. You have the Ten Commandments. Money can't be a God. Art can't be a God. Only God is God."

Marcus shrugged. "So what?"

"Ah," said Rappaport. "So, it's the truth, that's what. Listen, you think a *goy* can ever know the truth? You think Jesus is the Son of God? Mary was a virgin? Listen, you believe that when you're a child and you do something to your mind. A Christian could discover the Oedipus Complex? Don't make me laugh. They want to be Jews, Christians; that's the direction: from Catholic to Protestant to Unitarian. What's a Unitarian? A Jew who can get into a country club. What's a Communist? A man trying to act like a Jew without getting mixed up with God. Listen," Rappaport said, "a Jew can suffer and a Jew can think—you don't think those are advantages?" He told Marcus the Jewish hagiology.

Marcus decided to take Rappaport to Scantuate to open Nanna's eyes. Rappaport talked about the concupiscence of art: "Anything sensual is an advertisement for sex, let's face it. Take those bronze things over there. They arouse the senses." About comparative religion: "Christianity is a debased form of Judaism; the early Christians were uneducated people and added a lot of superstition. That's why we make them nervous. There they stand with the forgery in their hands." Marcus explained to Nanna, "Rappaport likes to *épater les goyim*." At dinner, Marcus, who thought that intellectual excitement improved Rappaport and made him almost beautiful, encouraged him to talk about the Jewish God. Nanna interrupted Rappaport. "I am not a believer." Rappaport said, "Don't you believe God's weight rests on the world?" "I strongly doubt it." "But think of God as the principles of physics," Marcus said, "Do, Nanna." "When I was a girl," Nanna said, "it was considered bad form to dis-



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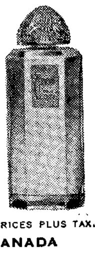

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cuss religion. Perhaps it has become quite common nowadays, but I, for one, am unaccustomed to it."

Rappaport said, "Your grandmother doesn't like me. Nobody's as anti-Semitic as some of these old Jewish ladies."

The next weekend, when Marcus was in Scantuate, Nanna asked him, "Are you cross because I didn't get on with your friend?"

"He's odd," Marcus said. "But you have to realize he's free to think whatever he wants—he hasn't anything to lose."

"What he thinks seems to me to redound generally to his advantage," Nanna said dryly.

"That's the ego—but the superego—"

Nanna said, "I'm afraid I don't understand." She said, "I'm rather an old woman and a little behind the times."

She said he looked unwell. He said he was worried about his ideas; he didn't seem to know what was what. Nanna asked if he wanted to see a psychiatrist. Marcus said no, he wanted to meet a philosopher. He said, "A greater Jew was killed in Modigliani than in Jesus."

He said at Scantuate, at the dinner table, "The whelk is safe in its shell, and then a sea gull finds it. Sea gulls are marvellous; they have thick strong bodies like little cannons, and strong red beaks. They pick the whelk up and carry it into the air. The whelk doesn't understand the visitation, the superior force that grips it. My God, he thinks, look how wonderful I am, I'm Olympian, look how high I've come, and then the sea gull drops him, usually on concrete or stone but sometimes on wood, to crack his shell so he can be eaten."

"Marcus!" Nanna cried.

"I'm not describing Nature, Nanna. I'm describing feelings and using Nature—"

"Marcus..."

Marcus said, "I'm trying to learn how to think. I've got to learn how to think. Where can I practice if not with you?"

Nanna said, "Marcus, please, talk to a psychiatrist."

Marcus said, "This isn't a neurosis, Nanna. I'm just stupid."

He didn't want a psychiatrist. What good was a psychiatrist? Did a psychiatrist know how to be a genius? A psychiatrist would not understand that being Jewish was a great truth. What did a psychiatrist know about the desire and jealousy he felt for truth, or about learning how to make oneself audible, or about anything, for that matter, except psychiatry? A psychiatrist would frown on drinking and whoring and on

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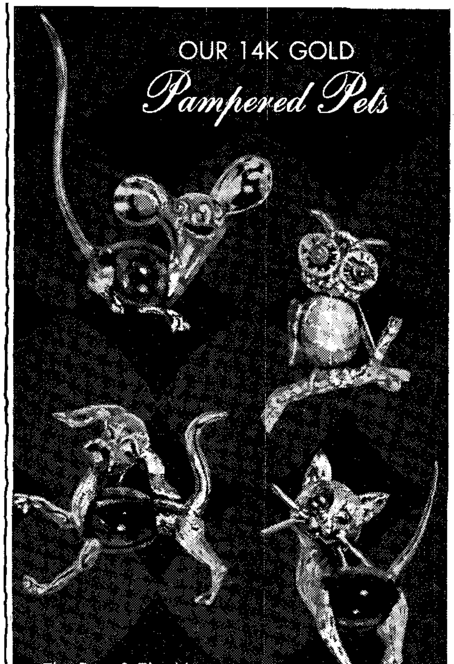

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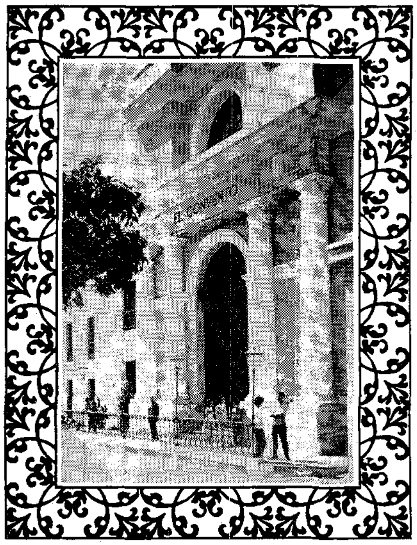

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He persuaded the dramatic group to make a silent movie, "Oedipus Rex": "Changed," he said, "to Russia in the last century. With Jews." In the movie, he had Oedipus stolen as a baby and reared in Russian Orthodoxy. The climactic scene when Oedipus learns he is Jocasta's son and a Jew showed Oedipus standing while his nose, with the aid of stop-lens photography, becomes long and hooked. The subtitle said, "Oedipus acknowledges the spirit of God." The audiences laughed.

A rabbi wrote him a note: "Your movie is very interesting, but perhaps doesn't quite touch on the real essence of being Jewish, which is largely a joyous matter."

Rappaport said, "You're a dangerous man. You get everything wrong. That kid is a godless hoodlum. You think he'd grow up without showing a few Jewish traits?"

"He was attracted," Marcus said. "He married a Jewess. He was anti-Semitic."

"You call those Jewish traits? Your Oedipus is a snob!" Rappaport shouted. "Rex, yet!"

"What do you know about it? Who made you a chief Jew?"

"Look at you, a Jew come lately," Rappaport jeered, adding, "When all is said and done, you're nothing but another hard-nosed rich."

Nanna said, "I think that obsessions and theories are only useful if they add passion to a work that already has a formal structure."

Marcus said, "I'm ordinary."

Nanna said, "I do not see that anything has occurred that we cannot take philosophically. It is not as if we'd lost all our money." And she laughed. Marcus said that he wanted Nanna to read Camus and Martin Buber and discuss them with him. Nanna said she did not have time left in her life for new philosophers; she had done her reading: "I am not a lady intellectual. You must take me as I am." She said, "Sukie is such a nice girl. Why don't you see her any more?" She said Marcus had been much more cheerful when he was seeing Sukie. She said, "Marcus, would you like a sports car?"

Marcus stayed at college for the next few weekends. He sought out Rappaport. He did not feel humiliated in Rappaport's presence. "I hate myself,"

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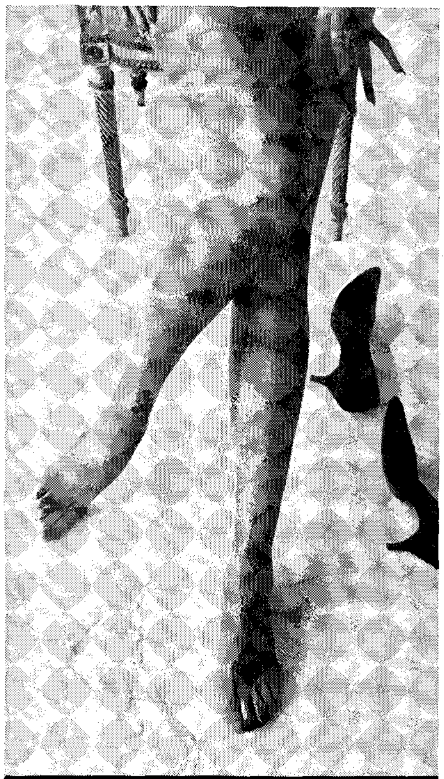

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Marcus said. He had trouble paying attention in class. "Mr. Weill," said the lecturer, "I will contribute one cent for your thoughts." Marcus did not say, "I was just thinking about how big the world is and about death." He said, "I was thinking how stupid I am," and drew a laugh.

Nanna telephoned and asked, "How long am I to be deprived of your company because you're so busy being unhappy?" She said she hadn't been feeling well. She said she'd heard from Gamma Foster that Sukie was coming to Scantuate for the weekend. "May I expect you on Friday?" she asked. Her tone was mock-humble; she was an old woman, reduced to dangling the charms of a young girl to draw Marcus to Scantuate.

Marcus said, "I'm coming to see you, not Sukie." For the first time, Marcus said to her—over the telephone it was—"I love you, Nanna."

But Sukie was there. It was April, windy, and the pulleys on the flagpole banged and clanged against the metal of the pole. Marcus and Sukie went for a walk; they took shelter from the wind on the porch of Nanna's bathhouse. Sukie said, "Robin doesn't want to let the family know about him and me. Gamma isn't well. He's afraid she'll change her will. Robin's so weak." She said, "Pony, I think Robin's awful. . . ." He remembered Sukie in Paris, and he kissed her. "You're very attractive, Pony. I guess you're not going through one of your Moses periods."

He thought afterward, This is a mistake. I don't like her. Still, politeness seemed to require him to sleep with her again on Saturday afternoon.

On Sunday, he said, "Please, for God's sake, understand—I'm sorry."

Sukie's face went gray and creased; she said, frightened, "Marcus, don't you want to see me any more?"

"My life isn't settled. God, Sukie, let's talk about something else. I'm shaking." On his way back to school, he told himself, "At least, I was kind."

Four weeks later, Sukie called from New York and said, "Marcus, I've been to the doctor."

"The doctor?"

"I'm—I'm . . ." She said with a little laugh, "You may be a father."

Marcus said to her, "Where are you calling from? What's the number where you're calling from? I'll call you back in fifteen minutes." He hung up, and grabbed a coat and slammed out of the room. He couldn't think; he went to a bar and got drunk. He spent the night in a friend's room for fear Sukie would be calling him at his own, and in the

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morning he telephoned Robin and cautiously asked—his hand was shaking, he puffed furiously on a cigarette—if Robin had heard from Sukie lately.

Robin said, "Oh, did she ask you for money? I told her I didn't have any. Hell, she has money of her own. I can't go to my parents—she's my cousin; Gamma will raise the roof; I don't know what kind of six-different-ways mess it would be. Christ, I'm a nervous wreck. Are you going to lend her the money?"

"I don't know. I'll have to borrow it from Nanna," Marcus said. "You think it's your kid?"

"Of course," Robin said testily. "What the hell!"

Marcus hung up. He admitted to himself that he had been afraid. He said to himself, "Tough, tough, tough. . . . Tough cookies," and went back to his room and showered and shaved. The phone rang. It was Nanna's companion, to say, "Your grandmother wants to be certain you're coming down this afternoon."

"Yes," he said. "I'll be d-down about f-five o'clock." His voice sounded odd to him; he hadn't stammered for a long time. He said to himself, "Keep cool." Nanna couldn't know.

Nanna was in the library. The lamps were lit. The minnow eyes would not meet his. She said, "My friend Gamma Foster spoke to me. From Boston. It would seem that her granddaughter is—is *enceinte*— by you."

Marcus, his forehead damp, stood with one foot thrust out, as if casually. Suddenly he put his hand over his eyes. "Tough," he said. "Tough."

Nanna exclaimed, "Marcus!"

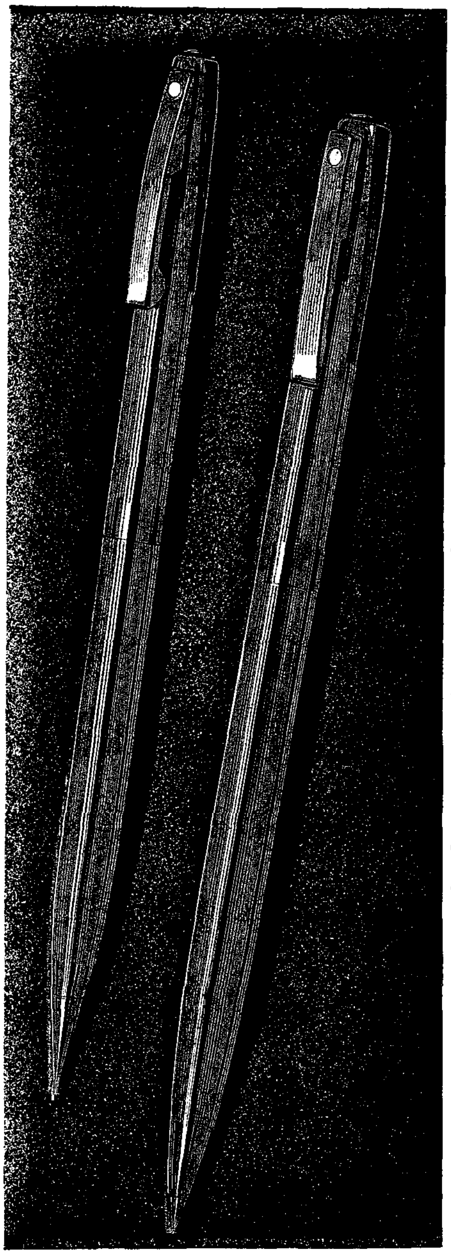
"Hell, it's probably not my kid. You don't know about Sukie. She's nothing but a—"

"Marcus!" Nanna said. "Don't be ugly."

Then Marcus realized that Nanna wanted him to marry the girl.

"Nanna! She's—it's t-true!" he exclaimed. Nanna's eyes were averted. His head went forward the length of his neck to bring his mouth closer to Nanna and give his words more force. "Nanna," he said, "you don't know her. She's trying to get away with—to g-get away with— She's t-try—" He couldn't get on with the sentence.

"I did not expect you to act like this," Nanna said. She said the Weills were not light people. She said Gamma Foster knew and trusted their honor. Her voice darkened when she said, "Your appetites are not uncontrollable." She said she and Gamma Foster could give Marcus and Sukie a small allowance, "and



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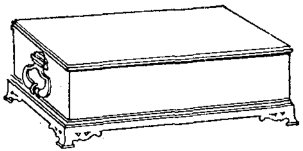

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6. **Make the cuvee or blend.** Wines from different areas in the District have different characteristics. They must be properly married to produce a properly balanced champagne. This is a sensitive task. It calls for a lifetime of working with the grape – and an extraordinary gift for tasting – to judge how new wines will taste five years hence. Mme. Jacques Bollinger, head of this old family firm since the death of her husband in 1941, continues the family tradition of personally supervising the making of the cuvee.

7. **Make sure the bottle is sturdy.** Champagne must sparkle. Secondary fermentation takes place in the bottle and pressure builds up to 110 lbs. per square inch.

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12. **Disgorge the sediment.** This is tricky. After riddling, the neck of each bottle is frozen. The cellar cork is released and takes the frozen sediment with it.

13. **Examine the foam.** After disgorging, Bollinger makes sure the champagne has a perfectly clean bouquet. Another caution for quality.

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you could spend your summers here with me."

When she was silent, Marcus, very conscious of his posture, with no intention of being cruel but trying to bring her to her senses so she could listen and he would not be so angry and so lonely, said, "Nanna, this is crazy. You're being crazy—this is all crazy."

Nanna slipped past his voice. "A gentleman would not refuse to talk to a girl after he's— Gamma Foster said— That's not how I understand a gentleman—"

"Like y-you and my f-father with N-noreen!" he exclaimed. (Not "Nanna, be fair" or, "Nanna, you're unjust.") He was upset by the note of accusation in his voice. He tried to be politely ironic, superior, to show how good his manners were, that he was a gentleman. "One of us is d-dreaming," he said. Nanna's face was appalled, rigid with distaste, dismay, and the desire not to hear. He looked at her, to hold her eyes while he reasoned with her. "L-listen," he said. "Use your head. Wh-why did Gamma Foster go to you, anyway? Th-they h-have enough m-money to p-pay for an a-abortion without your help. What made her think I'd be interested in marrying Sukie? I've shown no signs of it up until now. They're playing you for a sucker—a Jewish sucker."

Nanna said, "This is disgusting."

Marcus blinked. He let his breath out. He said, "Have it your way." He turned on his heel and left the room.

He told Cook he would not be in for dinner, and drove back to college. He sat in his room and drank. The telephone rang at intervals, but he ignored it. Around midnight, he took off his clothes and lay down and cried. Then he put on a robe. He sat by the window and thought. The housemaster came to his door. "Your father is very worried," he said. "I think you'd better call him." Marcus shaded his eyes with his hands to conceal the reddened lids. "It's all right," Marcus said. "I'll call him now. Don't worry, I'm all right."

The housemaster waited while Marcus spoke to the long-distance operator and then when Marcus said to his father, "Hello, it's me," he left the room.

Marcus said, "Please let's not have a long t-talk. I just called to say I've decided to go into the Army."

His father said, "Oh, Marcus."

Marcus said, "If you t-try to stop me, I'll go c-crazy—O.K.?"

His father said, "Marcus, it's time you faced the fact you have a few responsibilities. Nanna is terribly upset."

Marcus said, "Nanna c-can cheer

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herself up—she can go have a n-nice long chat with G-gamma Foster. Look, I'm not in a m-mood to talk."

His father said, "Do you realize how much you owe Nanna?"

"Well, why don't you p-pay it back for me," Marcus said. He shouted, "It's not my child! You can all go to hell!"

There was a silence. His father said, "I see. All right, Marcus. Maybe the Army's best right now. Let's leave it at that."

"Yes, sir," Marcus said. "G-give my best to your family."

At first, in the Army, he suffered from moments of fright, defiance, and remorse. Then he began to forget. Sometimes he felt that his skull had become a darkened, quite silent movie theatre; what his mind thought and senses saw appeared in the very center of his attention, easily decipherable, distinct. Nanna sent him a Christmas card and a check—no note—and he mailed the check back to her.

The Army put him in the Signal Corps, and stationed him at an airbase in France. He became highly popular with the other men in his unit. They took up his habit of referring to certain officers, and to the Army itself, as Grandmother: "Grandmother wants this in triplicate. . . ."

When the Army released him, he migrated to Paris. His sexuality proved valuable; Paris took him in and gave him adventures. After a while, he turned against the life he was leading and became the guardian and ward of his work. He put together a small serious movie, and his career and reputation began. When, after eleven years, he saw Nanna and spent a week with her in Paris, he thought, How Euclidean—she does not know how to behave with me. He himself was helpless with irony. He thought, I can't fend off death for her. I haven't time. That's how Marcus saw the story.

HE says to the reporter, "You see, when I was a young man I thought life was—was wet, a liquid thing, like the ocean. I didn't know I didn't mean life but only childhood. I thought a man had no leverage and had to swim all his life—currents, tides; one floated and was swept here and there. But then you come to dry land. One knows what one is doing. One makes decisions." He breaks off; it is nearly noon. He has been keeping track of the position of the sun and the quality of the light. Now the sun is striking almost directly downward on the walls of buildings. The glass of the shop-windows ripples with reflections of

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traffic. The palms rustle like flags overhead, and the brilliant Roman light, so different from the light in Scantuate, pours heavily upon walls, glass, birds gliding like fish in the air. Marcus says, "Dry land. I'll tell you something terrifying about life—it makes sense." He has been keeping track of the sunlight. He says, "Excuse me. It's time for the next shot" as flatly as if he has not been on a flight of emotion, and walks off.

He calls Whitehart and Alliat to him, says, "The sun's right. Let's get moving, boys and girls." He is crying.

"What is it?" Alliat asks in French.

"My grandmother. She was such a stupid woman. Let's go. . . ." Everyone is dispatched to his position.

Marcus and Alliat seat themselves on the boom, and the boom rises. "Jehane comes from the Sistine Chapel as from her mother's womb," Marcus says. Alliat nods and sights the camera. The streets open to Marcus's eye as the boom reaches its greatest height. Halfway down the Via Condotti, Jehane starts to walk. In a white kerchief and sunglasses, she walks in the Roman sunlight. Two boys, extras—unwashed, skull-eyed, large-mouthed—racket on a motor scooter past her, shouting, "*Ciao! Bella!*," then an obscenity. Jehane flinches and walks on. She comes to the curb and makes her way out into the stream of traffic. She breaks into a trot, nears the camera, starts up the Spanish Steps—the stone waterfall. She climbs past the extras, who enact their assigned motions, to the stretch that has been cleared and waits deserted in the sunlight. She moves farther from the street, Rome, the camera; alone on the wide baroque sweep of the Steps, she climbs. She climbs with indignation, in solitude. The bystanders grow quiet. They stand silent and involved. Marcus sighs. She mounts, and it is the human spirit mounting. He presses his hands together. A stillness accompanies her ascent. Does Jehane enjoy silence as acclaim? She climbs—ah, the successful aerialist—and reaches the landing, where she will meet Oskar descending. —HAROLD BRODKEY

•

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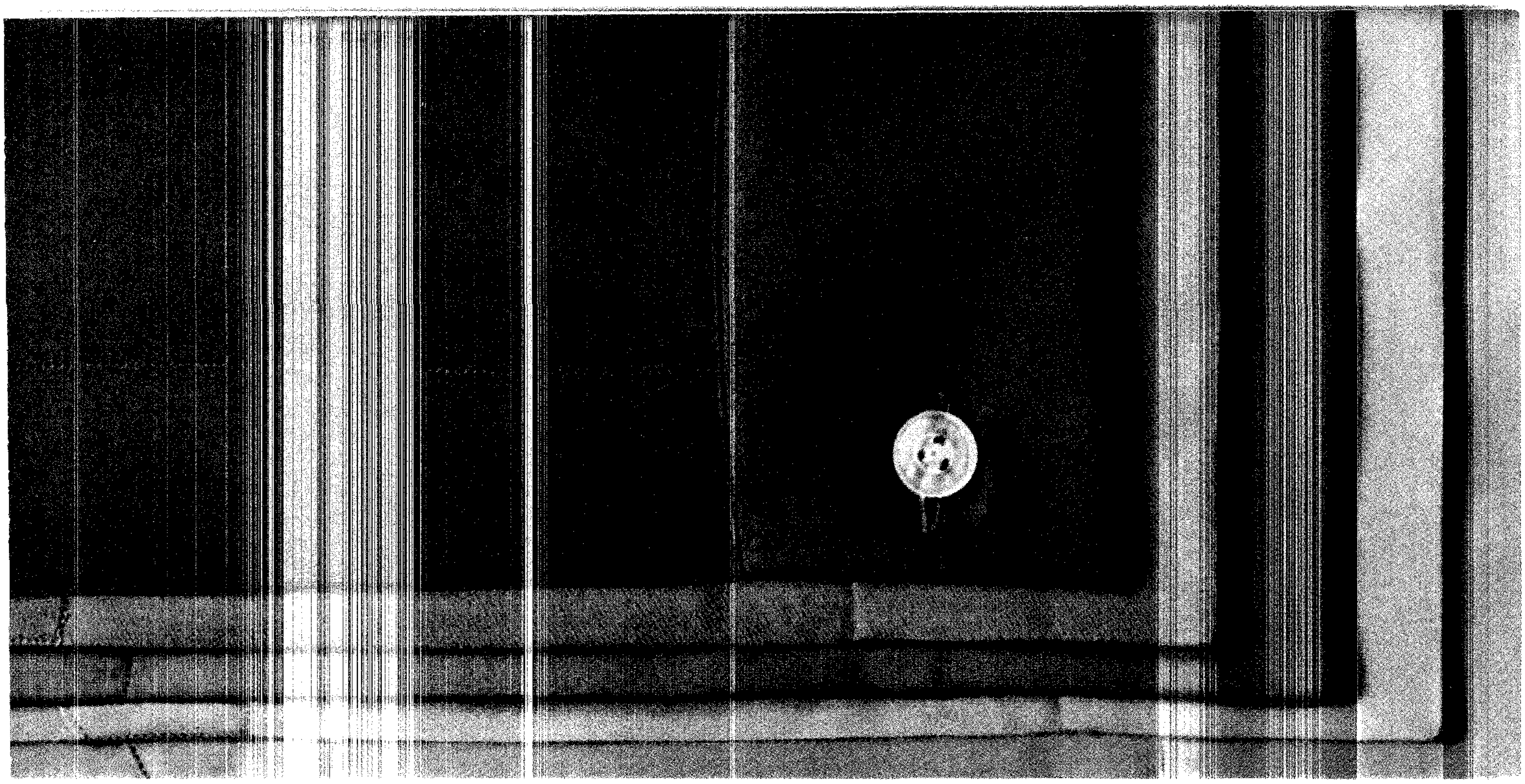

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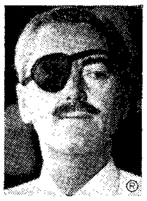

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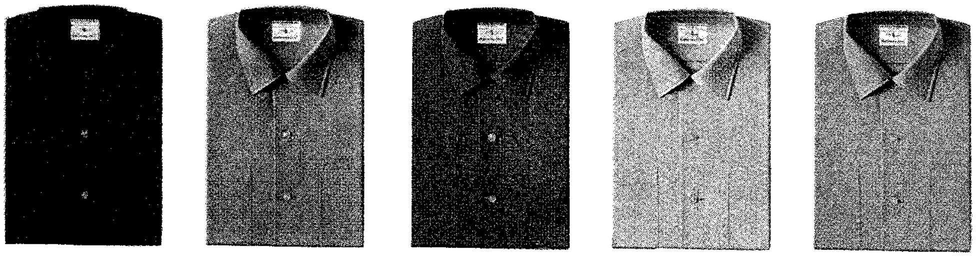

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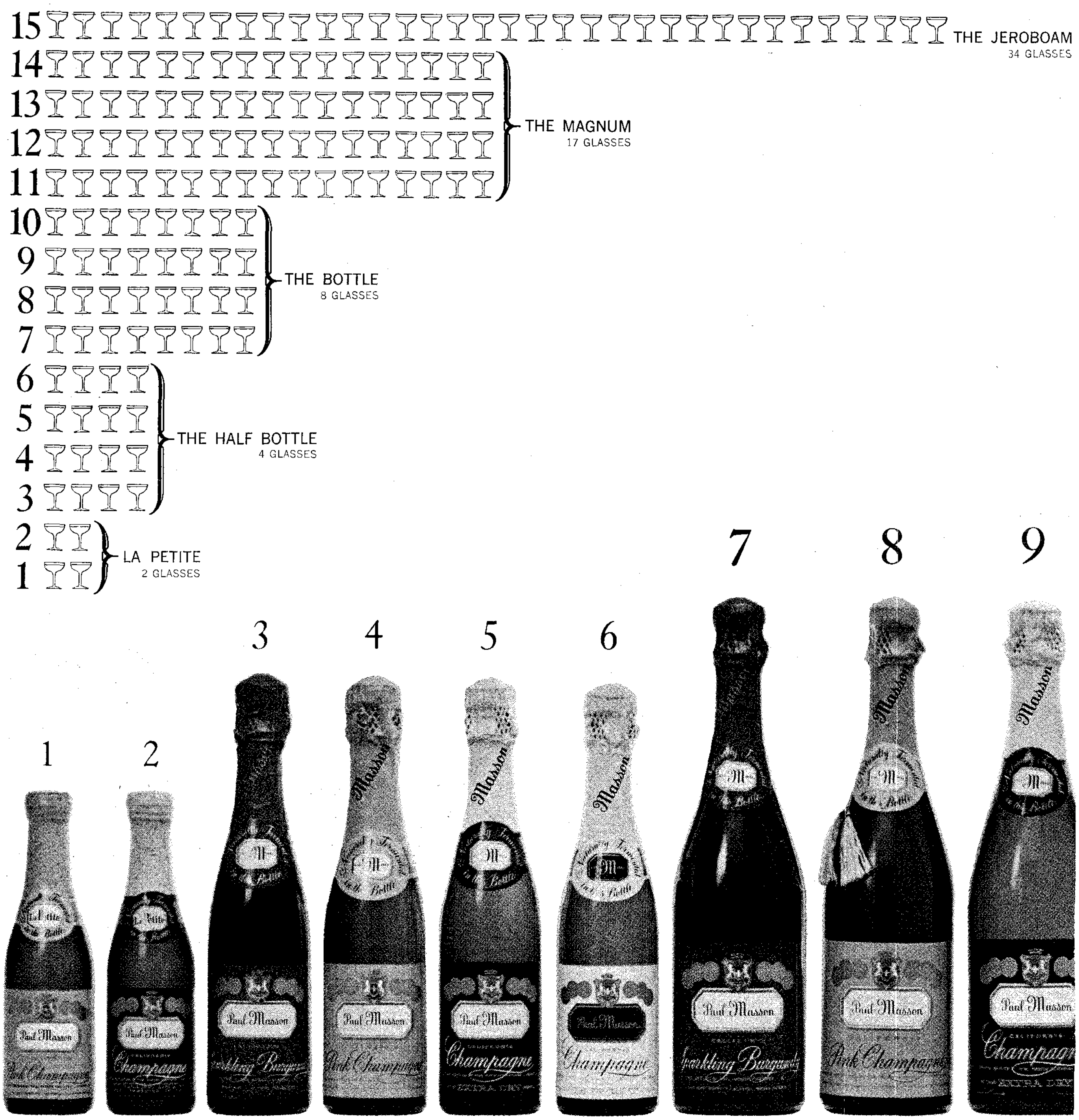

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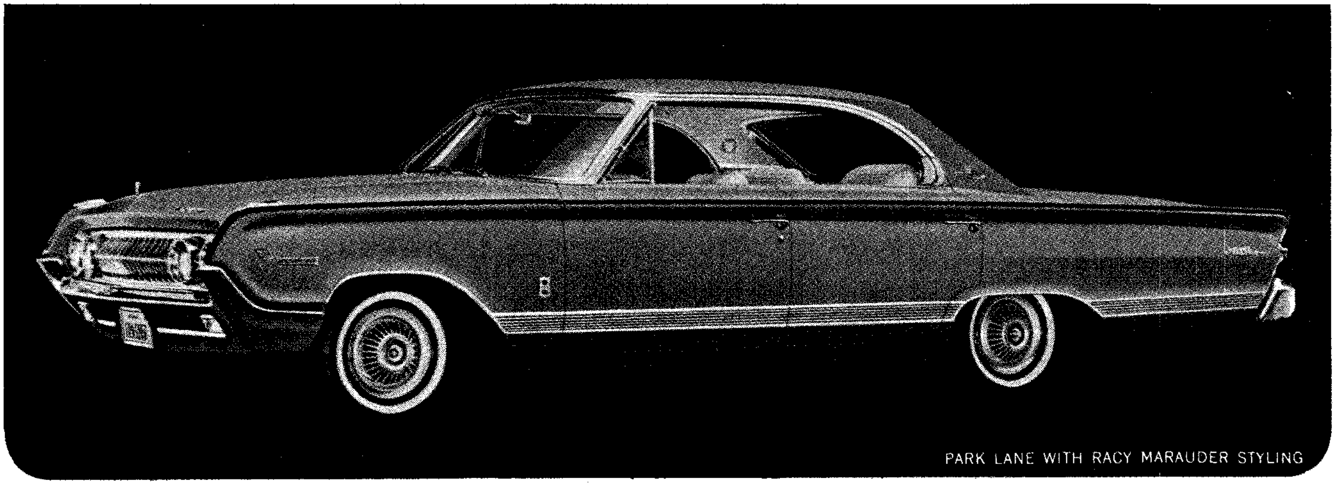

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THE THEATRE

PSYCHIATRY, ANYONE?

THERE may be the germ of a dramatic idea in the proposition employed to keep "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (at the Cort) moving along, which is that if the patients in an insane asylum—to use an old-fashioned term—were given their eccentric heads, they might create a much more interesting social scheme of things in these conformist times than their warders ever could. It would take a knowing, compassionate, perceptive, ironic, and enormously skillful playwright to make this germ sprout, and it is unfortunate that Dale Wasserman, who dramatized "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" from a novel by Ken Kesey, has none of the necessary attributes. As he introduces his afflicted characters—victims of every dementia from praecox to senile—he periodically invites us to chuckle at their ailments, and when he bounces his presumably sane but possibly manic-depressive hero onstage, he has a fine time proving that psychotherapy is, by and large, the bunk. I have used another old-fashioned word here because old-fashioned words seem appropriate to Mr. Wasserman, who approaches psychiatry as brashly as Westbrook Pegler once approached physics. (Mr. Pegler dismissed the Einstein theory as a lot of academic nonsense because it wasn't clear to him.) Mr. Wasserman has set his play in a ward of a mental hospital in the Pacific Northwest that is supervised by a nurse who is cold, mean, vindictive, and arrogant to all outward appearances but who smolders inwardly like a Bessemer converter. Into this woman's life and ward comes one Randle P. McMurphy, a statutory rapist, gambler, and war hero who has ducked out of a six months' rap at a state penal farm by convincing the authorities that he isn't well in the head. On arriving at the asylum, he immediately sets about proving to the inmates that they should organize against the nurse, and before you know it he has—with a few friendly words and a hearty handshake—made a catatonic Indian as voluble as Senator Dirksen, induced a nervous male virgin to agree to an assignation with a tart he has smuggled into the asylum, led a revolt to have television in the afternoon, when the patients are scheduled to rest, and taken bets that he can easily chip away the icy façade of the frigid and implacable nurse and make her his own. For all his big talk and his manipulations, however, he loses out in the long pull when the nurse, who wants a proper discipline in her mental institution, orders a frontal lobotomy done on him, which ends his carryings-on abruptly. It is possible that a head nurse can make life easy or difficult for the patients under her scrutiny, but I very much doubt whether even in a goat-gland clinic any nurse could conceivably be permitted to order major operations the way this one does. The acting throughout this preposterous business is energetic, particularly that of Kirk Douglas, who plays the anti-Establishment agitator. As for the others on view, I guess Joan Tetzel, as the villainous nurse, and Ed Ames, as the Indian, deserve an A for effort.

LET us now move on to a study of a financial megalomaniac. The study in question is Terence Rattigan's "Man and Boy," at the Brooks Atkinson, and it has to do with the last days of a character similar to Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king, who made a lifework out of proving the gullibility of bankers. The avatar of Kreuger in this affair is a dubious Rumanian who is endlessly loquacious and such a cad that he is ready to tease a homosexual financier with the charms of his illegitimate son. The action of the play takes place in a Greenwich Village apartment, where the aforesaid bastard is living in sin with a doxy better looking than most, and to which our entrepreneur repairs when he is close to being apprehended as a cheat, bounder, and swindler. There is a spate of high-finance chatter in "Man and Boy," none of which I understood, and there is also a tendency on the part of Charles Boyer, who portrays the pseudo-Kreuger, to pitch his voice so low that it is hard to follow what he is saying. Maybe that's just as well, to judge from what I did manage to hear.

BERTOLT BRECHT'S "Arturo Ui," a wrong-end-of-the-telescope view of the celebrated paranoiac Adolf Hitler, which was written in 1940, was given a brief airing at the Lunt-Fontanne last week, collapsing after seven performances. Brecht's conceit in this one is to reduce Hitler and his minions to the proportions of a Chicago gangland outfit determined to take over the cauliflower trade and perhaps the whole vegetable market. As you can imagine, the satire in the piece is heavy-handed, and this interpretation, which was adapted by George Tabori and directed by Tony Richardson, did not improve upon the original, what with Christopher Plummer, as Hitler (or, if you will, Arturo Ui), sloping about in the manner of Groucho Marx, and the others in the cast—representing under various outlandish guises Göring, Goebbels, Roehm, von Hindenburg, and the like—behaving with equal cuteness. The staging of the thing was highly agitated, which I'm told is the way the East Berliner Ensemble, founded by Brecht, still does it. *Chacun à son goût.* —JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Dead Souls

THERE are three characters in Jean Genet's "The Maids," which has been revived on the arena stage of One Sheridan Square—two sisters, Claire and Solange, who are servants, and the woman they work for, designated simply as Madame. The sisters live in a world of malignant daydreams composed of the meagre ingredients of their threadbare existence and empty heads—their loathing and jealousy of Madame and Monsieur, their strong, ambivalent feelings for each other, their brief encounters with the milkman, and the kicks they get from reading true-detective magazines. Almost the entire play (a non-stop hour and a half) is devoted to these daydreams, which the sisters act out together with ritualistic intensity, and which they are propelled into by the force of their hatred. Much of the time, they take turns impersonating Madame (or their hate-blurred image of her); sometimes they impersonate each other, switching names and identities; and sometimes they pretend to appear in police court, swearing to follow Monsieur to whatever penal colony he is sent to. Before the play opens, Solange has almost strangled Madame in bed but lost her nerve, and Claire has framed Monsieur with anonymous letters to the police accusing him of theft, and he is in jail. In the midst of one of their awful games, he phones to leave a message for Madame that he has been released and will meet her at a bar. They instantly decide to poison her by putting phenobarbital tablets in her tea. When she comes in, they try unsuccessfully to suppress the news, but she knows that someone has called (the receiver is still off the hook) and pries the message out of them. Refusing the tea, she goes to join her husband, and though the sisters realize that they are cooked, they *still* cannot snap out of their make-believe world long enough to plan their escape. We leave them where we found them, in Madame's dressing room, Solange staring straight ahead and Claire with the cup of drugged tea at her lips.

At first, I thought "The Maids" sporadically fascinating and rather spooky, but then, as time went on, duller and duller. Since stifling monotony is a dominant element of the play, one of the basic problems for the director and the actors alike—unsolved in this case—is how to suggest it without actually reproducing it. One way, it seems to me, would have been to seize every opportunity for contrast. The personalities of the girls may, and do, seem *interchangeable* to them, but there is no reason they should seem so to the audience. Madame, when she makes her entrance, proves to be no mean fantasist herself, dreaming of bent-kneed pilgrimages to penal colonies, but the difference between the two girls and her is that they are, to use Genet's word, "monsters," and she is just a damn fool. That could be made clear and is not—same empty eyes, same artificial voice. There are, too, hints here and there of irony or willful humor in the script that just went by the board; the sombre mood is numbingly sustained throughout. "The Maids," it seems to me, is simply a minor black comedy, and need not be performed so reverentially. On the other side, except for that undraped telephone, I saw no indications of fakery or of any psychological missteps in the script. I can think of no play, though, that is less suited to the enforced intimacy of arena theatre.

Claire, Solange, and Madame are played by Kathleen Widdoes, Lee Grant, and Eunice Anderson. All of them seem interesting and promising, but *none* of them has as yet the presence or the style or, perhaps, the training for

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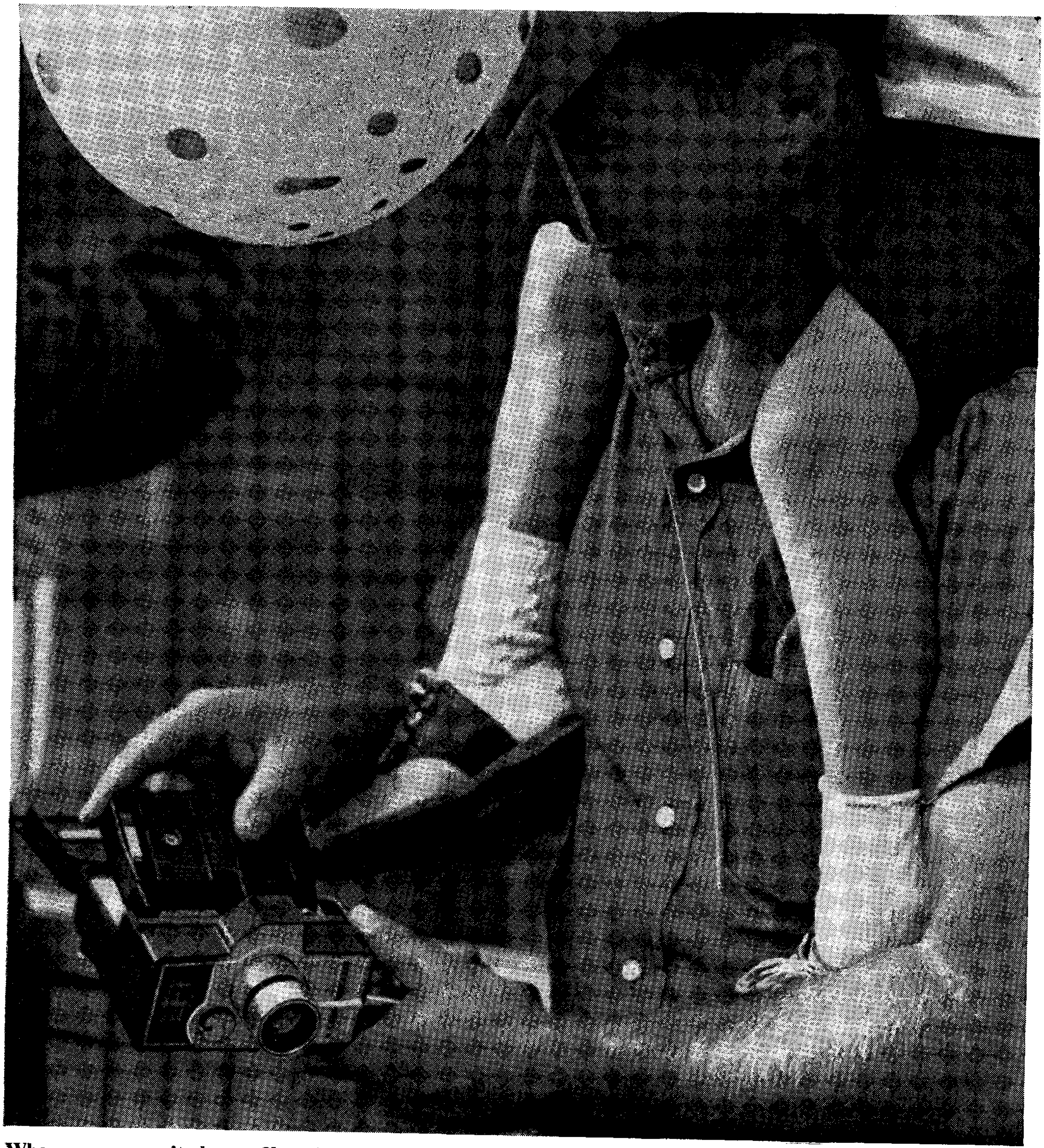

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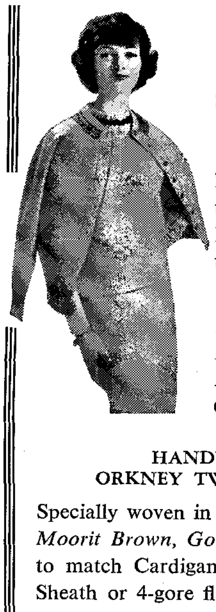
such a stylized production. The director is Aldo Bruzzichelli.

PAUL SAND, a Second City alumnus with the rare ability to act and spoof a part at the same time, is now appearing to advantage at the Theatre de Lys in a rather sentimental work called "Journey to the Day." He is cast as an effeminate and unsuccessful actor who is one of six mental patients in group therapy at a state hospital. When we first meet him, he is so wound up that his talk is an all but incoherent babble of the patter of his trade and of technical movie jargon, and the movements of his hands would stop an ornithologist cold. As he calms down, from session to session, Mr. Sand manages to suggest the kindness and impulsive generosity of the young man, which are as much a part of the character as his silliness, and also manages, because he is a dead-shot mimic, to be quite funny about it. Each scene of the play is a meeting of the group, with a couple of doctors' meetings thrown in. The time consumed is about two months. The other patients are a youngish woman who has tried to commit suicide and tends to finger her hair, look sly, and quote French verse to an alarming extent; a travelling salesman, as nasty as they come, who hurts everyone's feelings with a steady flow of bum wisecracks; a gloomy and irritable middle-aged woman; a sixteen-year-old boy who is under the twin illusions that the hospital is poisoning his food and that his mother comes to see him; and another woman, who is so badly off that she does not speak or move. The doctor in charge is a Brazilian, here on a visit. Everyone is feeling somewhat better at the final curtain.

I must say that I deplore the current tendency to make psychiatric case histories take the place of playwriting. It is too easy, too pat. Most of us know by now that the chief difference between mental patients and ourselves is one of italics, and off-the-rack theatre exploiting this ready-made recognition is a mockup of the real thing. But, having said all that, I must also admit that from time to time I found myself affected by the play. Mr. Sand's performance is worth the trip to the Village—*the other performances range from quite* good (Flora Campbell and Michael Baseleon) to downright shaky—but the play itself, for all its peephole interest, has a tinny ring.

THE best that can be said for the script of "Telemachus Clay," by Lewis John Carlino, is that it is harm-



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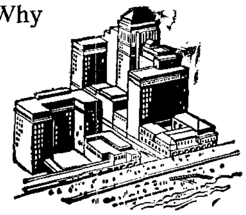

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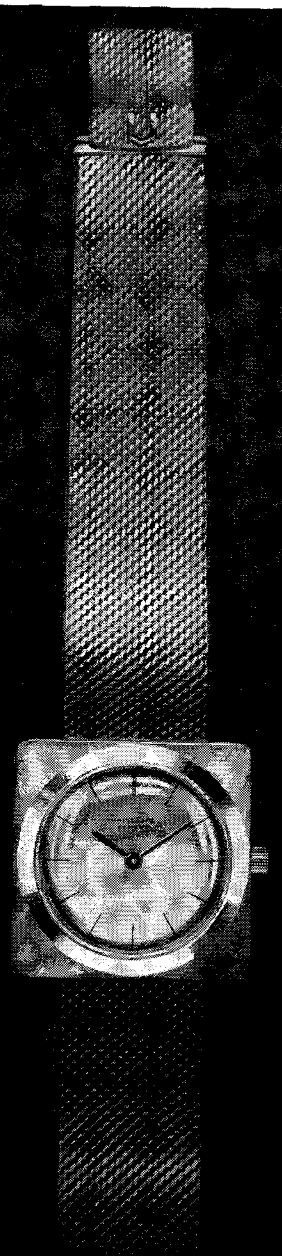
less in a tiresome and vulgar kind of way. Considerably more can be said for the production at Writers Stage—certainly at the preview that I saw. The show is billed as "A Collage for Voices in Two Acts." There are eleven players in the company, ten of whom sit throughout the action on stools lined up across the stage, each with a standing lamp behind it. In front of the stools is an armchair for a narrator, who also doubles in one of the parts. The actors face front most of the time, even when they are meant to be talking to each other. All of them, except for the young man cast in the title role, play many parts. The lines are mostly windy-poetic or squalid-explicit.

The Telemachus of mythology was the son of Odysseus and Penelope. According to the "Oxford Companion to Classical Literature," "Homer represents him as diffident, lacking his father's energy and decision." That will do nicely for the current Telemachus, who certainly seems to be lacking something. His father, by the way, could have been any one of four itinerant farm workers who shared a field with his mother one sunny day. Between the time we meet him as a boy, in his home town of Downville (a kind of Midwestern Peyton Place, milkwoodly described by all present), and the time we leave him kerouacking down the road in the rain, he has been to Hollywood and there been exposed and subjected to every conceivable kind of corruption. And why is this diffident young man thus pillaged, seduced, and exploited? Because of his basic, burning urge to sell a story to the movies. The story, in case you care, is about the end of the world, and there are just these two people left, a man and a woman . . . It is turned down by The Studio. In the Hollywood scenes, the rhetoric is punctuated with the brutal come-ons and cynical wisecracks expected of fictional southern Californians.

The performances of all concerned, under the direction of Cyril Simon, seemed just right to me. I especially admired Carolan Daniels, as a girl who is deserted by the sensitive hero when she is pregnant, and Scottie MacGregor, Lew Horn, and Mitchell Jason in an assortment of parts. John Tracy does what can be done with the almost unplayable Telemachus. Jules Fisher's lighting is extraordinarily effective. As for the "Collage" itself, in spite of all the jokes and verbal horseplay, it is entirely humorless, and in spite of the unusual method of presentation, it is as hackneyed, in point of view and every other way, as anything in town.

—EDITH OLIVER



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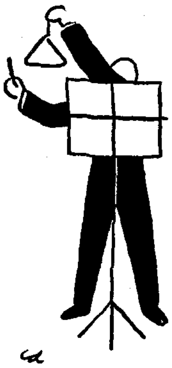

CONFIRMED Wagnerites, among whom I number myself, are a hardy lot. They will pack the Metropolitan Opera House to capacity for even what seems sure to be an inferior performance of "Götterdämmerung," fill in its imperfections with memories of better performances, and go away, after four and a half hours of intense concentration, whistling Siegfried's Rhine Journey or the music of the Rhine maidens, still refurbishing the stage action and the singing in their heads, and feeling quite happy with their fantasies. They know that Wagner was one of the greatest melodists in history, even though his melodies are cut short, to be joined together and combined contrapuntally in an intricate manner unknown to most other operatic composers. Everybody else may be bored, but *they* are hypnotized, if only by their dreams of how the music ought to sound. From their point of view, better an inferior "Götterdämmerung" than no "Götterdämmerung" at all. And if the Master failed to include among his several grandiose projects the establishment of a stud farm for the breeding of *Heldentenors*, and thus left their production to the vagaries of a not too responsive providence, that is unfortunate but not tragic.

It is about thirty years—going back to the finest days of the great Lauritz Melchior—since we have had a totally satisfying Siegfried at the Metropolitan. None of those in the subsequent parade of Siegfrieds—Svanholm, Vinay, Hartmann, Windgassen, and so on—has ever quite equalled him, and at least one of them, Vinay, lost his voice trying to do so. (I am told that he is now regaining it as a baritone.) Great female Wagnerian singers, on the other hand, have been easier to come by; one is apt to forget nowadays that during the legendary era of Kirsten Flagstad there were at least two other sopranos at the Met—Marjorie Lawrence and Helen Traubel—who were almost as good as she was. Now we have Birgit Nilsson, a splendid example, with ringing yet velvety high notes, a majestic appear-

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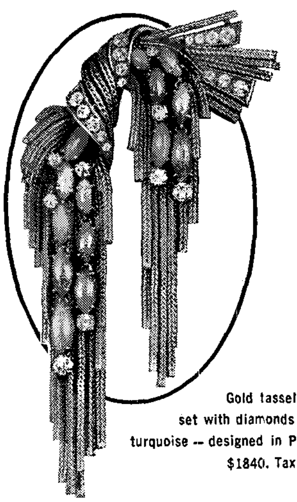

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ance, some acting ability, and enough lung power to strain the walls of the auditorium. If most of our other Wagnerian singers are not up to her standard, we are not discouraged; we merely await another harvest.

The first "Götterdämmerung" of the current season, which was presented on Thursday night of last week, was bedevilled by a number of difficulties. The eminent conductor Fritz Reiner, who had returned to the Met for this occasion, took ill during rehearsals and died the day after the performance, leaving the world of music bereft of one of its noblest talents. Joseph Rosenstock was forced to fill in at short notice after the opera had been two-thirds rehearsed, and although—considering the handicaps under which he was operating—he managed to produce a performance of gratifying weight and considerable dignity, it was ragged in spots, much too slow during Waltraute's narrative, and slightly speedy during Siegfried's Funeral March. The old sets, which have been around since 1946, showed considerable wear. Mr. Bing has been talking of a new setting for the "Ring" when the new opera house at Lincoln Center is ready, and as the date of that event continues to recede, there is a race between the forces of dilapidation and the forces of construction that threatens disaster to the visual aspects of this group of operas. However, let us Wagnerites not lose heart. We have, as I have said, Miss Nilsson. She is perhaps not quite as regal a Brünnhilde as Flagstad was, but she is a more passionate one, and her performance the other night was magnificent. Elsewhere in the cast, one had to make qualifications—some of them pretty sweeping. Hans Hopf's Siegfried was a competent and experienced affair, vocally somewhat thick and hoarse. Norman Mittelmann's Gunther was among the better of the evening's offerings, as was Gerhard Pechner's Alberich. Irene Dalis would have sung her monologue as Waltraute more effectively had not Mr. Rosenstock's tempo dragged her to the point of breathlessness. Ernst Wiemann has neither the sinister quality of voice nor the low register required for the part of Hagen. The three Rhine maidens, sung by Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, and Gladys Kriese, did very well. In the role of Gutrune, Mary Curtis-Verna, essaying her first German role, sang—not unexpectedly, I regret to say—with a wobbly voice and no notion of style whatever. Altogether, then, this was not a "Götterdämmerung" for the history books,

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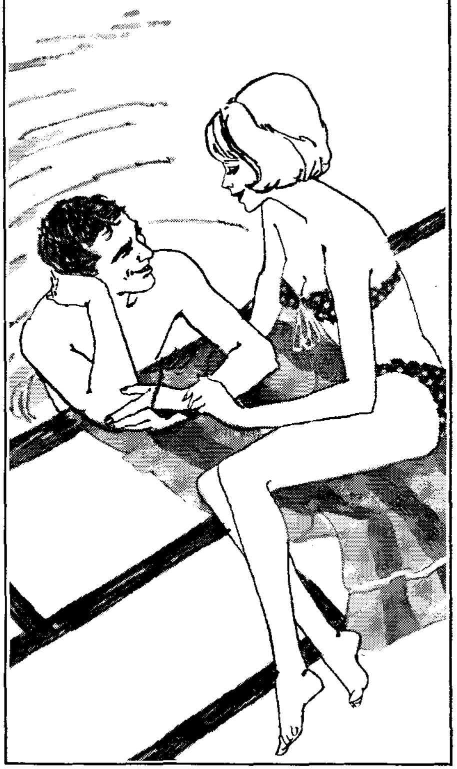

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but I have a suspicion that it might have approached that status had Fritz Reiner been there to conduct it.

ON the preceding Monday evening, in Carnegie Hall, Leopold Stokowski led his American Symphony Orchestra through a program whose most interesting items were, I thought, Mozart's seldom played Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat for Solo Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn, and a Piano Concerto in C—new here—by the Israeli composer Paul Ben-Haim, which provided a young pianist named Amiram Rigai with a vehicle for some rather strenuous virtuosity. The Mozart number was, on the whole, pleasantly performed, and since it is the horn player in works of this sort who has the most difficult assignment, I herewith salute the almost flawless playing of Mr. Paul Ingraham, who carried the horn part in this one. The Piano Concerto left me in an ambivalent mood. It has everything in it from the late Ernest Bloch to the late Serge Prokofieff, plus a lot of folky material, and though it is said to adhere to some principles of form, it gives a wildly rhapsodic impression. Mr. Rigai was undoubtedly the man to play it. He turned out to be a small, bespectacled, earnest, and highly excitable pianist, with fingers of steel and a lot of technical fluency.

ON Tuesday evening, at Philharmonic Hall, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra presented an all-Prokofieff program that was interesting for its chronological arrangement: the "Scythian Suite" (1914), the Third Piano Concerto (1921), and the Fifth Symphony (1944). This device showed Prokofieff developing from an *enfant terrible* into a relatively conservative composer, and it did not belie history in doing so. Byron Janis played the piano part in the concerto with shining virtuosity, and the same might be said for what playing of the orchestra I heard before leaving at the intermission to take in the last half of a program by the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico at the City Center. The part of the performance that I saw was a little innocent but highly colorful as to costume and altogether enjoyable.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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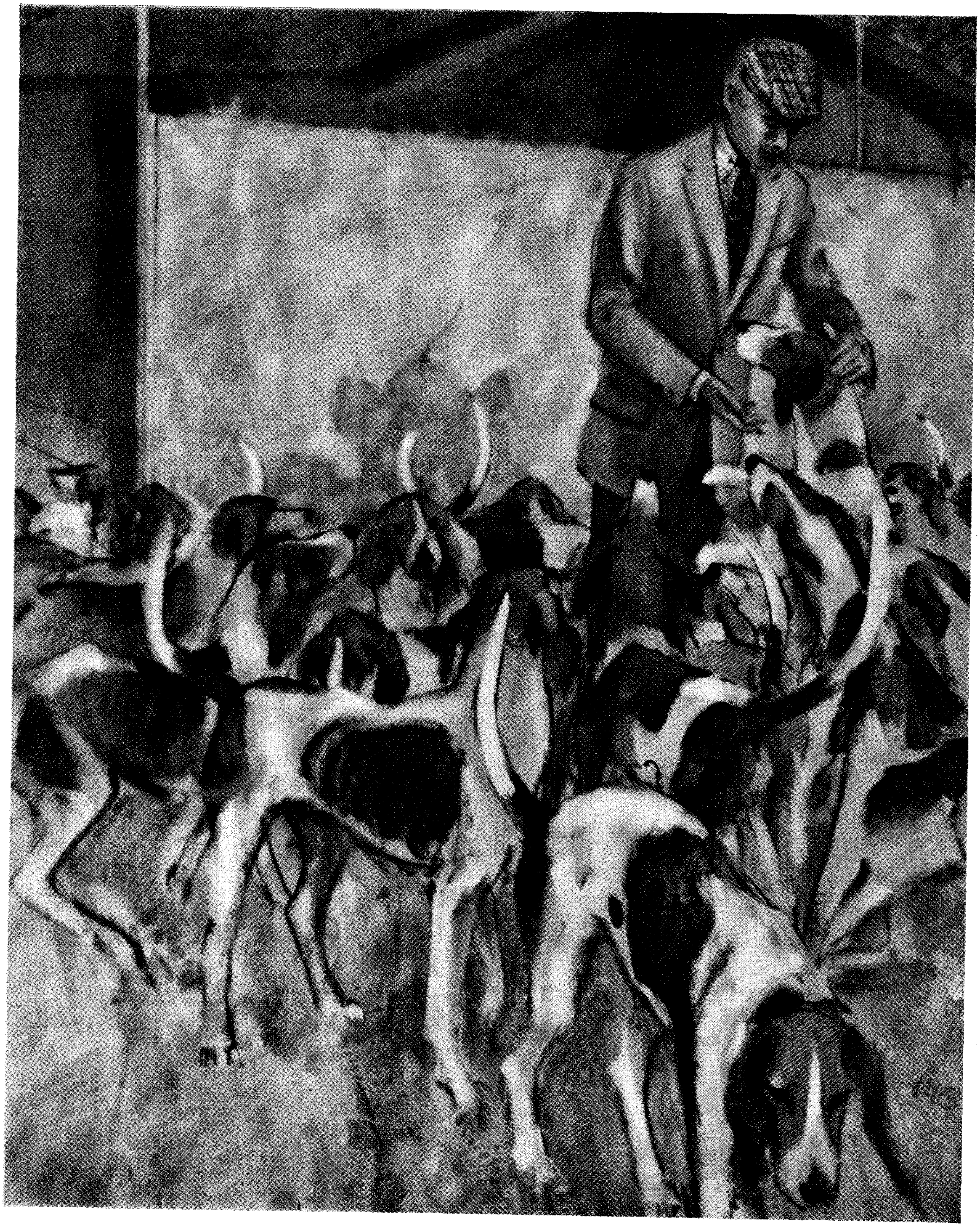

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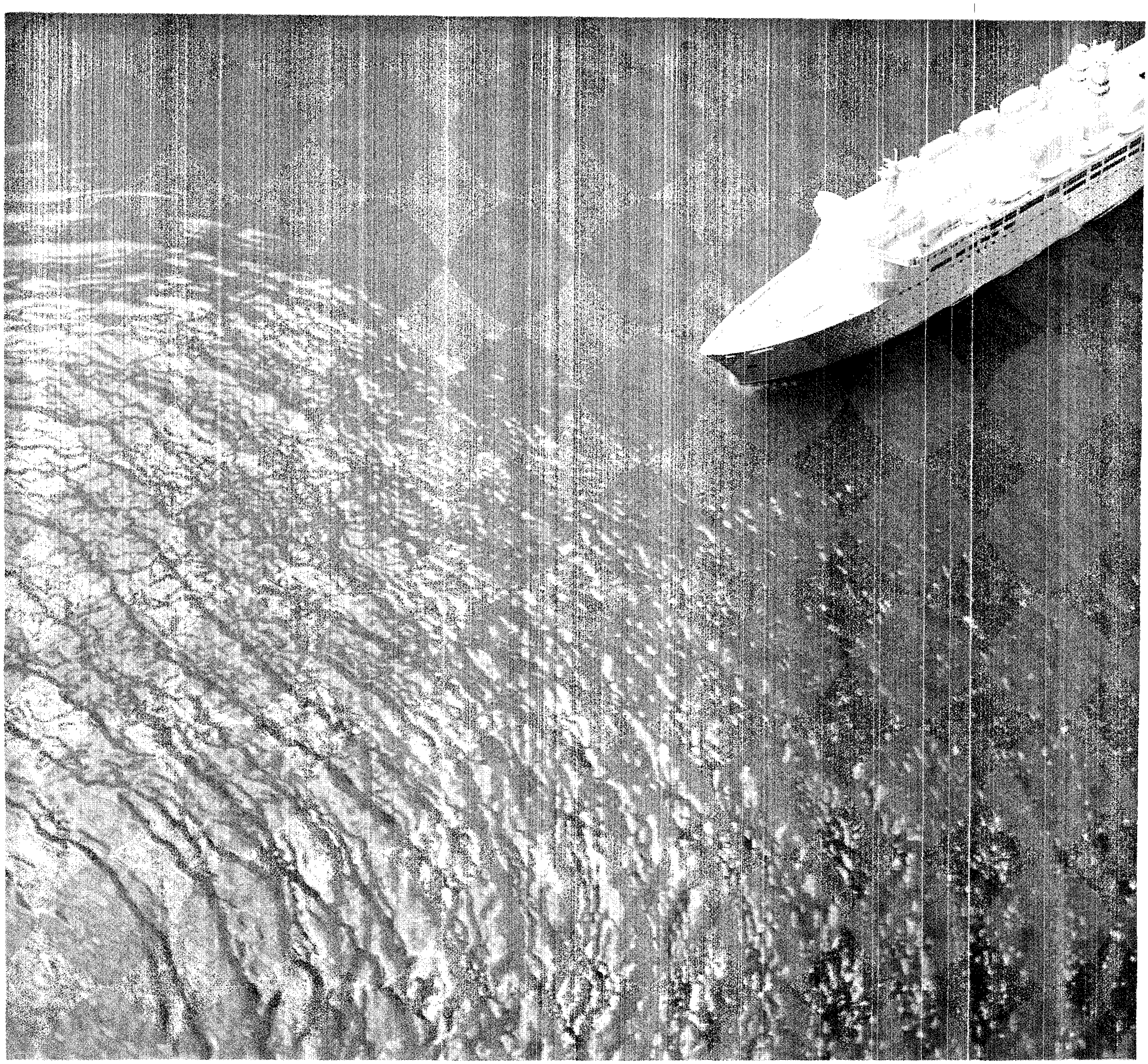

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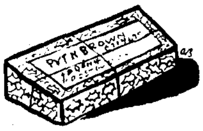
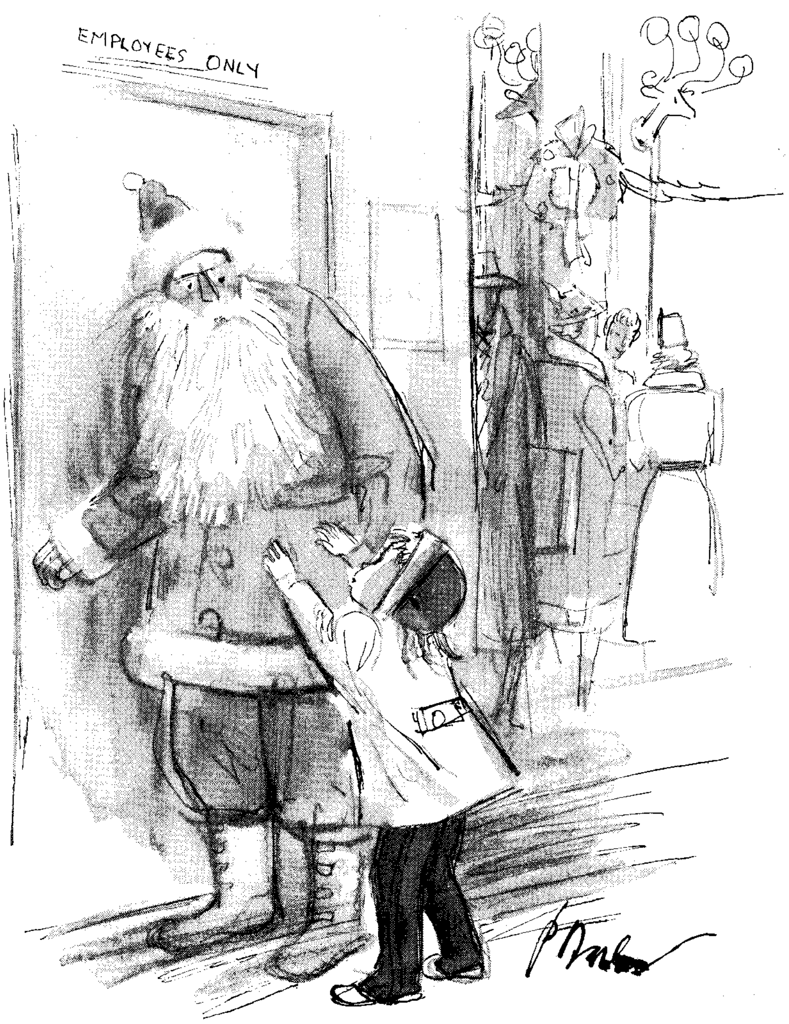


CHRISTMAS presents again! You may think we're early, but the Christmas season opened at the federal level last August 9th, when the *Times* carried a photograph, just released by the Post Office, of this year's Christmas stamp—a charmer. That same day, the *Times* reported that Santa Claus had been assigned a Zip Code number (99701)—a cheering bit of information for those children who favor increased government intervention in communications with the North Pole. Also as of August, Christmas prospects were troubled by the news from France. It appeared that women were about to be jackbooted and so swaddled from there on up in bulky thicknesses of hairy tweed and "novelty" furs as to resemble the grizzly bear, who is not named *Ursus horribilis* by accident. False alarm. The fact is that the stuff in the shops is just great. True, a woman may, if she desires, look like a pillar of fuzz by day. But it isn't compulsory; she may also look sleek. And, come evening, she's encouraged to wear floor-length skirts and all the beading, jewels, ribbons, fusses, fancies, and feathers she can get hold of. Lucky donors! The real problem facing the shopper in quest of Christmas gifts for women—the subject of today's seminar—is an embarrassment of delightful possibilities. We hope, almost immediately—starting with the next paragraph, in fact—to help clear up that happy bewilderment. We also mean to say a few words about Christmas clothes for children. Then, in succeeding weeks, we shall discuss gifts for the house (November 30th), toys for children and gifts for men (December 7th), and, finally, Christmas edibles and potables, holiday trimmings, and gift wrappings (December 14th). Notebooks ready? The prices we quote, by the way, include federal excise taxes where there are any.

Now, then. Let's start with things that have a to-order element and should be spoken for right this minute, assuming that one of the ladies on your list would like a present that, in size or shape or color or fabric (or all these variables varied), is *unique au monde*. For instance, give Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), a fortnight and he'll make a blue fox duffelbag with a base and drawstrings of navy-blue leather. It will be sixteen inches high, and capacious—big enough to serve as an overnight bag. It's good-looking, too, and guaranteed, thanks to the fur, to keep a girl's toothbrush warm; $165. Something else that might go into it is a pair of Kaplan's bedroom slippers of the same blue fox ($49.50), or, if matching makes no never mind, of pastel mink ($82.50). Furthermore, if the lady is loyal to your alma mater, you can order her a furry feminine equivalent of the old-school tie—a rabbit-fur ascot bordered with rabbit-fur fringe ($110). The tie can be dyed, say, blue for Yale, with suitably striped fringe. (Cherry-and-silver is beautiful, if you went to New Mexico.) Or Kaplan can use these two weeks to construct a big fur umbrella—black-and-white calfskin lined with rayon taffeta. It's $175. (A demonstration, for skeptics, shows that rain runs off it like water off a calf's back.)

The overblouse, which made its début in fabric several years back, has turned out to be such a hit that this year it's blousing out all over in fur. At Hattie Carnegie, where the fur department asks for only ten days' notice, you'll find a glorious sleeveless, boat-neck overblouse of white mink, the mink set in five horizontal bands. Understated opulence, if such a thing can be. It's $935, but what you spend on fur you save on fuel. Best's to-order fur overblouses include a giddy conceit—also sleeveless and boat-neck—of calfskin stencilled to look like tiger ($165) and a sable-paw shirt with a brown suède collar and long brown suède sleeves ($313.50). Either needs ten days. And Mark Cross has designed a slightly fitted sleeveless overblouse, which can be had in black Persian lamb ($137.50), in black moleskin (also $137.50), in white Indian lamb ($181.50), or in ocelot ($192.50). The shop tries to keep them in stock, but sometimes they run out of a size or a fur; then they need a few days to fill an order. At Harold J. Rubin, 943 Madison Avenue (74th), you'll find a pert fur overblouse (two weeks) that buttons down the front, shucks its snap-on sleeves when the steam heat gets too hot, and is made of white rabbit, which could pass for white otter, and black rabbit, which looks somewhat like black seal. You can order the bodice white and the sleeves black, or vice



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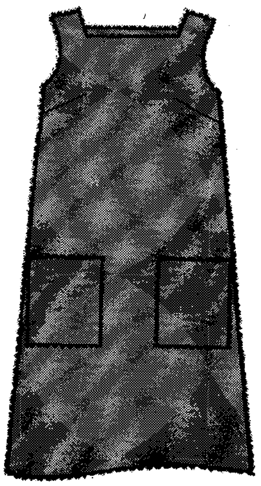

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versa; the price either way is $99. Rubin also has a handsome, handy fur button, an inch and a half in diameter, in case you've been wondering who has. What better than a set—three, say, or four—for somebody's stocking toe? The variety of possible button furs is up-to-the-minute—spotted cat, mink, seal, and so forth. They're a dollar a button.

Every year at this season, Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (66th), thinking ahead to the ski weekends, devises a to-order fur parka—something that should stand out nobly against the snowy slopes. His latest surprise—and he's got a cache of skins—is natural brown Canadian otter, whose color is somewhere between chocolate and maple syrup; $675. The fur, in its natural, or parka, state, more than meets a lady skier's requirements; it's water-repellent and nearly indestructible. Then, plucked for town wear (city ladies seldom fall into snowbanks), this same Canadian otter becomes a soft, lightweight fur reminiscent of nutria. Greenhut has lovely jackets ($1,402.50) and coats ($1,732.50) of the urban version. (Allow two to three weeks.)

Speaking of nutria, Abercrombie & Fitch has concocted a versatile nutria garment—a lining, meant, if a girl so wishes, to be snapped into a coat she already owns, or to be worn as is, but fur side out, as a handsome at-home tunic. It's $203.50, and sometimes it's in stock; if it isn't, you have to wait two weeks. And, going back to parkas, Abercrombie has a businesslike model—drawstring hood, wool windbreaker cuffs, slit pockets—made of natural gray wolf; $341. It's lined with nylon, in your choice of colors, and you wait, if you can bear it, between two and three weeks.

You should allow two weeks for any of the stylish, sporty cheetah-fur accessories at Hartenstein, 847 Madison Avenue (70th), among them an admirable large satchel-shaped handbag whose sides are of cheetah and whose frame, lining, and handles are of leather; $165. For a girl who wants to call attention to the narrowness of her waist, nothing could be finer than a four-inch-wide belt of cheetah, piped with leather, at $99. And to go with it, there's a trim, matching ascot (no leather), at $84.50. For a man who wants to call attention to the breadth of his generosity, nothing could be finer than putting under somebody's Christmas tree a reversible mink stole, one side composed of three wide rows of luscious dark-brown ranch mink, the other of strips of white and brown. It's more than two yards long, and it costs $1,650 at J. Diamond, 32 East 57th Street. Two to three

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weeks. Also at J. Diamond, and also requiring a two- or three-week wait, is a snow-white Indian-lamb double-breasted coat with four big snow-white Indian-lamb buttons. It has straight sleeves, a tailored collar, and a couple of sassy slit pockets in front, and it costs $1,295.

AT S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, there's a splendid sable capelet with nothing sassy about it (sable's never sassy), but it has a whimsical back, consisting of four entwined Russian-sable skins, which make a soft sort of fold; $544.50. There's no waiting for this one—it's ready to go. And as long as we're straying momentarily from the to-order section, but sticking to furs, we suggest that you look in on the Mlle. Revillon Department of Saks Fifth Avenue, where there's a hooded three-quarter-length reversible coat of curly, bleached-white Mongolian lamb on one side and red wool jersey on the other. A youngish girl might easily adore it. The price is $297. Upstairs, on Saks' Young Elite floor, you'll find a fur fantasy that frames the face and covers the head. What it is, they say, is Cleopatra's wig (where'd they ever get *that* idea?), but we'd rather think of it as simply a most becoming fur babushka. In oyster-white rabbit fur, it's $38.50; in shoot-the-works ranch mink, $159.50. Bonwit Teller's parka of curly white lamb has a white wool jersey hood with long, scarflike ends that can be wrapped around and around to protect the skier's throat. Very good for a girl who yodels; $302.50. And there are lots of ready-to-wear fur overblouses. Altman's has stashed a chic bulky one of gray-and-white rabbit (masquerading as Australian possum) in its ski shop, but it's a top that a girl could wear anyplace—over a long skirt, perhaps, at a party on a hill no steeper than Murray. It has a standaway collar and long sleeves, it fastens down the back with big black wooden buttons, and there are two patch pockets just above the hem in front; $104.50. Macy's Little Shop has a stylish V-neck sleeveless pullover of real possum, at $165, and Bendel has a sleeveless cardigan of dark-green moleskin edged with black snakeskin, at $297. Not to mention Piñata Party's (129 Macdougal Street) boat-neck, long-sleeved sweater of Argentine ocelot, at $192.50, or of red fox, at $108.35. Or, at Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), a vest of velvety kangaroo in front and beige silk in back, at $175. Each, in its own way, is a marvel.

Backtracking temporarily, first to

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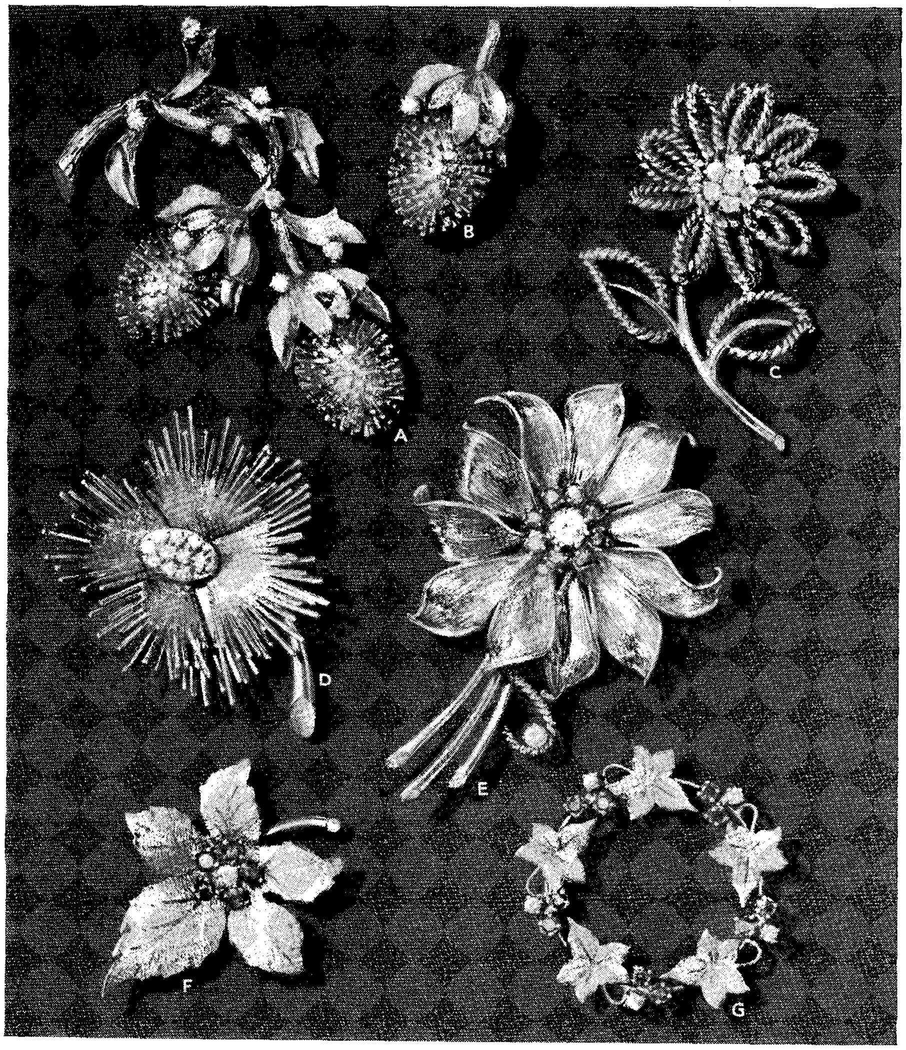

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A. Thistles set with diamonds, 18-kt. gold $400
B. Matching earrings, pair 230
C. Flower with center cluster of diamonds, 18-kt. gold 365
Matching earrings (not shown), pair, $575
D. Blossom with domed pavé diamond center 240
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Bendel, we call your most careful attention to a big, square dickey of red moleskin with a high turtleneck. The idea is to fill in the neck of a wide-neck suit, and what color could be more appropriate at this particular season? It's $154. And now we go back to Macy's Little Shop, where you should give some serious thought to a fat mink rope, more than five feet long, that almost any girl would like to wind around and around her swanlike neck; $82.50. And back to Piñata Party, for a good look at a smallish fur throw (three and a half by four feet) to warm a lady's feet while she reads on the chaise longue. It's of unsheared Argentine nutria—long-haired, silky, and dyed black—backed with red felt, and it has a pocket to hold her book in case she should tire of reading and feel like a snooze; $192.50. And back to Bonwit's to applaud the versatile rabbit, again dyed gray and white but this time looking the spit and image of chinchilla. Bonwit's rabbit has been worked into a pretty babushka, which is bound around the face and ties under the chin with dove-gray velveteen ribbon; $82.50. Another Bonwit hat substitute is a black-dyed mink headband, four and a half inches wide at its widest, and nicely tapered to its back-of-the-neck fastening. It's trimmed in front with a tiny black velvet bow; $60.50.

If your girl is ready for a fur hat—a real, no-kidding hat—you should consider the jaunty Tyrolian affair, made of natural silver hair seal, on display at the Ski & Sea Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue (69th). It has the traditional black-and-brown silk cord about its crown, and a small, orthodox Tyrolian-hat brush on the left side; $38.45. Before we leave ready-to-wear furs, we must get in a word about Bergdorf Goodman's small satchel handbag. Sheared palomino calfskin it is, in an off-white-with-small-tan-flecks color; you might say it looks like oatmeal, unless you despise oatmeal. In that case, think of something similar but nice. Its effect is not as all-fired worthy as a hot breakfast in the country; it's more like a giggly lunch in town. The price is $39.60.

IT'S time we got back to to-order gifts, non-fur division, and no sooner said than done. You may want to—and, if a girl up toward the top of your list is giving a gala party, you probably should—order a long, elegant hostess gown, and the one at Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), requires two weeks. It's satin, with a bateau neck in front and a deep V in back. The front of the

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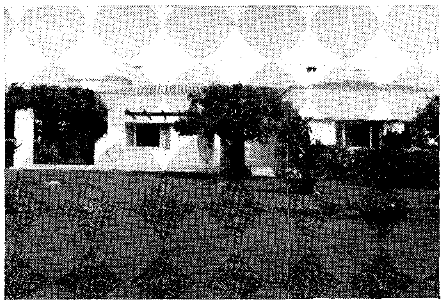

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gown is a lighter shade (pale pink, possibly, or ice blue) than the back (cranberry in one case, periwinkle in the other), and the full skirt, which wraps around itself, creates a striking effect; properly draped, it looks like the dresses that late-medieval society ladies wore. It's $198. Another good bet might be a long gown with an Empire waist, a scoop neck, and bishop sleeves. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th), has quite a few, of velvet in regal colors like black, plum, purple, and dark green ($185), not to mention one of wool in a brilliant black-and-white hound's-tooth check ($75). If the shop runs out of anything, two weeks is the waiting time.

Two two-piecers now. The first, at Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), begins—starting at the floor—with a white double-thickness piqué wraparound skirt, which ties with a yellow silk sash, and has a giant hand-quilted daisy growing up the front; $49. The matching top is a daisy-quilted white piqué overblouse, and the same thing comes in solid-yellow silk—no daisies; either is $44. The waiting time is between two and three weeks. You'll find the second two-piecer at Elizabeth Lawrence, 17 West 57th Street. It involves a handsome long skirt of ivory cotton velvet, which is particularly sound if you don't have your data on size down to the millimetre, because the waistband is elastic, and the basic concept is an easy, not snug, sort of soft, shirred fullness. But, best of all, it is said to shed water, and it can be *pressed* (on the wrong side). The skirt is $75, and a glittering metallic-jersey top—an overblouse, that would be—is around $35. Ten days' wait.

Perhaps something like a trim, short, lustrous nubby-silk robe? At Najla, 37 West 54th Street, there's a beauty. It has a turnover collar, cuffs, and buttons piped in a contrasting shade of whichever one of the twenty-five colors you pick out. The robe is of Dupioni silk lined with China silk—which will impress any girl, however little it means to you. The shop is proud of thinking of Dupioni for a robe, and well they should be, for it's a most successful experiment; $49.95 and two weeks. A Hattie Carnegie nightshirt? Try Hattie Carnegie (the lingerie department) for that. It is hand-appliquéd with satin fripperies and fastened with pearl buttons, and it could be short or it could be long. It could be silk or it could be fine French wool. It could be one of several pale pastels. The price is not going to be less than $70, and it could be more. The shop wants one week's time, and it de-

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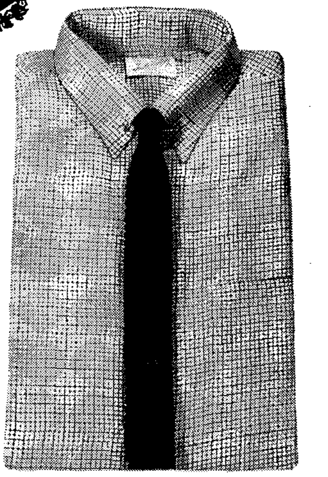

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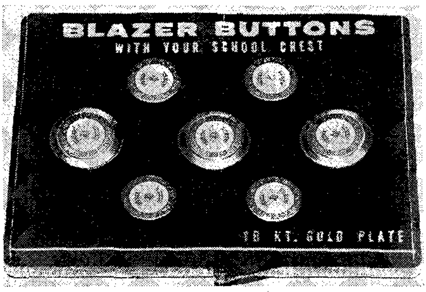

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serves it. Hattie Carnegie also keeps on hand a charming cardigan sweater in three-color combinations, like lavender cashmere trimmed with ice-blue satin and lined with Shocking-pink silk. If you think you can invent something better than that, they'll try any triple play within reason, given ten days to work it out; $130. Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), can make a street-length dress of knit cashmere—think of it as an extended sweater—in two or three weeks. It's easy to wear (tidy round neck, raglan sleeves) and easy to look at (a floral appliqué up on the left shoulder), and it costs $85 in green or in any of a number of other colors. The Princess (or her ladies-in-waiting) will also stitch up a crisp, dramatic evening jacket of wool bouclé lined with satin. The neck is round and collarless (Chanel's law), the sleeves are straight, and the sole ornament is a pair of appliquéd bouclé arrows, pointing from the shoulders to the heart. You may choose among six hues. The price is $69.50, and the work takes from two to three weeks. Just to prove her versatility, the Princess also turns out a stately made-to-order bridge-table cover—a forty-two-inch velveteen square bordered with a dull-gold or black silk fringe. Of the several possible colors, the dull gold is our favorite; $36 and a two-week wait.

AS usual, that nice place the Miller Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, has plenty of classic hacking jackets on its pegs. A soft gray tweed speckled with black and blue may catch your eye. It's $37.50. The oxford-gray melton, then? It's $39.50. If you don't see just what you have in mind, there are bolts and bolts of woollens, and a jacket to order takes about three weeks. A horse to match is not mandatory; girls are wearing hacking jackets as sports jackets, and with slacks—with the intention, in some cases, of hacking through the A. & P. For after-ski, there's a giant mohair-and-wool tunic in an appetizing pumpkin color at Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street. It has long sleeves and a boat neck, with an outsize shirt collar, in gold; two weeks and $95. You'll find a cheerful quasi trench coat—a notched convertible collar and two big, square pockets, but shaped to the un-trenchy A line—at Jam Today, 189 West 10th Street. It's a party coat, made of upholstery fabric, and you have a choice of several beautiful tapestry patterns. Imagine a sandy satin background covered with large orange tulips growing on orange vines. Well, that's one of them, and the coat

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made of it has an orange velveteen lining; $95.

FOR the youngest partygoer on your list, the Little Studio, 101 West 10th Street, offers an enchanting dress of white dotted swiss over a blue cotton lining. There's a band of lace around its high, round neck and more lace around its yoke, it has ruffled pushup sleeves, and it costs $10.95 in sizes 1 to 3x, $11.95 in sizes 4 to 6x. Another small triumph is a dotted-swiss party pinafore (blue, pink, white, or red) with lace trimming on the top and a white organdie lining and a big bow at the waist in back. The pocket, trimmed with lace, can be hand-painted with the recipient's name. It's $5.50 in sizes 1 to 3, $6.50 in sizes 4 to 6x. Both the dress and the pinafore take two weeks.

ART BAG CREATIONS, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), has solved the technical problem of making a handbag that is trim and also capacious. (By comparison, naval architects who used to cope with armor-plating and armament-carrying vs. battleship speed had nothing to worry about.) What the shop does is make a purse that is narrower at the top than at the bottom, and can sustain a yawn when it's opened. A complex arrangement of small sliding loops accounts for this miracle. Anyhow, the small version, in black satin, with an ornamental clasp of gold metal and tiny imitation jewels, is $54.95. The large version, in calf, is $38.50. In alligator, it's $192.50. Orders take two weeks, if orders are necessary; the supply on hand is usually large. A big rectangular bag at the Seasoned Traveller, 175 West 4th Street, has some tucks at the bottom. These aren't going to make design history, but they do result in an attractive draped effect. Its owner can use it as a shoulder bag or as a handbag, depending on how she adjusts the handles, and there's a zippered envelope inside (big enough for passports and traveller's checks and stuff) that can be got at readily and can't be mislaid, because it's attached to a stout metal ring. Black steerhide is one of the several available leathers. Buckskin is another, in several colors, including a suave Loden green. Orders take ten days; $17.60. A soft bag of unlined cowhide at Fred Braun, 189 West 4th Street and 21 West 8th Street, is big and roomy and keystone-shaped. (A good shape that is, too; the more you look at it, the better it gets.) It closes with a tapered flap, and the handle is a long double roller. The colors are antique brown, old copper, and black, and you'd better hurry down;

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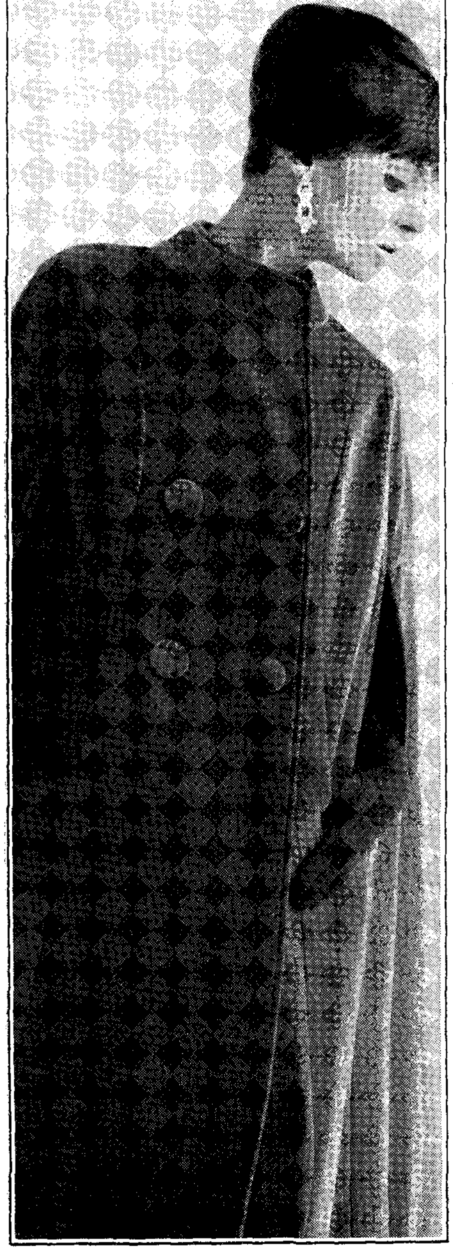

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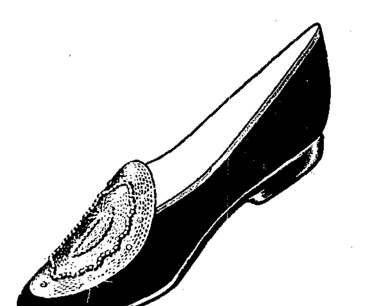

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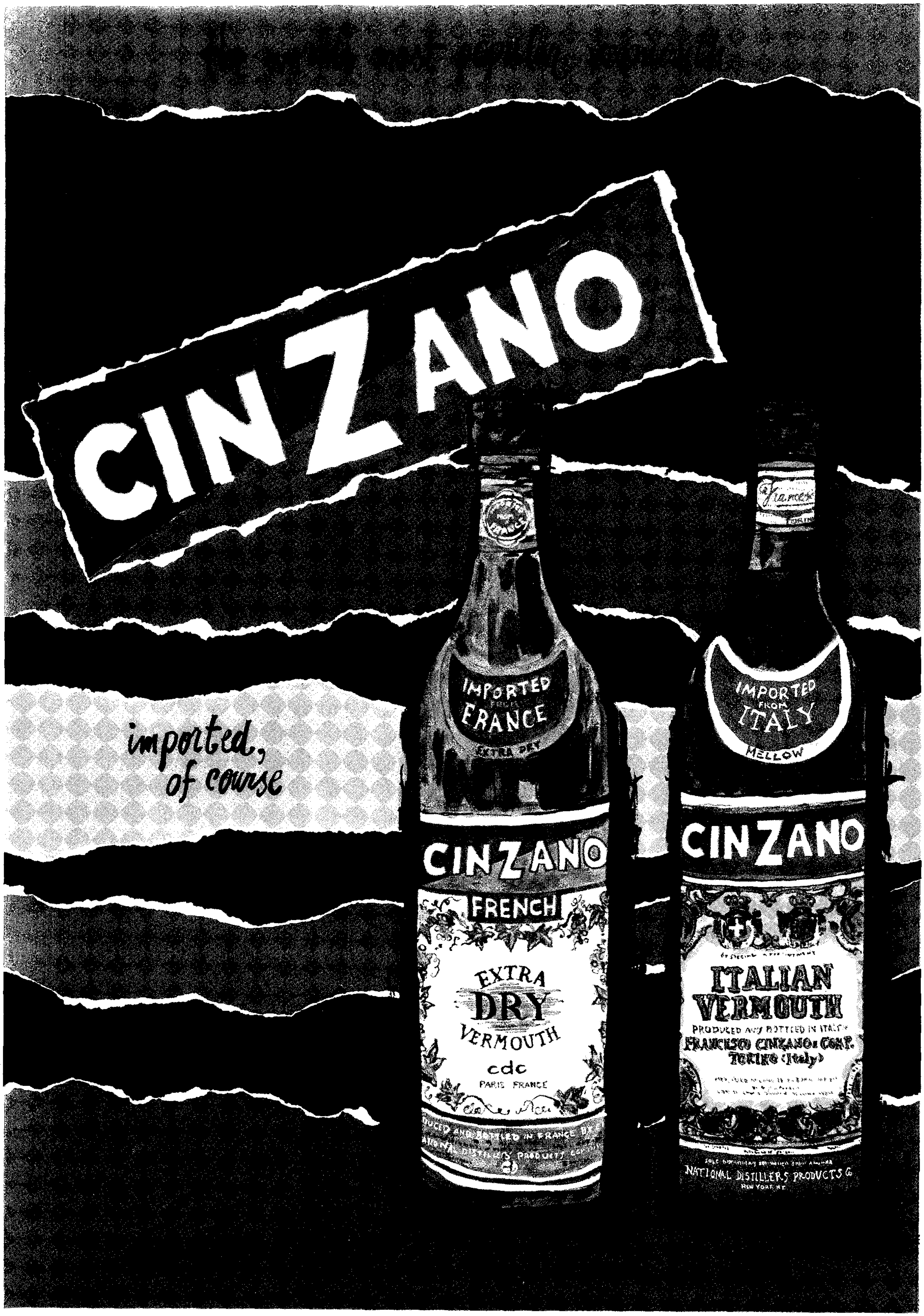
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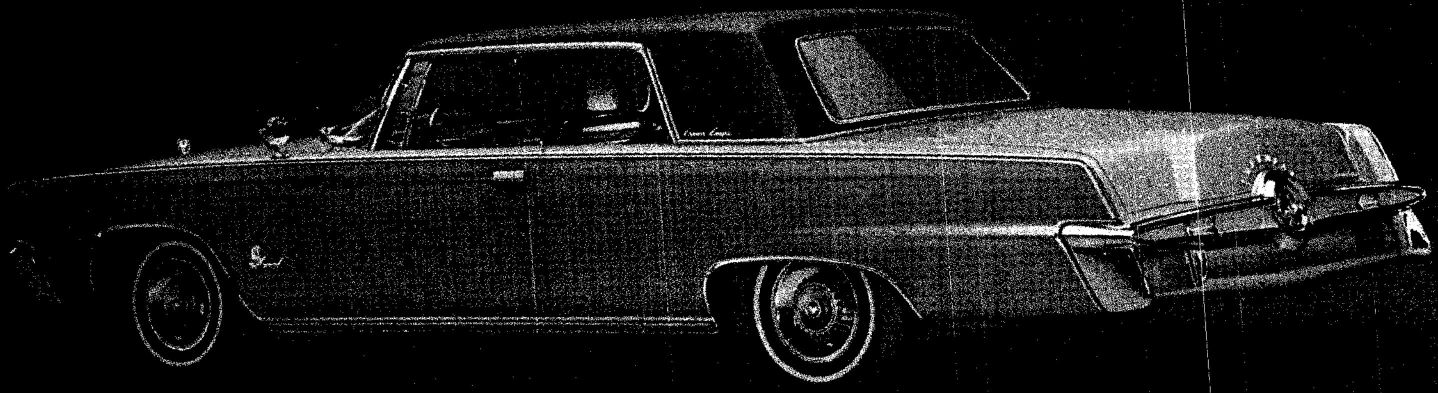

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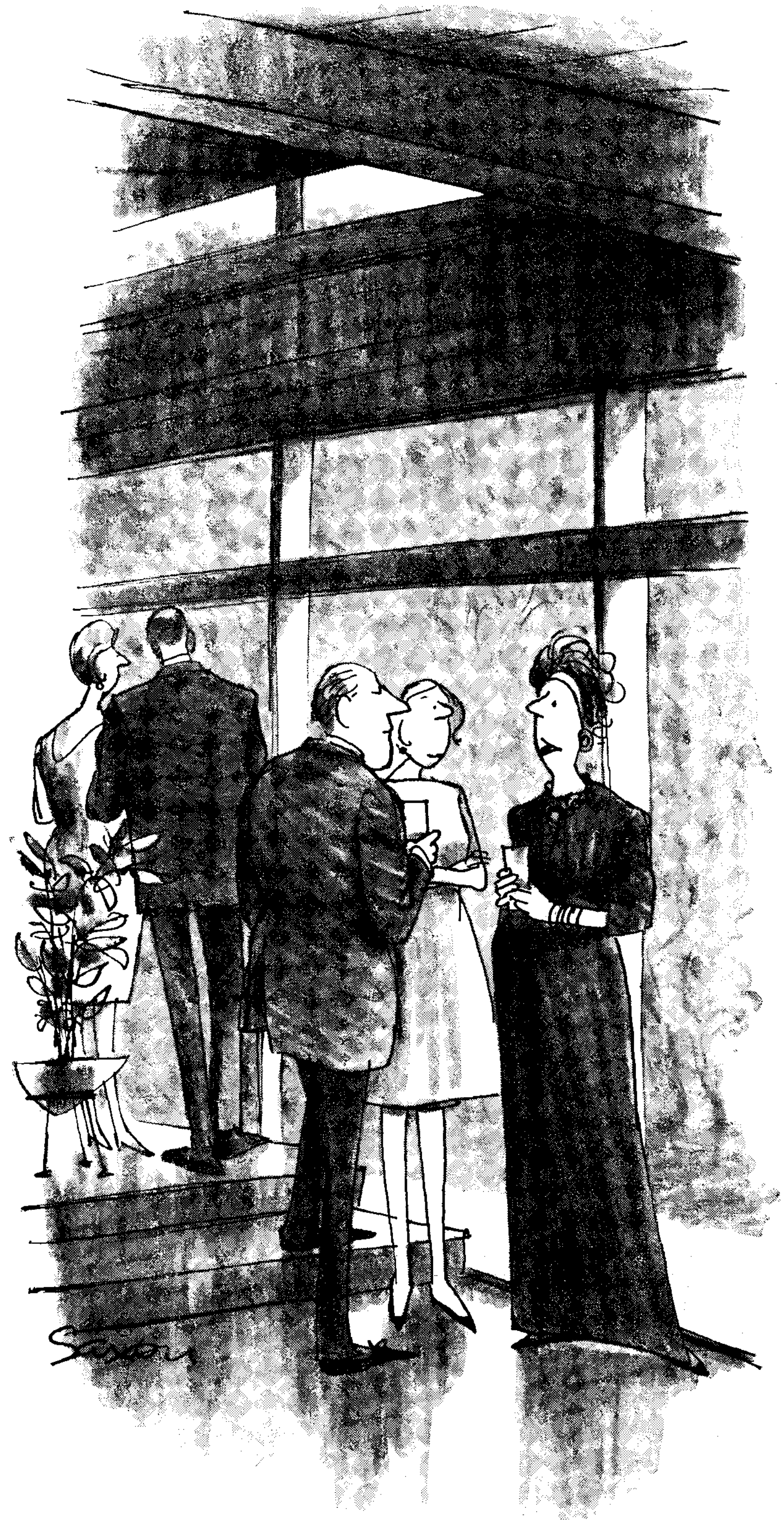
WHAT is the sincerest form of flattery? Candlelight, of course. Gilbert-Whitbeck, 1103 Third Avenue (65th), suggests a beguiling painted brass candelabra as a gift for a lady. Something to think about, at the very least. They make one with six arms, roughly a foot tall and a foot wide. The sample from which orders are taken sprouts a delicate brass bouquet of white lilies, daisies, and cosmos, with green leaves. Poppies or roses (in poppy or rose colors) are possible alternatives; two to three weeks and $145. So much for things that have to be ordered in advance.

THAT happy bewilderment we mentioned back at the start is likely to be happiest, and most bewildered, too, as the giver approaches at-home clothes. Bergdorf, on the other hand, is a soothing place, so you would do well to start there. The first rule: Avoid panic, even if you want to buy everything in sight. Ask to look at the long one-piece culottes costume. (That wasn't so hard, was it?) Notice the simple style—no sleeves, a bateau neck in front, a deep V in back. The thrill is in the fabric, see? It's opalescent-blue rayon velvet with an all-over giant-daisy design woven in. The price is $90, and the garment, Bergdorf claims, is for relaxing. For formal entertaining, Bergdorf will suggest a two-piece costume—a long coat of turquoise mohair-and-wool to be worn over a narrow sleeveless dress, a stalk of synthetic gold lamé jersey. Together, they cost $175. In the Country and Casual Shop, Bergdorf will show you a long, soft at-home skirt from Italy. The material is bachelor's-button blue basketweave mohair-wool-and-nylon, handwoven, and embroidered with wheat and thistles—country, perhaps, but not in the least casual. It's $60. A matching blue short-sleeved pullover (domestic and no embroidery) is $18. You are not going to find anything more beguiling than Hattie Carnegie's velvet hostess gown in princesse style and lined with silk organza. Besides its marvellous line, it has sable cuffs (the sleeves are three-quarter length) and a big high horseshoe collar of sable; $450. Still, you may want to reject velvet for a plain sort of long at-home robe—strictly tailored, double-breasted, and with a convertible shirt collar. The fabric saves it from too darn much simplicity—a refulgent red-wine-beige-and-taupe tweed. The lining is bright-red silk, and a matching



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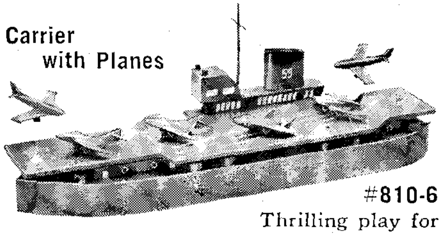

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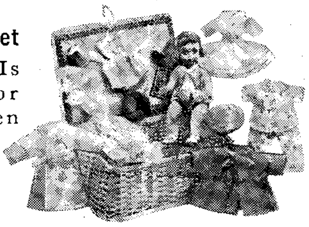
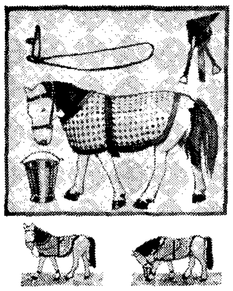


Sewing Basket #803-106 Is she seven or older? Then this beautiful wicker sewing basket will be her pride and joy, fully equipped for making five complete outfits for the 8" walking "Wendy" Doll included. 8.95



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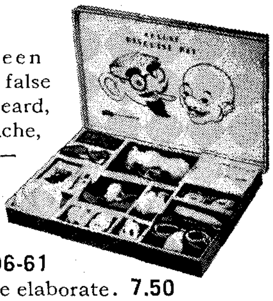

Disguise Kit #806-58 Fifteen pieces, including false nose, teeth and beard, pop-eyes, mustache, floppy ears, etc.—all self-attaching without paste. 3.50

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tweed ascot comes with; $135. At Elizabeth Arden, you'll discover a glorious hostess gown that combines Shocking-pink chiffon (the bodice) and Shocking-pink sheer wool (the long skirt). The bodice has elbow-length sleeves and a neck that is high at the throat and V in the back, and the skirt is printed with giant garnet-orange-and-brown butterflies; $100. We'd say take that one, but the shop also has a rayon velvet gown whose round neck and three-quarter sleeves are edged with velvet loops, and the color is a dazzlingly hot yellow; $79.95. Furthermore, Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, has a French lamé candidate that reflects the new emphasis on forthright décolletage: its deep V is in front. It's sleeveless, long, and full-skirted, and it's belted high, or Empire. And it has shimmering pink, silver, blue, and green flowers printed on a bronze background; $175. Talk about the liquefaction of her clothes! Leader has always been interested in finding great fabrics. You could guess that just by inspecting his series of longish tunic tops and matching long, slender skirts of French-cotton prints; look at the one, for instance, with the black and yellow vertical stripes and the garlands of white daisies! The price tags say $55 for the skirt, $45 for the tunic.

At Bonwit Teller, you'll find a resplendent, exotic, two-piece (overblouse and pants) at-home suit made in Bangkok of Thai silk. Its slender trousers are fuchsia-colored, its pullover top is turquoise, and across its front five little gold-metal hearts dangle from five little coiled gold cords; $200. At Lord & Taylor, spring is in the air—or are they thinking of February in Palm Beach? Anyhow, a handsome two-piece at-home gown there is made of grass-green synthetic linen spattered with sprays of watermelon-pink and turquoise-blue flowers. Its skirt is long and skinny and the top is a long, sleeveless tunic; $65. For that matter, Altman's Studio 3, by re-creating *the one-piece* beach pajama of the nineteen-twenties, also implies Florida; the costume is at home anywhere, but especially in a cabaña. This version is of a very lightweight wool challis in red with a print of full-blown flowers; $45. Oh, how those flaring pants take one back, back, back to the sirens of the silver screen! Yes, Virginia, there was a Laura La Plante. One respectable school of thought holds that "at home" means at home in any of the five boroughs and adjacent suburbs. Unquestionably that's true of the two-piece lounging pajamas at the Veneziano Boutique, 819 Madison Avenue

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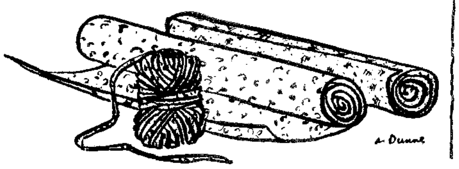
(68th). They're shantung, their trousers are lined and tapered, and their tops are loose overblouses with outsize turtlenecks. They've come from Italy, and they can go anywhere, within reason. For a fine color, look at the light jade green; $69.95.

NOW for a whole closetful of long, festive at-home party skirts. Black velveteen, fitted over the hips and flaring below (it has six gores, gentlemen, which explains everything), is the contribution from Best's, at $25. The fabric, by the way, is crease-resistant and water-repellent, though we don't expect any unusual splashing, do you? Mark Cross's long, full mohair-and-wool evening skirt is what we Sassenachs mistakenly call "plaid." The word is "tartan," and this tartan is bright Dress Stuart, which is red, blue, yellow, and black on a white ground; $70. At the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, they're showing a long, narrow, high-waisted red velveteen party skirt, slit almost to the knee in back; $19.95. There's a pretty party top to go with it: a collarless cardigan of white wool lined with China silk, piped all around with red satin, and ornamented back and front with a generous serving of embroidered strawberries. The sleeves are elbow-length and the price is $39.95. The at-home skirt at Lilly Daché is a wraparound. For all its floor-length modesty, it does expose a trim ankle at the overlap, in front. It's of pale-apricot mohair-and-wool, and the overlap is edged with light-brown plush (doubtless from Daché's Teddy-bear factory); $75. A sleeveless, boatneck overblouse, made entirely of cuddly Teddy-bear plush, is $55.

Let's assume you know a girl who already has a nice, sober top. (Black or white cashmere, say—though we don't want to be doctrinaire about it.) What she needs to go with it is a carpet skirt from Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th). The style is short and mildly A-line. The fabrics, which really are lightweight Italian carpeting, sizzle with color and pattern. One example has floral medallions in front and vertical floral patterns aft, and the palette mixes bright greens with red, white, and yellow; $30. The Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Avenue (62nd), has imported from Mexico a wonderful long black skirt of hand-loomed cotton that is one great whirl of accordion



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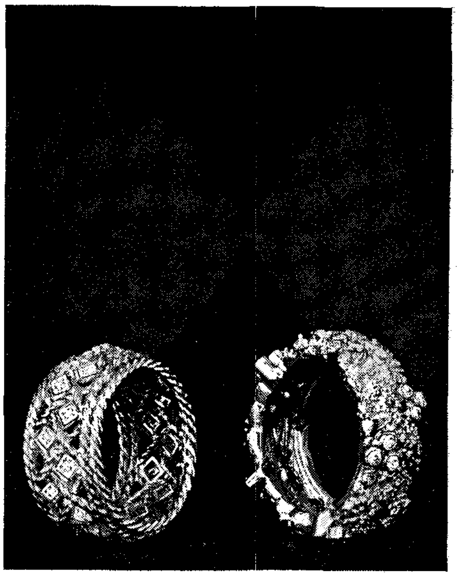
pleats; $39.95. (Watch the sizes; they are 12 to 18, but they run smaller than their American equivalents.) The same shop has a merry collection of street-length shift dresses to wear at home. They, too, are from Mexico and of hand-loomed cotton, they come in hot colors, and they feature such *olé!* notions as deep ruffles on the sleeves and at the hem; $25.

HERE are some robes. One, at Bloomingdale's, is a bathrobe—a regular wraparound, sashed, girls'-dormitory bathrobe, except that the fabric will put all thoughts of 10 P.M. hot chocolate and What Is Life? discussions far, far behind. It looks like brocade (actually it's cotton and a miracle fibre—Estron), with big roses (French blue) against a solid background (sea green). The robe comes knee length ($18) or floor length ($25). Another, also at Bloomingdale's, is an old-fashioned wrapper, and here again the fabric provides the excitement. It combines mohair, for softness, with cotton and rayon, for wear; the colors are pink or periwinkle blue; and the lining is a ladylike matching acetate tricot. This one is $25 short and $35 long. A third, at Best's, is made of silk—the first of the miracle fibres. (The season's greetings to you, little worms.) It's quilted in a floral design, and its style is long wraparound with a Hong Kong touch, which is reasonable because that's where it was made. The touch is a plump, stiffening roll all around the hem, to make the full skirt swing and sway. The color is coral; $70.

If your list calls for a peignoir, consider Bendel's long, misty trailing robe. Filmy cotton-rayon-and-mohair is what it is, lined with China silk. The collar is big and crushed, the sleeves are three-quarter length, and the color is turquoise or rose; $70. For a girl with a chilly boudoir, check on Abercrombie & Fitch's long peignoir of toasty Orlon pile, in blue, pink, or super pink, at $45. For a cozy, woolly bed jacket—except that it's a bed capelet, really—inquire at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th). It's hand-knit—that's woman's work—and it's a bank of tiers, with points, every one of which ends in a little imitation pearl, as do the tassels on the woollen cord that fastens it at the neck. Besides pink, blue, and white, the industrious ladies do it in a sumptuous orchid; $17.25.

A COUPLE of slipper thoughts: Saks' seventh floor has slick flat-heeled mules from Italy, with wide criss-



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cross velvet straps. Their foam-rubber innersoles (very comfortable) are covered with black velvet (very stylish), and their straps can be whatever color—well, almost—the hostess costume is; $7. Lord & Taylor has shapely satin slippers with low heels and, at the vamps, where you would expect bows, fat roses instead. They're available in red, green, black, and purple; $19. D/R International, 866 Lexington Avenue (65th) and 53 East 57th Street, has sneaky backless black glove-leather lounging slippers that turn up in front like elves' boots. They come from Finland, and they're lined with bright Finnish cotton prints; $12.50. Indians have once again established a trading post on Manhattan. It's called the American Indian Arts Center, and its address is 843 Lexington Avenue (64th). As before, the Indians are offering Indian moccasins of soft buckskin, with Indian beadwork embroidery, and they're beautiful. Prices vary, according to the embroidery, from $15 to $45.

WE'VE come across galaxies of toppings—sweaters, jackets, shirts, and one or two delightful indescribables. Let's begin with indoor tops that can be worn with slacks or skirts. Best's has a paragon. Style: an overblouse, sleeveless, with a high, round, collarless neck. Color: white. Fabric: Dacron-and-cotton, shirred all over with elasticized thread and as softly puckered as a kiss. It's $12. Anyone who already has black velvet at-home trousers would surely like the off-white challis overblouse, printed back and front with a rampant Paisley dragon, at Dunhill of London, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th); $30. Ditto the long-sleeved tunic, with a narrow, standaway band collar, at Colecchio, 793 Madison Avenue (67th). Its rayon-and-silk fabric feels grainy, and is non-crushable. The tunic comes in teal blue, olive, black, white, and pink; $45. Saks, on its Young Elite floor, has a nifty sweater of pink mohair, wool, and nylon shaped like an artist's smock, with a standaway turnover collar and three-quarter sleeves. It would be a shame to get any paint on it, though. Let's hope this artist's art is a tidy sort of art, like needlepoint; $30. At Barra, 445 Park Avenue (56th), you'll find a dandy wool-knit blouse that can tuck in or spill over, depending on its owner's mood. Its neck is high and wide, and its sleeves push up. The color is black, but it has a challenging motif printed (in red or green) on the front. Looks like an enlargement of the handwriting of a six-year-old Chinese; $35. A shirt to go over pants, no matter what mood the

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owner is in, is to be had at the Phoenix Pan American Shop. It's of cotton, striped vertically in black and white, with two horizontally striped patch pockets. There's some fine tucking over the bosom; $18.50. Thaibok, 16 East 52nd Street, has no strong convictions about in or over. It sells beautiful examples of both—a collarless cardigan with three-quarter sleeves, and a tuck-in shirt with a pointed Peter Pan collar. Printed Siamese silks, which is what these are made of, are appearing in New York for the first time. They make possible, for instance, an acid-green background covered with Shocking-pink and lavender flowers. Either blouse is $39.95.

We found a nice plushy cotton velours overblouse, at Elaine Starkman, 149 Bleecker Street (near West Broadway), high and round of neck, with a narrow slit in front, pushup sleeves, and (optional) a drawstring waist cord; $17.98, and available in many colors. (Despite those hypothetical black velvet pants we mentioned, consider, at another $17.98, Starkman's street-length straight skirt of matching cotton velours.) Synthetic broadtail—black or brown—has become so convincing it's almost dishonest. Starkman has a wicked (in that sense only) overblouse made of it; very pretty, and a mere $32.98.

There's a nice little wool-mohair-and-nylon sweater at Hanlan's, 51 Greenwich Avenue (near Seventh Avenue), in a style so familiar that we might call it "semi" (or possibly "light") classic—no sleeves, and a high, round, collarless neck. It's offered in a choice of three nice little mohair colors—burgundy, burnt olive, or pinkish beige—and it costs $15. Meanwhile, the Antartex Sheepskin Shop, 139 East 76th Street, has imported from Scotland a wool-mohair-and-nylon cardigan that's a true classic, even though the four-inch-wide, ribbed, pointed collar is ever so faintly unorthodox. There are a dozen fine colors, and the price is $24.

Bendel's hand-knit jacket—which is for indoors—will send whoever gets it racing out into the snow to show it off. Still, the prize seems worth that risk—a cardigan, lined with black taffeta, that is made up of bright multicolored squares. Imagine an old-fashioned afghan resembling a new mosaic and you won't be far wrong. It's from France, and costs $295, and it's in the department justifiably called Fancy. (Depending on the supply in stock, you might have to wait three weeks.) Jax, 7 West 57th Street, has a lovely long-sleeved Italian pullover—sky blue, embroidered with a lavender poppy—and a

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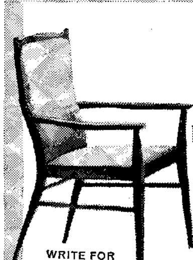

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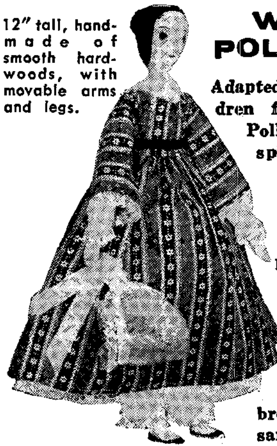

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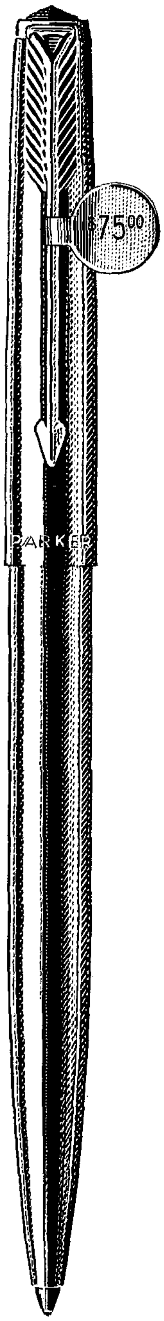
tricky matching jacket, leather-bound around the shawl collar, around the cuffs, and down the front, and with leather buttons. They're both Italian hand-knits, in mohair-wool-and-nylon, and cost $55 each. The jacket might go out-of-doors, certainly by springtime, and so might Peck & Peck's Italian sweaters, in the same substances, which are tremendous (size 36 is two feet long), warm, and gorgeous. One representative example has wide vertical stripes of peacock blue, crimson, brown, and dark green, with each stripe ending at about hip level, in a bold scallop; $45. At the I. Miller Galleria, an enclave of imports (but by no means a free trade area) up at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), you'll find a ladylike vest of natural chamois with a wool jersey back (brown, green, or black); $30. At Brett, over at 251 East 57th Street, they appear to be selling soccer shirts for ladies. By gum, that's what they *are* doing—genuine West German soccer shirts, of cotton knit, long-sleeved, vertically striped in red, black, or green and white, or in black and red, and with lacings at the neck. They're $9.95. Brett's beach parka—perfect for beach-soccer benchwarmers—is natural-colored cotton twill lined with lilac-colored terry cloth; $25. (We do seem to be hinting—nagging, almost—that you take somebody South, don't we?)

A skier's parka, speaking of parkas, is an excellent gift idea all the same, because Nassau may turn surprisingly chilly in the evenings. Bonwit Teller has a beauty in nylon. It's a French-ribbon design—pale-blue stripes alternating with rose-garlanded écru stripes—and it's $50. You'll find a honey-colored parka of antique velvet lined with light-blue quilted Dacron at André, 21 West 56th Street; $59.50. One entrancing parka at Norse House, 140 East 47th Street—of quilted stretch nylon, no less—is completely washable, including the handsome black-dyed fox fur around its hood; $39.95, in any of several solid colors or in lively prints. For its part, Abercrombie & Fitch carries a sea-blue leather parka, at $75, and ski pants of the same stuff, at $70. Together, they do make a fetching leather suit.

The alternative to the skier's parka, according to the authorities, is the skier's sweater. (When the offshore wind blows on St. Thomas, somebody may be glad she brought it.) Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street, has an Italian one that's woolly and warm, with a strange, attractive neckline. It's egg-shaped, of all things—rounded in back, with a narrow scoop-out in front; $59.50. And a



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great West German import, a really heavy white wool pullover, banded, down toward the hem, with sprightly conceits of colored embroidery, is at the Ski & Sea Boutique; $34.95.

A WARM coat? At Brooks Brothers, you'll find a British naval officer's coat translated into women's wear, and it comes through very well. It's trim, double-breasted, back-belted, and brass-buttoned, and when its collar closes, the wearer will know it's really closed, because that collar was designed for convoy duty in the North Atlantic, Ma'am. The coat is of navy-blue chinchilla cloth, lined with red wool. It can also be had vice versa, which is livelier but far less nautical (even the Red Navy wears blue); $85. A Lord & Taylor storm coat is made of waterproofed black cloqué satin, with an Empire yoke and a zip-in black-dyed nutria lining; $190. A Lord & Taylor double-breasted raincoat hardly less astonishing is of waterproofed white rayon brocade; $50. The party raincoat at Bonwit Teller is gleaming emerald-green shirred silk ($69), while the heavy-duty model is a trench coat of black imitation alligator lined with scarlet flannel ($65). And there's an eye-catching double-breasted winter-weather coat at Bernath, 551 Madison Avenue (55th). The outside is beige wide-wale corduroy—described cautiously as water-repelient—which looks elegant, and the inside is beige fake curly lamb, which is as warm as the real thing; $89.95. And we've tracked down a reversible rain cape that is dashing, as you'd expect a cape to be, and quite dependable, since it comes from Great Britain, where the precipitation is notorious. It's navy-blue cotton poplin on one side and wool Dress Campbell tartan on the other. Burberry makes it; British American House, 488 Madison Avenue (51st), sells it; and it costs $75.

A word or two about fair-weather coats. We very much admired a straight cardigan, with a wide collar, no fastenings, and no nonsense, edged all around with knit braid. Italy is its country of origin, and it may be had in Valencia orange, among other colors. It's $50, at Act III, 1079 Third Avenue (63rd). And we were greatly impressed by a floor-length evening coat at Macy's Little Shop. It's slit from the waist to the hem, at both sides, to accommodate the skirt of a very full ball gown. Furthermore, it's reversible—silk-and-rayon satin on one side and contrasting silk-and-rayon peau de soie on the other. If a girl on your list can't bear to be seen in the same outfit twice, you're one

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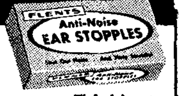

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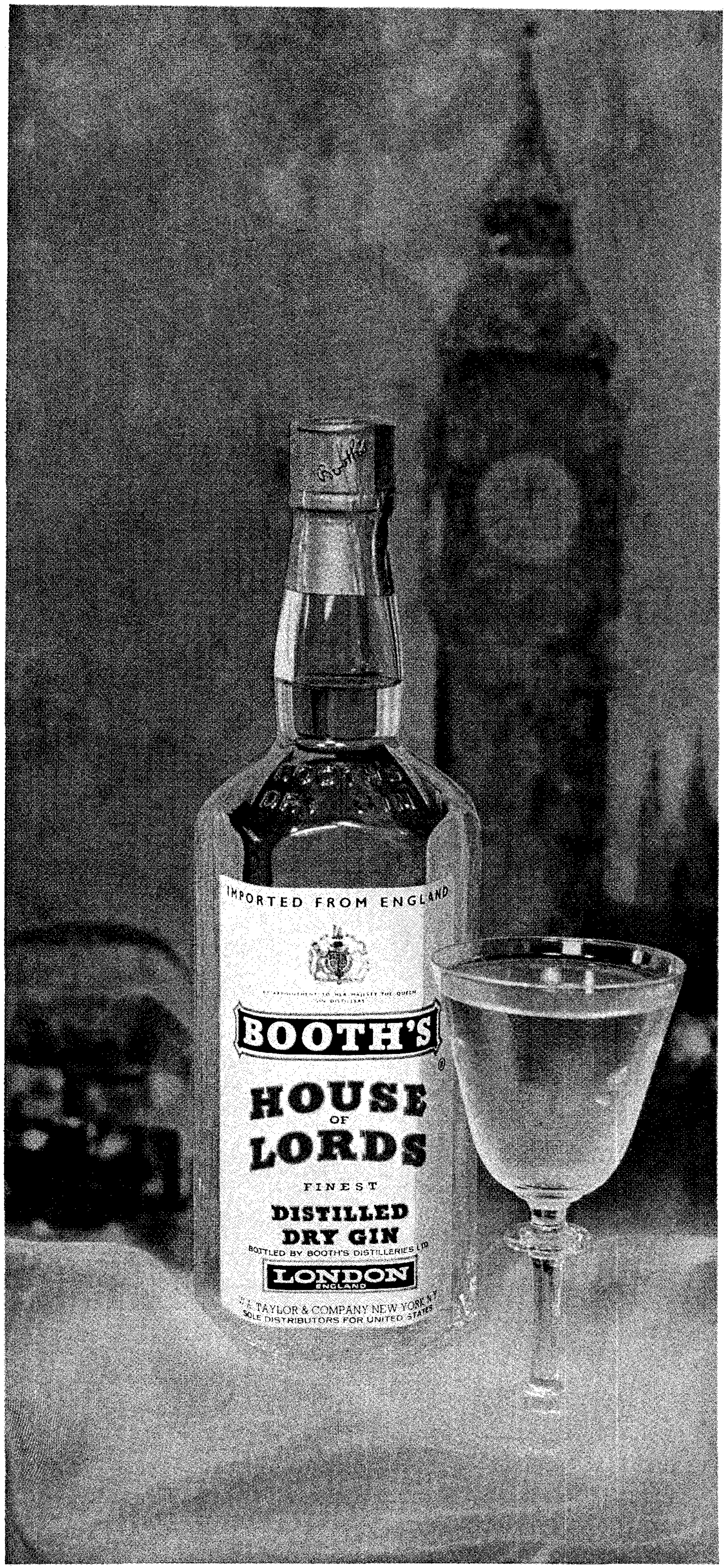
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evening's worth of coat ahead; $125, in practically any color combination you could ask for.

A FANCY umbrella that should provide protective coloration in a snowstorm is on hand at Bergdorf Goodman, with a white nylon shade and a natural cobra-skin handle, at $20. In another vein altogether, the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, offers one with a transparent plastic shade that is nevertheless far from invisible. Open it up and a tight little bouquet of artificial flowers (white or yellow or pink) spreads out beneath the canopy; $10. And Jam Today has Madame Butterfly Japanese parasols with souped-up rice-paper shades—chemically treated to be water-repellent. They have bamboo handles, and they come in two sizes. The larger ($6) is available in solid, or obi, colors; the smaller ($5) in kimono-type flower prints.

BOOTS for ladies are an acquired taste, but such is fashion's tyranny that it looks as if we'd better acquire it. There are snappy orange horsehide fur boots, ankle-high, at Lord & Taylor. They have low, stacked heels, and they're fleece-lined; $25. There are high black leather boots there, too, from France, which look something like riding boots, except that they're decorated down their sides with broad stripes of bright grosgrain; $30. Bloomingdale's ankle boots are of light-brown furry pony skin, and they fasten with white thongs that match their white calf soles; $9. The silver hair-seal boots at the Ski & Sea Boutique reach well above the ankles and have solid Cuban (low-to-middling) heels. They're fleece-lined, and their three-inch cuffs are leather-piped; $43.95. And Abercrombie & Fitch sells topflight calf-length vinyl-plastic boots, good for rain, good for snow, perfect for slush. The red model has sturdy black soles and black-and-white striped canvas linings. A year ago, they would have been overshoes; now they're supposed to be pulled on right over the stockings. The price is $15.

COME Christmas, your sister will doubtless be standing in need of the natty four-button-length white kid gloves that Bergdorf Goodman offers. They have turnback cuffs, for goodness' sake, and two sets of cufflinks—white kid buttons for day, rhinestones for night—are included in the bargain, which is $25. The black kid gloves made by Kislav and sold at Best's are warm, at the wrist, anyway; their eight-button

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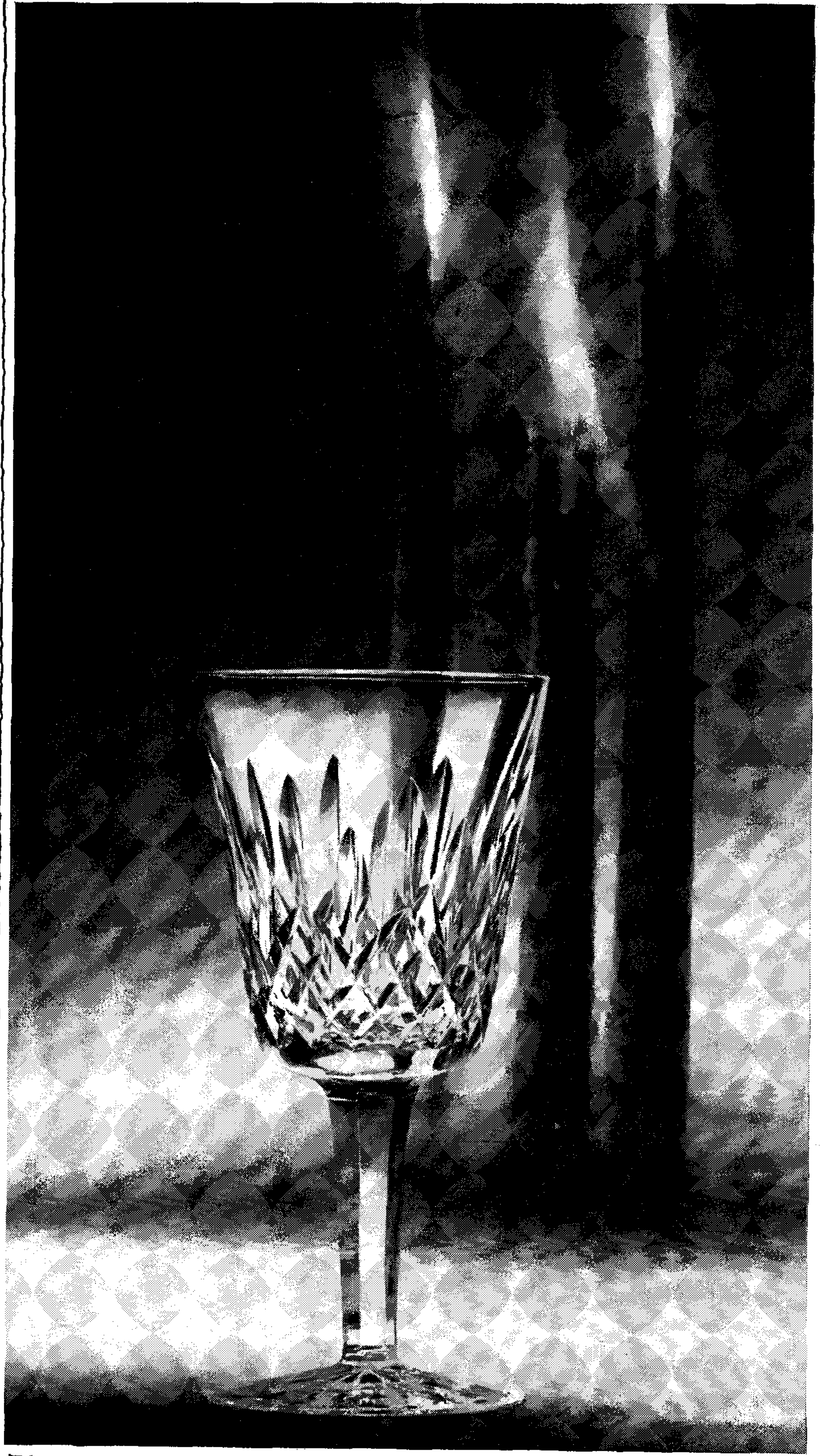

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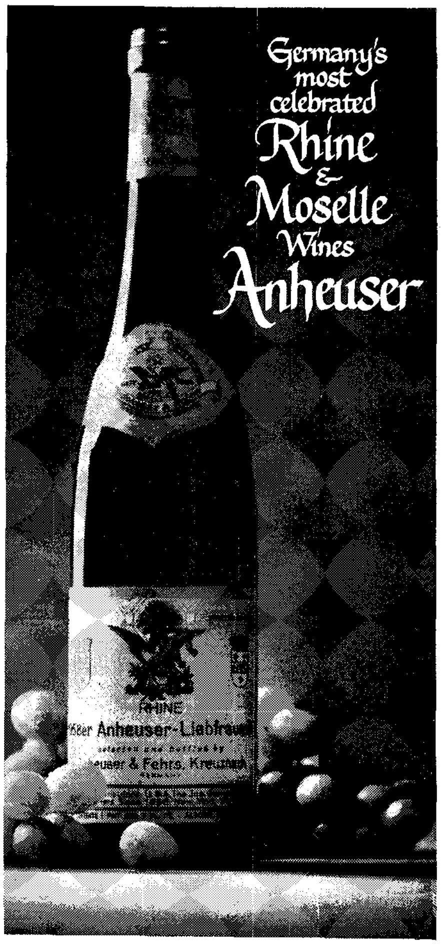
link-free cuffs are of leopard ($49.50), black-dyed mink ($55), or broadtail ($55). The eight-button-length black gloves at the House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, are a delight. Besides being made of nylon-and-cotton one-size-fits-all stretch fabric, they have double rows of oval jet beads at their tops; $13.95. Barra's eight-button-lengthers, no less attractive, are of black kid and are lined, for warmth, with silk of Santa Claus red; $16.50. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work has discreet—well, discreet is only the beginning, actually—hand-sewn French nylon gloves. The lengths are short ($4.50), medium ($5.50), and elbow ($7.00), and the colors are modish bone and useful white. To sum them up, they're what an actress wears when she's playing a lady. And if her fingers are still cold after all this, the Charles of the Ritz Boutique, in the Ritz Tower, can provide a beautiful bouncing, barrel-shaped evening muff made of curled black ostrich feathers; $60.

HANDBAGS, everybody! Since we're at the Charles of the Ritz Boutique, let's start with its lovely evening bag, an envelope-with-handles that measures seven inches square and is made in Paris. It's black silk brocade punctuated by woven golden bowknots; $64.90. Bergdorf's eight-inch-square satin evening bag has handles, too, but it isn't an envelope, because envelopes have flaps. It fastens at the top with a gilt clasp, and it looks fine. In plain black satin, it's $22; in trapunto black satin, $44. A popular-priced ($25.30) version of an evening bag right out of Chanel's latest collection—a quilted crêpe envelope with no handles—is on sale at Bonwit Teller, in black, royal blue, bone, and white. And—heaven seems to be protecting the working girl this year—a dull-satin Dior envelope is at the House of European Specialties for $25.25; a long, flat bow lies lazily on its flap, and you can choose among black, gray, green, and champagne.

Any sensible girl might reward you with a kiss for a cut-velvet evening bag built like a miniature shopping bag, at Lafitte, 8 East 54th Street. Since it's open at the top, shopping-bag fashion, the change purse is on a chain, and it has a zippered compartment. We especially liked the sapphire-and-black cut velvet with jet handles. The price: $74.80. Two kisses and conceivably a hug for the self-assured, slightly plump black lizard evening clutch sold by Henri Betrix, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd).



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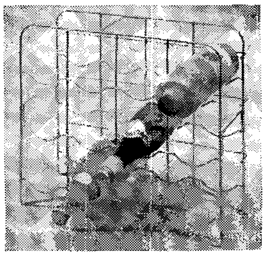

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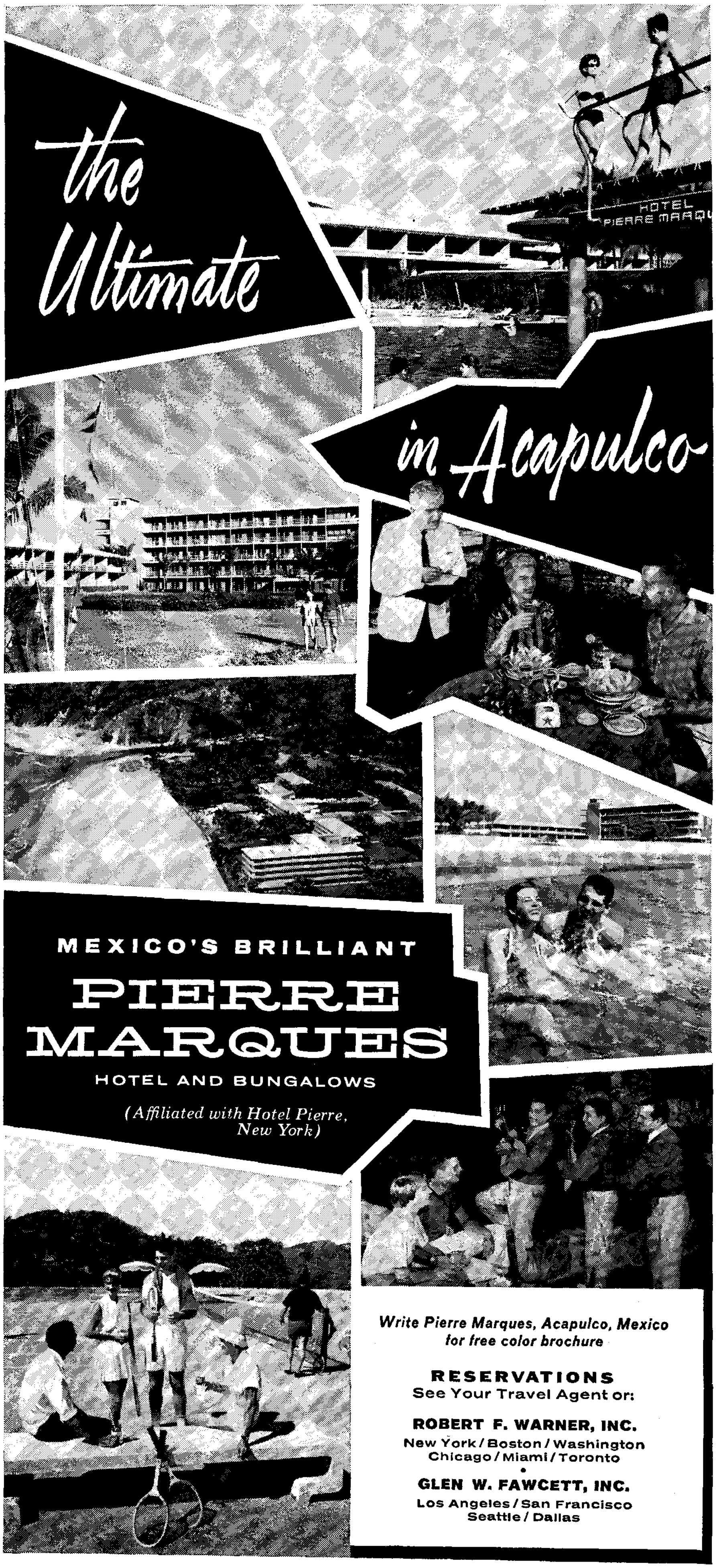
The lining is glove leather, and the fastening is a gold-metal bar in which some rhinestones twinkle knowingly; $159.50.

Bloomingdale's lizard bag is a day-or-night proposition. As for shape, it's a flattened cylinder with handles. As for size, it's roomy. The colors include a most enticing molasses; $47.25. Bloomingdale's fake-alligator clutch—for evening—is a triumph, by the way. A bamboo-shaped gold-metal bar across its top keeps it closed, and it's absolutely spectacular in white; $9.90. Smooth reversed natural pigskin, suède-lined, is Jacomo's idea of what a daytime bag should be, and Jacomo, whose shop is at 25 East 61st Street, gives credit for the shapely design to the shapely Brigitte Bardot, who is said to have thought it up out of her own tousled head. Very nice little satchel with double handles. *Voilà!* $81.95. There's another interesting bag at Jacomo—a big, squashy one, longer than it is high, made of cinnamon-colored wool-and-hemp in a basketweave. It's plastic-lined, so it can go to the beach, if you have decided to go South after all, and it can be carried there by its wide black patent-leather strap; $26.95. A sporty satchel at Dunhill is covered in a synthetic woven beige fabric trimmed with black leather and lined with another shade of beige linen. It costs $22 and is eleven and a half inches long at its base. That's big, but if it isn't big enough, try the thirteen-inch size, at $28.60. While you're at it, why not tuck in Dunhill's efficient black leather wallet, a model of sound design? That's $13.20.

WE'RE beyond handbags now, and off into luggage. You can find a *ne-plus-ultra* tote bag at Gucci, 769 Fifth Avenue (58th), of brown or red calf—dull or shiny, as you prefer—and leather lined with calf. Its handles are attached to gold-metal bars, and the number of inside zipper pockets is two. The price is $77. What is it that the shopper buys one half so precious as the bag she carries it home in? Pampered Kitchens, 21 East 10th Street, has imported from India a small collection of crewel-embroidered tote bags. They're practical: fifteen and a half inches square, and lined in black cotton. No two are alike, so all we can report is that they range from beautiful to beautiful; $8.75. Mark Cross's tote bag has one specific purpose—the toting of shoes. It's of natural linen, with trim and handles of dark-brown leather, and since its pale plastic lining resists mud, it should be perfect for lugging home



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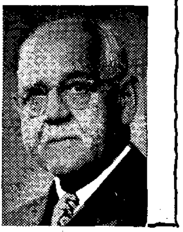

Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this girl* . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere girl* get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by *both* man and wife.

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As our not-so-mere customers rightly appreciate, this twilight hour is a time for sharpening, not dulling, the human spirit. And in providing heightened pleasure in fewer but better drinks, OLD FITZGERALD encourages healthful moderation, at the same time fostering a pleasant day's-end "togetherness" for both the man-and-lady of the house.

If you are one who looks to the cocktail hour as a time of rest and restoration, we invite you to join an inner circle of moderate men and women who find in fewer but better "OLD FITZGERALDS" a well-deserved reward for the rigors of the day.

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(Advertisement)

beagling shoes; $13.15. Serendipity 3, at 225 East 60th Street, has a single-purpose tote bag aimed at rainy weather. It's a bright-yellow oilcloth job, with a big black oilcloth pocket outside, and it's bound with black cotton; $6.50.

Lady executives—or, for that matter, executive ladies—should be entitled to carry ladies' attaché cases. A lady's attaché case is simply a smaller-all-round version of a man's attaché case—same fittings, same conventional suntan leather—though it can be olive, brown, black, or dark red. Come right down to it, no wonder ladies—even those who can't sign for lunch—are mad about it. The price is $27.50, at Airline Luggage, 139 East 57th Street. The attaché case at the I. Miller Galleria is—on the outside, anyhow—a little joke: it is gray flannel. The red leather lining is perfectly serious, though, and the fittings prove it's a joke *that's meant to work*; $44.

Your best bet for a one-piece-holds-all is probably the Combo Pack at T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th). It's a lightweight duck descendant of the officer's Valpak of the Second World War, and it can hold up to seven dresses, plus some shoes, undergarments, and toilet articles. It looks snappy in red; $68.75. At Macy's Little Shop, we encountered a couple of handsome wool-covered suitcases lined with quilted rayon. The outer material comes from Sardinia, and it's woven in primitive Sardinian patterns (red and black, or green and black). Nothing could be more heads-up than Sardinian luggage, if it's true that Sardinia has replaced the isles of Greece as the new frontier of travel chic. The prices go from $54.99 (the train case) to $76.99 (the twenty-six-inch suitcase).

SOMETHING to wear in or on or over the hair? For dress-up, Lilly Daché proposes a black sequin butterfly (it's affixed to a comb) with a wing span of more than a foot, and with bright-green glass eyes ($49.50), or a princess's coronet, three inches high, made of orange satin ($37.50), or a glittering barrette—ideal for this year's casual hair styles—made of braided gold-metal cord studded with genuine rhinestones ($8.25). At Lafitte, you'll find a striking peacock-feather headband, at $25, and a wild ponytail—a cascade of black ostrich feathers that tumbles all the way to the waist (elastic velvet keeps it on), also at $25. Alice Schweitzer sells, for evening wear, an airy babushka, of guinea-hen feathers backed with black peau de soie, that

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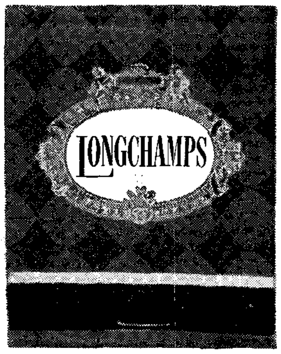

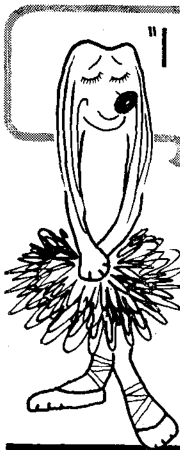

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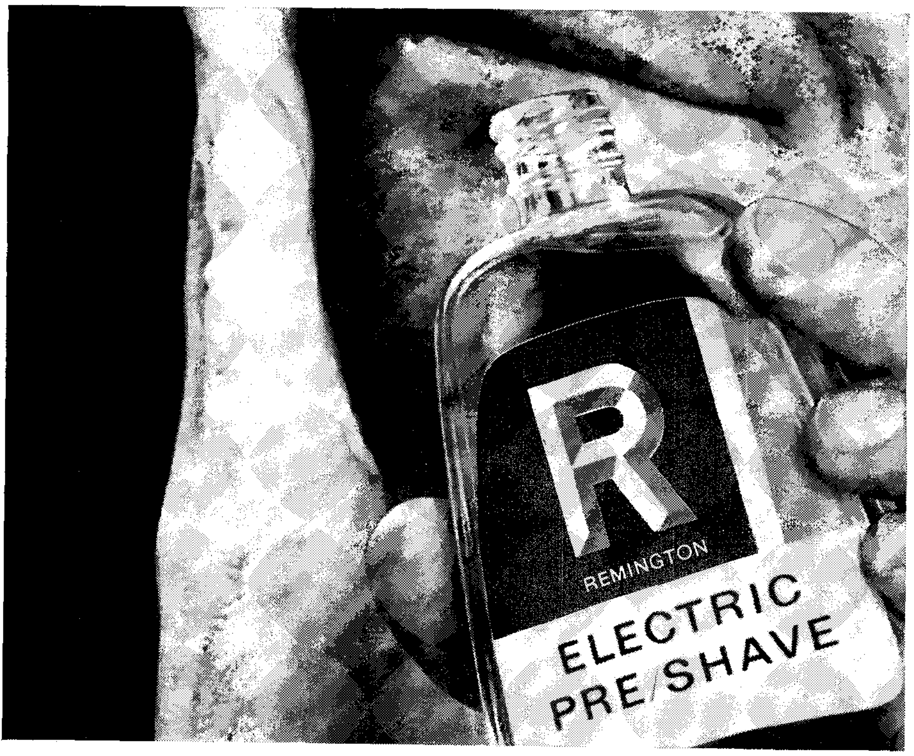
ties with narrow grosgrain ribbons; $20. If a body happens to have straightish and medium-long hair, a body could sweep it back and hold it in place with Hattie Carnegie's demure snood. It's a woollen fish net, essentially, with a flat satin bow on top; $6.50, in black and just about every other color that Crayola makes.

There's a versatile crocheted woollen hat at Suzy Simpson that can be pulled out into a stocking cap or scrunched down into a turban. The colors are sweet blends like pink, gray, and black; $10.98. A wild French angora hat at Hanlan's comes in pastel colors and bears a multicolor pompon, which seems tame enough. But wait. If a girl wants privacy, she pulls it down to her neck in front and—presto!—she's the girl in the angora mask, looking out through the narrow oval slit for her eyes; $7.95.

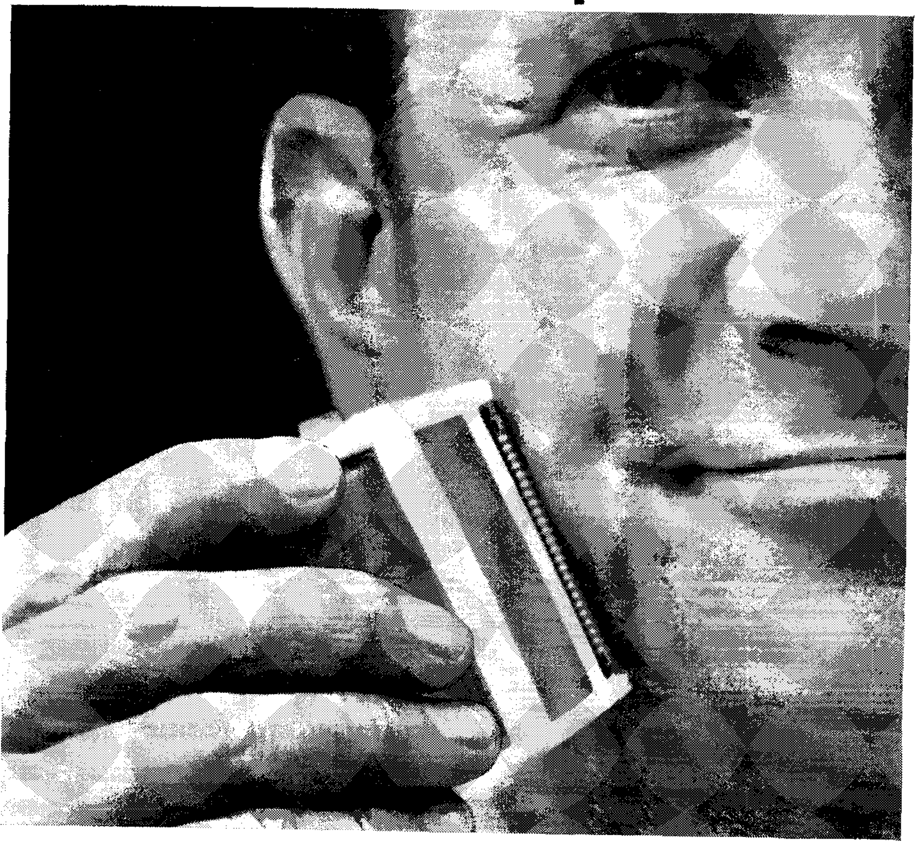
THIS next isn't exactly a pause in the day's occupation—our shop, shop, shopping never flags—but we've come to the children's hour, or at least to the section devoted to holiday clothes for boys and girls.

A high-style baby would surely appreciate a fluffy white wool bunting with a white ribbon drawstring to mark its Empire waist. Besides being bound with periwinkle wool, it has a flock of blue-and-white wool lambs playing among pink-and-blue wool flowers. There's no hood, but there's a fashionable bonnet to match; $22 for the set, at Bergdorf Goodman. For an older snuggler, we like a large, toasty quilt—cotton filled with Dacron—that is printed with portraits of such eminent literary figures as Cinderella, Jack and Jill, Mother Hubbard, and Simple Simon. It's at Mosse, 52 East 57th Street; $37.50.

If a male on your list is celebrating Christmas for the first time this year, you can get him exactly the costume for creeping up to inspect the tree—a one-piece oyster-white chambray romper. On its bib, against a colorful background of appliquéd cotton squares, is a white dog's head. The sizes are four months to one year; the price is $10, at De Pinna. The very same dog is reproduced on the shirt of a matching suit with button-on shorts, for an older, but not much older (sizes 2 to 4), boy, and on the blouse of a one-piece matching box-pleated dress for a girl who wears a size between 1 and 3; each of these is also $10. Since some families take forever getting dressed on Christmas Day, a little girl might be happy to unwrap and immediately put on an at-home cos-



Set 'em up



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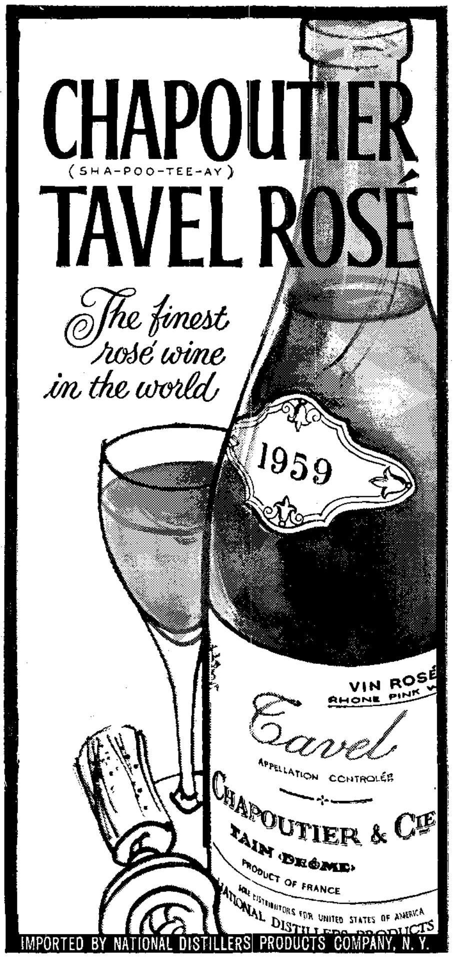
tume. One delightful floor-length shift, with a round, collarless neck, is of turquoise velveteen and has furbelows on its short sleeves; $15 in sizes 2 to 6, and $18 in sizes 8 to 12, at Bendel, where you can also find a charming Empire-style robe of pale-blue rayon-and-Arnel, with pleats edging its three-quarter-length sleeves, and with olive-green piping at the high waist and just above the cuffs. Most sophisticated, as you can imagine, but, on the premise that sophistication doesn't exclude spillage or cookie-crumble spots, it's washable; in sizes 3 to 6x, the price is $13, and in sizes 7 to 10, $15. Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), also has an Empire robe for a lucky little girl. Hers is white Lanella flannel printed with pussy willows (red or blue). A velvet bow (red or blue), trailing streamers down the front, ties beneath its Peter Pan collar. It has buttons on the bodice, but what keeps it together is a long zipper; $30 in sizes 4 to 14. A smaller (1 to 3) girl, with an invitation to a party, would look fetching in Gale's pink cotton broadcloth dress. Its turnover collar is edged with tiny embroidered pink scallops, and growing up from its hem is a stand of hand-embroidered pink, blue, lavender, and yellow tulips; $15.95. A lovely corduroy jumper at the Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), is lined with printed cotton, and it's reversible. For speedy donning and doffing, it fastens at the shoulders with gold-metal buttons. The corduroy-print combinations are one of a kind, and the full, round skirt, perfect for swirling, is delicious; $3.75 in sizes 2 to 3. For a little girl who looks her best in colors more striking than pastels, you can't beat the bold but simple A-line party dress at the Green Frog, 15 Christopher Street (near Sixth Avenue), of turquoise cotton interwoven with plum-colored thread. Its bertha collar, moreover, is enthusiastically embroidered in a darker shade of plum—a swirly border, a daisy, and a sunburst. It's $10.95 in sizes 2 to 3x, $12.95 in sizes 3 to 6x, and $14.95 in sizes 7 to 10. The children's heavy hand-knit wool sweaters at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work are wonderful, and there are masses of them on hand, no two alike. Just to give you some idea, a cozy, winsome size-6 turtleneck pullover of Alice blue, knit in cable stitch, is $13.75.

Glad Rags, 1007 Madison Avenue (78th), has a fine indoor-weight pullover with long sleeves and a V neck. The material is washable French wool knit. The sizes run from 2 to 12, the prices run from $6.95 to $7.95, and you



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have a choice among two grays, two blues, one red, and one beige. The modish French wool-knit brother-and-sister costumes here—overalls for Jacques, a jumper for Jacqueline—come in nice solid colors, but oh! the stripes! and oh! the plaids! Irresistible! The overalls, in sizes 1 to 6, are $6.95. The jumper costs $8.95 in sizes 1 to 6x and $10.95 in sizes 7 to 10. For a tiny girl (2 to 4) who is going visiting on Christmas Day—or any other day, for that matter—Glad Rags offers a warm, dainty coat of light-beige pile. It comes with a bonnet to match and costs $30.

THAT'S all for the children. While they're playing quietly in the next room, we'll go on unwrapping gifts for women. Is this a ladybug? Why, so it is! A replica, to be sure—enamel on gold—but no bigger than life-size, to pin on the lapel of a suit. It comes from the Petit Musée, 16 West 58th Street, and it costs $13. Cufflinks to go with the shirt beneath that suit—if you take the Petit Musée's hint—are a weighty pair of fleurs-de-lis, made of plain or gold-plated sterling; $15.

Any woman who keeps her charm bracelet up to date would certainly want a gold Unisphere—the symbol of the coming World's Fair—and one is ready, for $18, at Marchal Jewelers, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th). And a woman who keeps up with the family mending deserves nothing less than a working silver thimble, engraved with old-fashioned scrollwork; $3.50, in its own velvet pouch, at Pampered Kitchens. Tiffany has a reward for the lady who watches her diet—a tiny vermeil apple to hold saccharine pills, at $14. Or, if she's back on the cake, an old-fashioned silver napkin ring, like a big wedding band; $10.

Something for a lady's desk? Tiffany's compact sterling-silver postal scale, a four-inch cylinder calibrated for letters weighing up to three ounces, costs $8.50, and think of the money she'll save on stamps! You might surprise somebody with a Scotch Tape dispenser of sterling silver, from Cartier's new boutique; $10, with one roll of tape. Bloomingdale's heaviest paperweight—two and a quarter pounds—is four three-inch links of solid-brass chain; $5. Too heavy? Very well, Buyways, at 72 Macdougal Street, offers a lightweight pottery paperweight in the form of the Frog Prince, five inches long and adorned with pastel hand-painted flowers; $2.95. Pens are everywhere, but at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, there's a wonder: a tall gold-metal ball-point topped with

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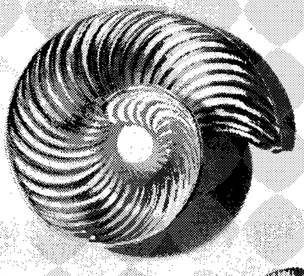

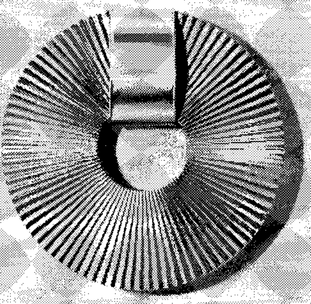

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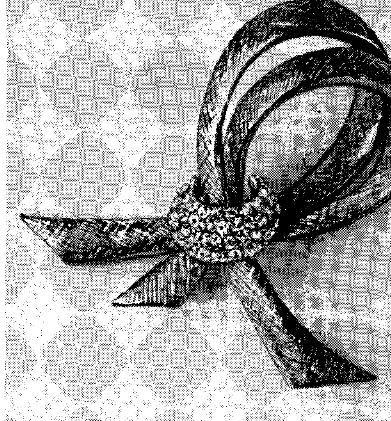
a life-size spray of convincing white glass lilies of the valley. It's $25. And shouldn't there be a family snapshot or two on this desk? If a lady on your list has one beautiful grandchild, his or her picture would go nicely into a simple four-by-six-inch frame consisting of two sheets of glass clipped together by a gold-metal cupid and resting on a pair of gold-metal wire supports; $22.50, at Soupçon. Two beautiful grandchildren? A double frame, for five-by-seven photographs, that is covered in printed toile is $9.75, at The Green Box, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd). The fabrics represent eighteenth-century French pastoral scenes—red, green, or blue on white. If the tally of loved ones is legion, an open photograph file is needed, and Dunhill can supply one—a tall brass rod, with a brass rooster on top, that serves as a sort of Maypole for sixty plastic envelopes, each of which will hold a pair of two-and-a-half-inch prints back to back. This is $12.95. If the lady has more than a hundred and twenty relatives, the only hope we see—but it's a cheerful one—is the whopping photograph album, bound in plaid Thai silk, at Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street; $16.

Have you thought of a clock? We know of one that is electric and tiny—it is full of transistors, of course—and that runs for eight months without a battery change. It's leather-bound and shaped vaguely like a lopsided pear, and the clock face is another irregular pear shape. The price is $49.50, and next July you can get her a new battery where you got her the clock—at Mark Cross. A candid little alarm clock, with a back and front of transparent plastic, shows off its pretty red-and-gold clockwork insides; $9.90, at Best's. Stark Valla has a replica of a plump Victorian pocket watch, its gold-metal case afroth with curlicue etching, that stands up, easel-fashion, to serve as a bedside-table alarm clock; $22.50. And at Altman's Studio 3, believe it or not, you'll find a brass doorknob with a working pocket-size watch set right into it; $19.80. When the doorknob says it's time to travel—Palm Beach, Stowe, or Sardinia—a lady could use a crackerjack travelling mirror, with one round face that magnifies and another that just reflects. The ones we have in mind are set into a square padded-leather double frame that packs flat and snaps closed; $7.50, at Abercrombie & Fitch. For home use, there is Buyway's gay framed mirror, whose frame—sixteen inches by nineteen—is painted papier-mâché festooned with cheerful red-and-yellow



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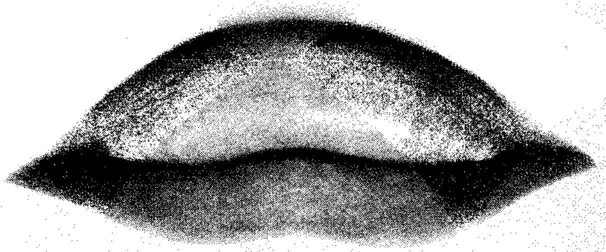

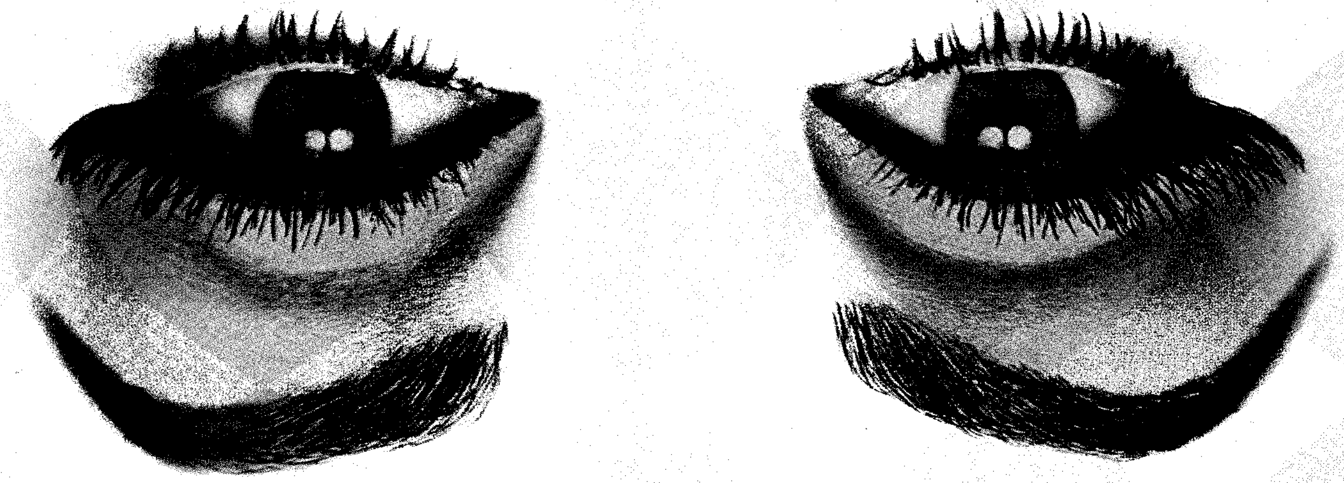

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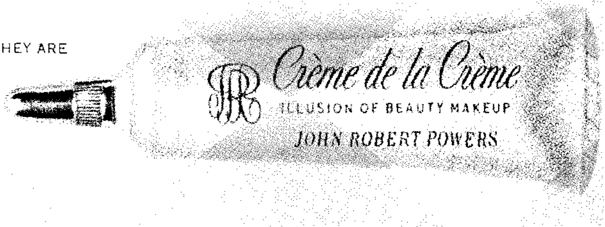

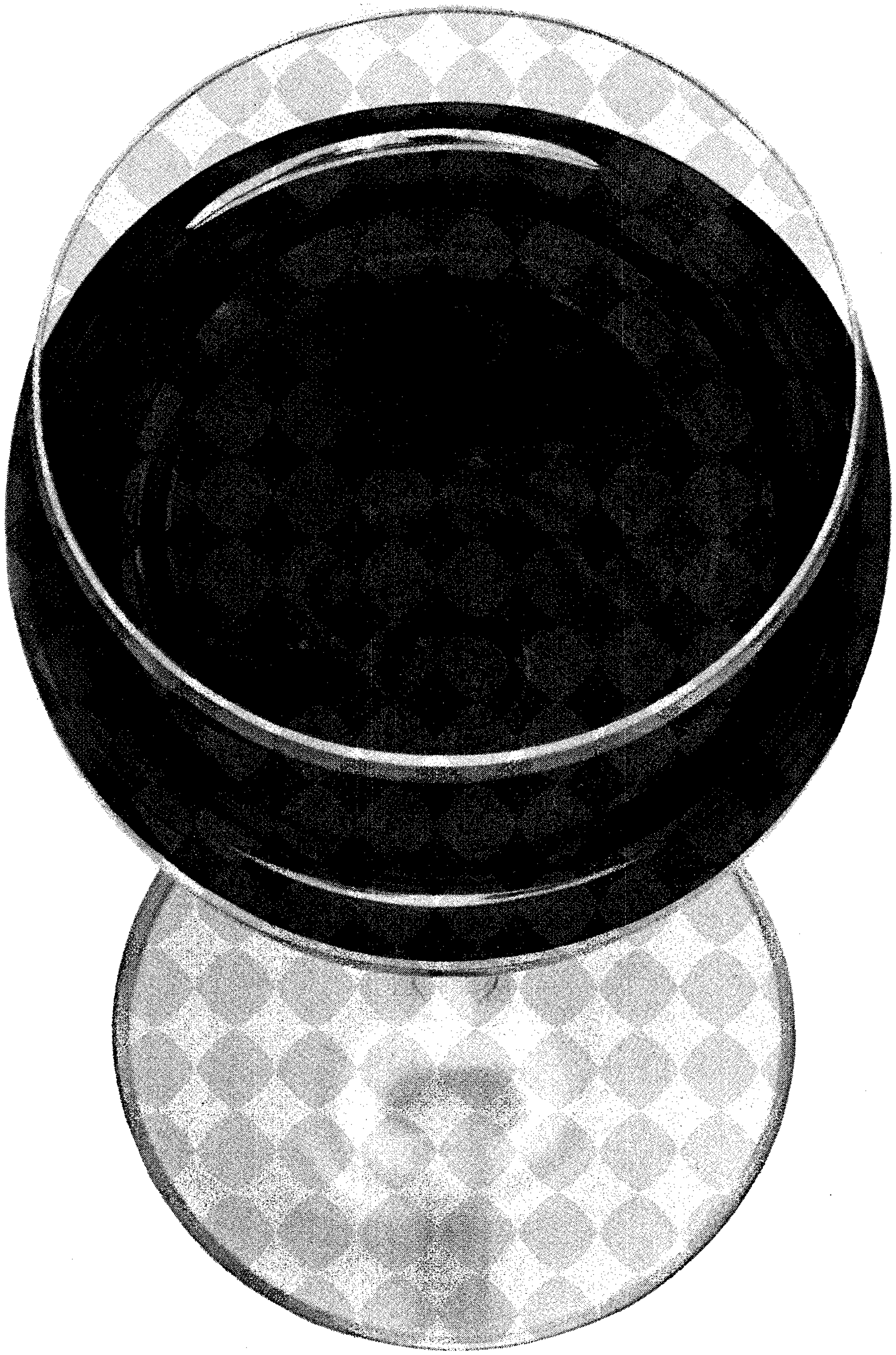

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tulips and lots of florist's greenery. It can be hung on a wall or will serve as a dressing-table tray; $29.95. More for a dressing table? A miniature wooden sea chest, all lavish gesso and gold and blue paint, fitted to hold five lipsticks, a fistful of eyebrow pencils and eye-liner brushes, and other cosmetic paraphernalia; $5, at Bloomingdale's.

Now for a lady who, busy though she is, plans to give a big sit-down dinner party. Where can she seat the boss's wife? Next to the Ambassador from Farina? He doesn't speak English. Beside the shaggy *jeune cinéaste* who is here filming something bold and depressing? He doesn't speak English, either. The situation calls for a seating-arrangement study board. Soupçon has an impressive one, protected by a silver-and-gold brocade folder, that depicts—also in brocade—oval, circular, and rectangular table shapes. The hostess deals name slips around them, trying things first this way, then that way. (If nothing works out, her guest list is wrong.) It's $25. Tooled-leather boards, for the same purpose, come in fourteen colors and in the same three shapes; the circular and the oval boards are $14.95 apiece, and the rectangular one is $24.95, at C. P. Leathercrafts, 21 East 57th Street. Maybe a game of solitaire would be easier. In that event, how about an open-top, purse-size playing-card case, gold-plated silver etched with a leafy design? It's $23.50, at Stark Valla. Is this lady's serving girl likely to disappoint her at the last minute? Well, there's an old-fashioned Portuguese apron at Le Sorelle, 137 East 56th Street, made of heavy white cotton and hand-embroidered with big, scrolly blue hearts and flowers; $4. But wait! As hostess, our lady must be wearing a floor-length at-home skirt. Well, we have an answer for that—two answers, in fact. Alpha, a very long synthetic kid apron, gold colored and bound with gold braid; $32.50, at Saks Fifth Avenue's Gourmette Shop. And, beta, a Shocking-pink burlap apron reaching all the way down to the floor and tied with orange grosgrain ribbon; $6.50, at Stark Valla. Good protection, either of them, for anybody's glorious party costume—not to mention a festive contribution to the holiday's joy.

•

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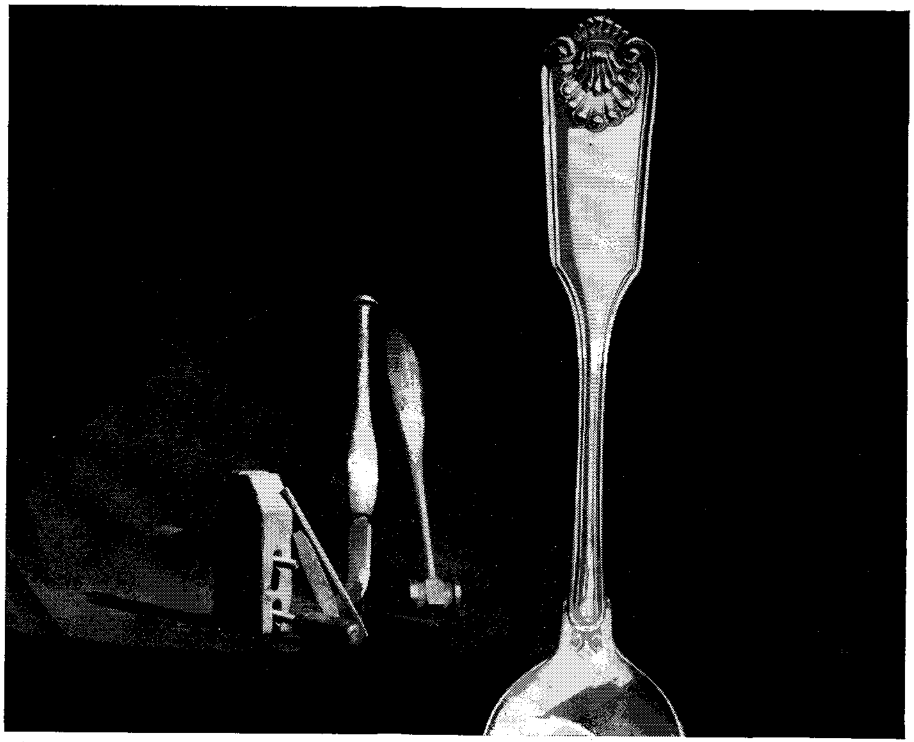

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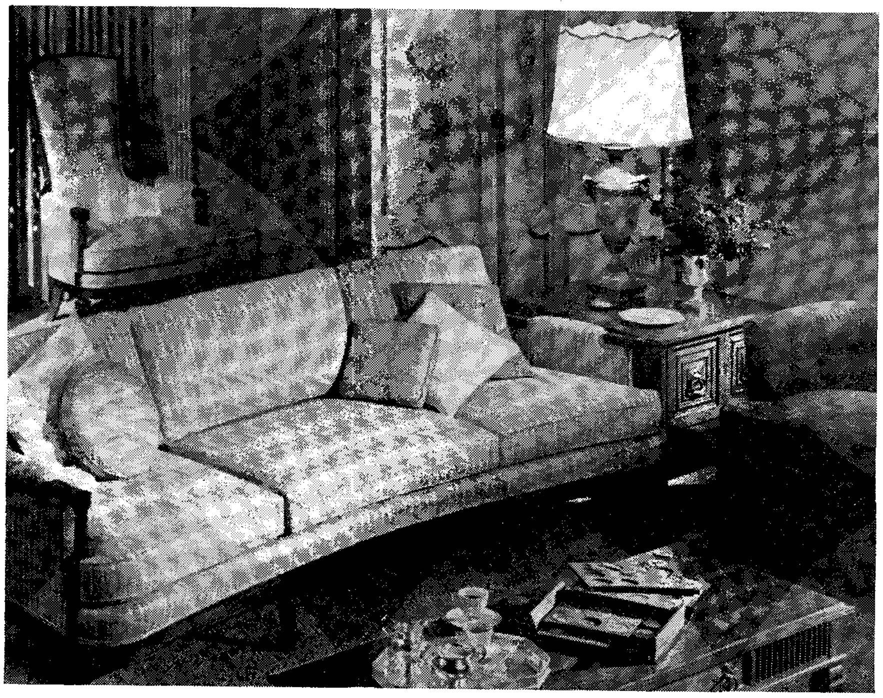

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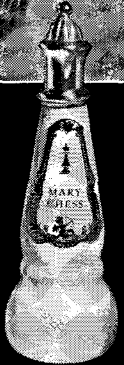
THE ART GALLERIES

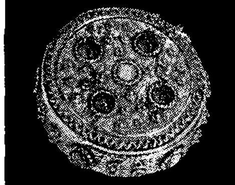
One-Note Man

THERE is a small category of artists who are known, frequently quite unjustly, for only one piece of work, to the practical exclusion of anything else they may have done. Marcel Duchamp comes to mind at once. His output has been awesomely slight, to be sure, but for all that he has produced a fair quantity of paintings—as well as other works—in addition to his "Nude Descending a Staircase," the only one for which he is popularly remembered. Mention Rodin and you get "The Thinker," Millet and it's "The Angelus," while even much greater men than these are not immune from this sort of one-shot cataloguing; I imagine the average run of people would be hard put to it to name anything by Leonardo apart from the "Mona Lisa"—unless they just happened to remember "The Last Supper."

Joseph Stella, now the subject of a well-documented and well-arranged memorial exhibition at the Whitney Museum (his first, surprisingly, of any consequence since 1939), was, in a sense, another of these one-note artists, for he is known, to the popular mind at least, almost solely as a painter of the Brooklyn Bridge, and if the present showing did nothing else it would still have its value because it demonstrates that Stella's career was not wholly confined to making abstract arrangements of the decks, cables, and towers of that imposing structure. It does, in fact, much more, and so, for the matter of that, did Stella—who, as the collection portrays him, appears to have been a remarkably restless and busy man.

He got started fairly early. Born in 1877, in the small mountain village of Muro Lucano, outside Naples, he was only eighteen when he came to this country, more or less as an immigrant, in 1896. But he had already shown a considerable talent for drawing—enough to induce an older brother, a prosperous physician in New York, to finance his trip—and he had been here hardly more than a year or two when, as a student at the New York School of Art, he gained the favor of the then all-powerful William Merritt Chase, who





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taught there, and, what was perhaps more important, won a scholarship that made it possible for him to continue his studies. Such early works of his as are in the exhibition—"Laughing Man" and "Nude," for example, both of 1900, and "Italian Church," of a decade later—reveal Chase's influence in both their rather cautious literalism and their Munich-school, Old Masterish dark coloration. But even so they are technically sure, suave, and confident, while the best of his drawings of the period—see "Italian Immigrant," "Four Miners," and the curiously moving, shadowy "Face of an Elderly Person"—have a crisp precision in their handling of detail that almost recalls Ingres.

By this time, though still in his early twenties, Stella was making money. His skill as a draftsman and his feeling for genre had not gone unnoticed, and he was increasingly in demand by book and magazine publishers as an illustrator. In a roundabout way, his sudden financial success may paradoxically have contributed to his downfall as a commercial artist and the beginning of his interest in "purer," more experimental fields. For, on the one hand, a series of trips to Pennsylvania and West Virginia, to make studies of conditions in the mining towns there, brought him face to face for the first time with large-scale industrial construction, and so may have paved the way for the Bridge paintings, while the money he made from the illustrations and drawings financed a leisurely trip to Europe—and when he was in Paris he fell in, quite fortuitously, with Carrà, Severini, and no doubt most of the other Italian Futurists who had just come up in a body to see to the mounting of the epochal first Futurist exhibition, held in Paris in 1912.

One has only to move from Stella's semi-Impressionist "Still-Life," done just before his trip abroad, to his "Battle of Lights, Coney Island," done just after, to see how instantaneous the impact of the new school was upon him; if its effect had been as penetrating as it was electric, he might well have come to occupy a more substantial position in the history of American painting. As things are, he was our first—as he remains possibly our only true—Futurist, and not only the "Battle of Lights, Coney Island," dated 1914-18, along with its many variant studies, but "Spring" and the "Madonna of Coney Island," dating from about the same period, show how speedily he assimilated the style.

The trouble was, in my view, that it

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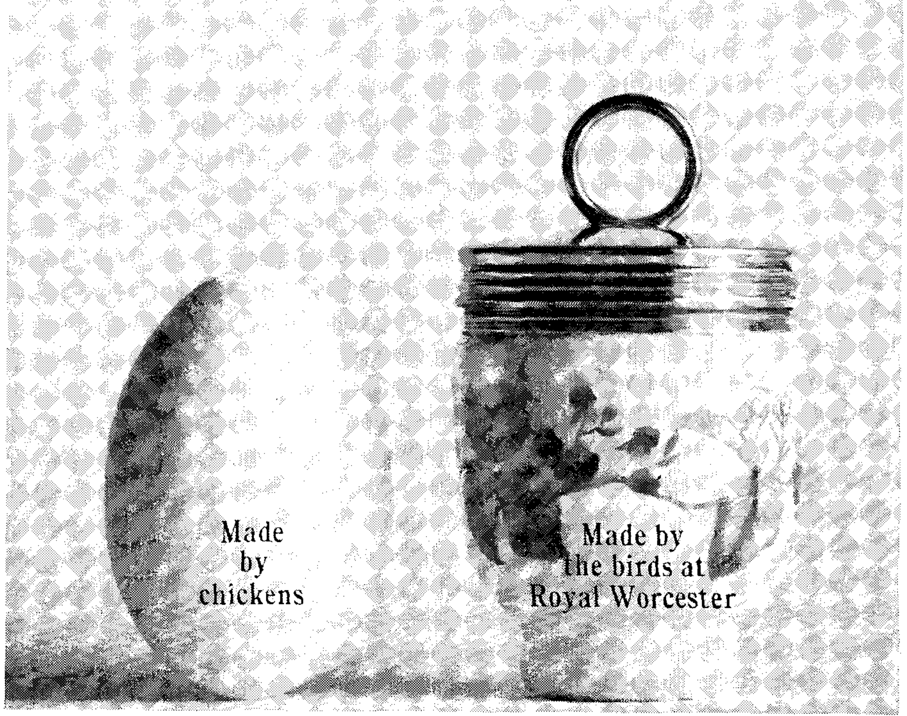

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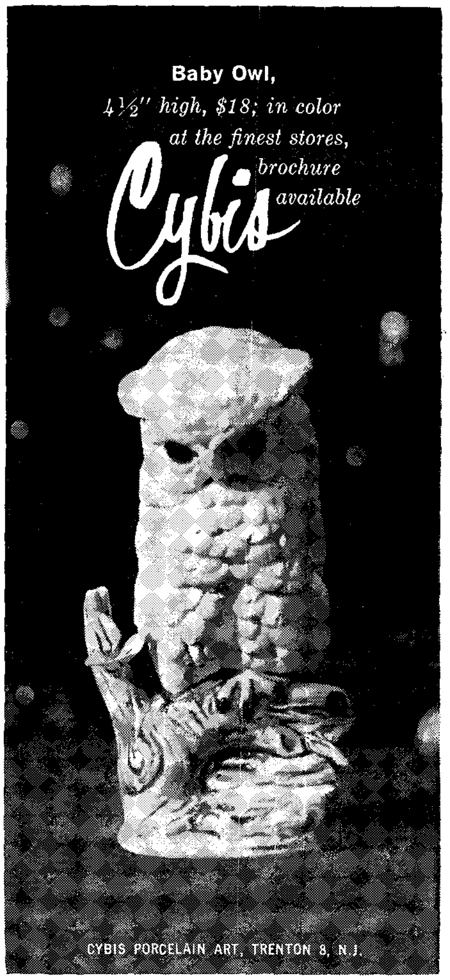
was assimilation pure and simple. Stella clearly was carried away—one might almost say transported—by the sheer dash and exuberance of Futurism, and because of this the "Madonna of Coney Island," with its ribboning-out of interweaving color patterns around its only vaguely hinted-at central figure (What does it represent, anyway, one wonders—a parade? A religious procession? On Mermaid Avenue, maybe?), is a thoroughly ingratiating performance, made the better by the feeling of the impromptu it carries with it. What Stella lacked was a full grasp of the principles that had been forming to justify and sustain the movement. The founding Futurists had *theories*—theories they believed in—about color and mass and line and their function in conveying the effect of motion, and though some of their ideas, most especially the controversial ones, may have been half-baked, others have turned out to be startlingly sound. (It's amazing to observe how faithfully modern high-speed photography corroborates Boccioni's intuitive renditions of individuals "stopped" in violent motion.) Stella, it appears, didn't bother much about the theorizing. An emotionalist in the first place, he also had a tendency to veer unpredictably from one style to another and then, as often as not, but not always successfully, back again; even up to the very end of his career he can be seen still mingling Cubist with Futurist and Naturalist expressions, more or less side by side. John Baur, who put the show together, remarks in his catalogue introduction that Stella was "uneven," and adds, a trifle darkly, that "it has seemed advisable to represent certain aspects of his work scantily, and one or two not at all."

Whatever has been left out, the show is kaleidoscopic indeed. The years following Stella's introduction to Futurism were unquestionably his most consistently productive period—including all but one (and that a rather tired one) of his studies of the Bridge—and yet even then he had momentary aberrations. In his later years (he died in 1946, in New York) his swings grew wilder, and his tendency toward sentimental symbolism ever broader and more blatant, culminating in such truly embarrassing pieces as the heavily exotic "Full Moon (Barbados)," the cluttered "Black Swan," and the oddly erotic "The Red Flower," all the product of some ventures he made in those years into the tropics.

One turns back from such canvases as these to the paintings of the Bridge—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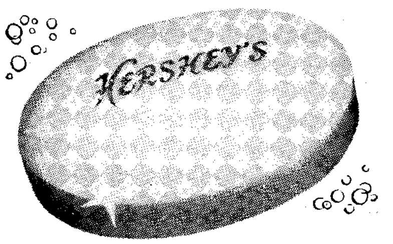
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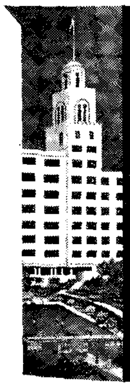
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so strict in design and yet so harmonious in the orchestration of the motifs—with a true feeling of puzzlement. Did the simple dignity of the Bridge impose some reflection of the same quality on the artist? Did its logic force him, for once, to be logical, too? I don't know, but his paintings of it (there are four large oils on the subject in the show, plus as many more drawings and water colors) have a clarity and precision that are generally lacking elsewhere in his work. It may be that Stella was a one-subject man after all. —ROBERT M. COATES

◆

No matter how the final games in the Honolulu prep football campaign come up this weekend, Kamehameha will meet Roosevelt in the feature game of the Thanksgiving Day doubleheader next week.

However, the matter of which team will enter the post-season classic as the champion remains to be settled.

Kamehameha plays McKinley at 4 P.M. and Roosevelt tackles Punahou at 7:30 P.M. Friday. The Roosevelt-Punahou game is Roosevelt's homecoming and the annual "Paint Brush" trophy classic.

Iolani takes on Kalani at 2:30 P.M. and Farrington engages Kaimuki at 7:30 P.M. Saturday.

While Kam and Roosevelt have clinched the top two berths for the post-season doubleheader, Punahou, Farrington and Iolani are in contention for the other two places.

Kamehameha (6–0–1) can wrap up the championship by beating McKinley. If the Tigers win, or hold Kam to a tie, the championship will hinge on the Roosevelt-Punahou game.

A Roosevelt victory and a Kamehameha defeat will give the pennant to the Riders, who are 6–1 in the standings.

If the Riders beat Punahou and the Tigers tie the Warriors, then the Roosevelt-Kamehameha game on Thanksgiving Day will be for the championship.

Punahou (4–2–1) must beat Roosevelt to assure itself of a chance to play next Thursday.

If Punahou tops Roosevelt, the Warriors will gain the crown even if they lose to McKinley.

But since the Puns have already lost two games and tied one, they still won't get into the feature game of the Thanksgiving Day double bill.

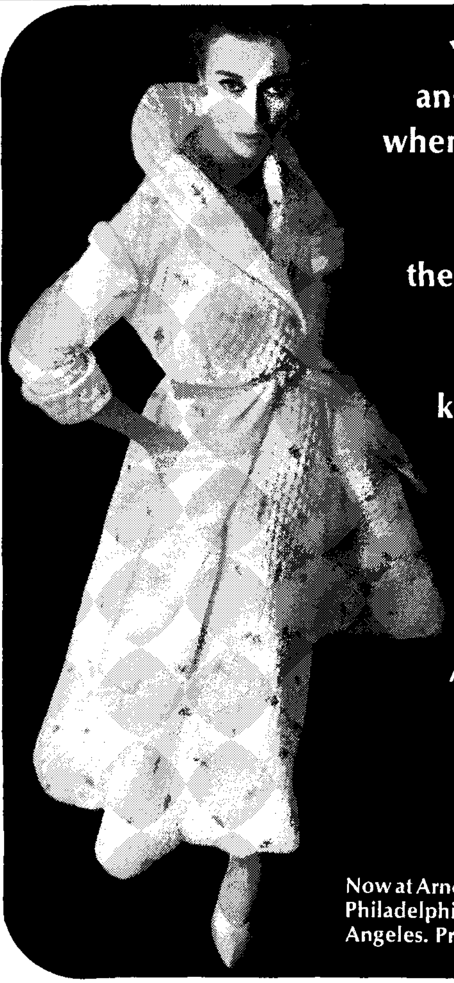
Iolani (3–3–1) must beat Kalani for a possible berth. The same holds true for Farrington against Kaimuki.

If Punahou loses to Roosevelt and Iolani beats Kalani, they will wind up in a tie with 4–3–1 records. Thus, if Farrington defeats Kaimuki, the Governors will clinch third place with a 5–3 record.

However, if the Govs lose to Kaimuki, they will be out of the holiday twinbill.

If Iolani loses to Kalani, the Raiders will be out of the picture and both Punahou and Farrington will play the first game regardless of how they fare this week.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

Unless the volcano erupts.



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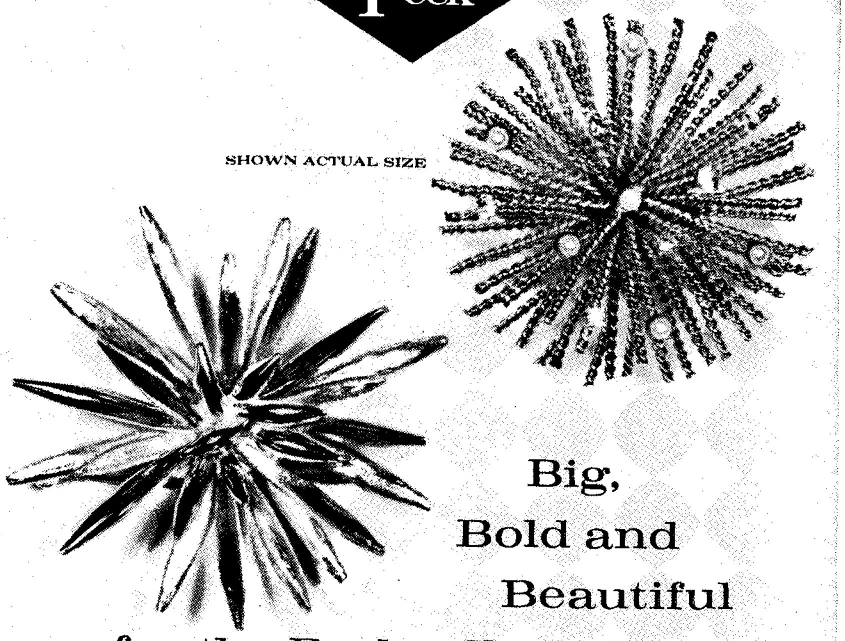

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

CONCLAVE AT FROBISHER

SCATTERED across the frozen top of North America are small groups of human beings who until recently managed to stay alive only by a most precariously balanced system of hunting and fishing for each day's survival. They are Eskimos, and they live in tiny settlements that are separated from one another by hundreds, often thousands, of miles of the hauntingly bleak Arctic. Of the more than thirty thousand Eskimos, twelve thousand or so live in Canada. About two thousand of the latter live as far south as the fifty-fifth parallel, in the northern third of Quebec, but most inhabit the vast area known as the Northwest Territories, which begins above the sixtieth parallel and stretches for over a million square miles between Baffin Island, in the east, and the great Mackenzie River, in the west, beyond which are the Yukon and Alaska. Those who live on the islands of the vast Arctic archipelago see polar bears, whales, and seals, but no trees; in winter their view is glistening ice and snow and in summer it is soft gray tundra and black rock. Eskimo communities bear names ranging from stirring Anglo-Saxon ones like Resolute to native tongue twisters like Povungnituk. The settlements vary in size from that at Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island, which has more than sixteen hundred inhabitants, to the northern outpost of Grise Fiord, on Ellesmere Island, situated between seventy-five and eighty degrees north latitude, which has around a hundred, living in total darkness from November until the end of January.

Formerly, most Eskimos dwelt in semi-nomadic isolation, broken—if it was broken at all—only by infrequent dog-sled trips across frozen straits to Hudson's Bay Company stores in winter, by kayak voyages in the short summer, or by rare visits from white missionaries or detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After the Second World War, the single-engine bush plane opened the Arctic to new trade and exploration, in the course of which the white man discovered that the pattern of Eskimo life had tragically changed. Caught between a growing dependence on the white man's goods and a declining ability to provide for themselves in their traditional fashion, the Eskimos were found to be slowly starving to death. At first, they were given relief handouts of the sort granted to all indigent Canadian citizens. Then, ten years ago, the government established a Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources and staffed it with imaginative men who immediately sought new means of making the Eskimos self-sufficient again and restoring their dignity. Some way had to be found of supplying them with a cash income so that they could buy the guns and ammunition that had replaced the bow and arrow; the outboard motorboat and the gasoline that had replaced the kayak and the paddle; the flour, baking powder, and raisins for a dietary staple called bannock bread; the tea and tobacco to which they had become addicted; and the material for the white man's clothes that they had become accustomed to wearing.

The device that the Department of Northern Affairs officials hit upon to enable the independent-minded Eskimo to convert into cash whatever natural resources were available to him was the coöperative, financed at the outset by capital provided from a special Eskimo Loan Fund. The first such coöperative was set up in 1959 on the George River, near Ungava Bay, in the Province of Quebec, and two years ago I went up there to visit it. On that trip, I accompanied a dynamic young man named Donald Snowden, who, as chief of the department's Industrial Division, had been most responsible for initiating the coöperative experiment, and his Danish-born assistant, Paul Godt, who serves as head of the Coöperative Development Section of the Industrial Division. The Eskimos on the George River were engaged in fishing, logging, boatbuilding, and handicrafts, and their coöperative has turned out to be so successful that seventeen others have been established, in fifteen other Eskimo communities: at Aklavik and Inuvik, in the far west, near the Mackenzie River; at Coppermine, on Coronation Gulf, and at Cambridge Bay and Holman, on Victoria Island, in the central Arctic; at Povungnituk, Great Whale River, and Whale Cove, on the coast of Hudson Bay; at Resolute and Grise Fiord, in the Arctic archipelago; at Cape Dorset and Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island; at Igloolik, on a tiny island nearby; and at Port Burwell and Fort Chimo, which, along with the George River community, occupy the eastern shores of Ungava Bay.

Not long ago, Snowden wrote me that the First Conference of the Arctic Coöperatives was about to be held at Frobisher Bay, and he invited me to attend. "It may well mark a turning point in the economic affairs of Canadian Eskimos," he wrote. "It is the first time that the Eskimo leaders of Eskimo coöperatives have been able to get together to find out what is being done in other parts of the Arctic. It is highly unlikely that any Eskimo has ever been at a meeting involving so many Eskimo people from so many places in the Arctic. Our role will be purely advisory and minor. I have no idea what is likely to be said at this conference."

ON a Monday afternoon, I joined Snowden and his party in the terminal building of the Montreal airport for the twelve-hundred-mile flight north to Frobisher Bay. With him were Paul Godt, looking, as usual, both kindly and worried; Jon Evans, a sandy-haired man of about thirty, whose job is to survey areas where coöperatives may be set up and determine whether there are enough resources to make the ventures economically sound; Snowden's secretary, a vivacious blond young lady named Terry Chaput, who was making her first trip to the Arctic; Dr. Alexander Laidlaw, a pleasant-faced man of about fifty, who is national secretary of the Coöperative Union of Canada, the coördinating agency for coöperatives in English-speaking Canada, and who was coming along as an observer; and a delegate to the conference from the coöperative at Whale Cove, on Hudson Bay—a handsome young Eskimo named Celestino Magpa, who had a crew cut and was nattily dressed in a tweed sports jacket, gray flannels, white shirt, and black tie. The other men, I

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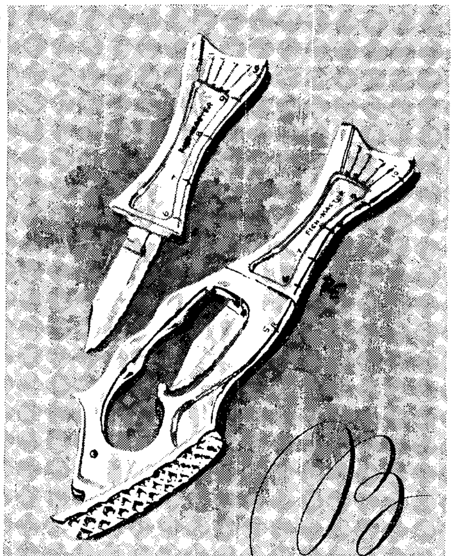
was surprised to see, had on business suits, rather than the heavy pants and sweaters that are the customary northern attire. Everyone was carrying a parka, the traditional outer garment for Arctic travel. Miss Chaput wore a trim outfit that made me wish I had put on something similarly feminine rather than the old ski suit I wore. I knew that we could expect cold weather at Frobisher, and I asked Godt why he, Snowden, and the others weren't dressed in a style more suitable for the Arctic. "Well, in fact, Frobisher is no frontier outpost," he said. "You'll find hot and cold running water, oil heat, automobiles—even a cocktail bar."

As our plane, a DC-4, took off, I glanced at a timetable provided by its operators, Nordair Airlines, which showed that we were to stop at Fort Chimo, on Ungava Bay, and were due to arrive in Frobisher a little before midnight. Snowden sat beside me, and I remarked to him that Nordair seemed to have greatly increased its scheduled flights since my previous trip. "I can't get over the speed with which things are happening in the north," he said. "We'll be having superhighways next. And when those come, I leave. But one thing we do still lack, and need badly—lateral air transportation. All our scheduled air routes in the Northwest Territories run north and south; the only east-west transportation is by expensive chartered plane. At Port Burwell, the coöperative store has to carry a year's inventory of commodities, shipped in by boat in summer, and the items that the Eskimos offer for sale—white fox, sealskins, handicrafts—cannot be moved except at great expense." He pointed to Magpa, who was sitting up ahead, and went on, "Celestino presents a perfect example of what I mean. Whale Cove, where he lives, is only eight hundred miles from Frobisher across Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait, but he must make a thirty-six-hundred-mile trip to get there. He had to go eleven hundred miles south to Winnipeg, then thirteen hundred miles east to Montreal, and now he's travelling twelve hundred miles back into the Arctic with us. Transporting the Eskimo delegates presents a real problem in logistics. If the weather is bad, the crowd from the central and western parts of the Arctic may not arrive at all."

Snowden sat back for a few minutes smoking a cigarette—which, like most of the Eskimos, he does almost constantly. Then he said, "If all goes well, we're bringing in quite a varied group. A small plane is coming from Grise Fiord, on Ellesmere Island, with an



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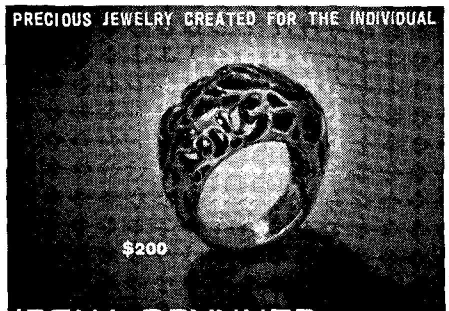

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Eskimo delegate and a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, who was for some time the only white man there, and who has been tremendously helpful to the coöperative. He keeps the books, among other things. Another Mounted Policeman will be with the Eskimo delegate from Resolute. Two Roman Catholic priests who helped start the co-operatives in their mission areas—at Holman and at Igloolik—will accompany Eskimo delegates from those places. And you must remember George Koneak, the Eskimo interpreter at the George River. We're picking him up, along with three delegates from Ungava and two from Povungnituk and Great Whale River, when the plane puts down at Fort Chimo, which is only two and a half hours' flight from Frobisher. Our Industrial Division men in that area, Wally Hill and Don Pruden, will be with them. Pruden, who's at the George River, is about the strongest man I've ever met—heavyset, and half as wide as this airplane. Some dogs attacked his little boy this winter, and I hear that Pruden picked up one of the dogs by its hind legs and threw it so hard that it went over and over in the air." I had learned on my previous trip of the blood-thirstiness and sudden ferocity of the Eskimo dogs, which are in no way regarded as pets in the Arctic.

"Do you know why I'm having this conference?" Snowden asked. "I'm trying to find out whether there is an articulate body of opinion yet among the Eskimos in the north. Their coöperative meetings are teaching them not only how to speak but how to assume responsibility and make group decisions among themselves, and I want to know if they are now capable of expressing what is happening to them as a group. If they aren't, we're doing something wrong, but if they're really enthusiastic, we've got on the right track and we should continue. I've been at conferences in Ottawa where two or three Eskimos, frightened to death, sat in an impressive room in one of the Parliament Buildings with white people from the north representing the churches, the Mounted Police, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the government. The Eskimos were anxious and depressed about the big changes among their people, but no matter how hard they tried, they were unable to talk about their own communities and their real problems. Instead, they would fall back on something like 'I have a hole in the roof of my house and it needs repairing,' or 'I need a new boat.' I'd just hate to think that this was the way the Eskimos were going to use their right to make their own de-

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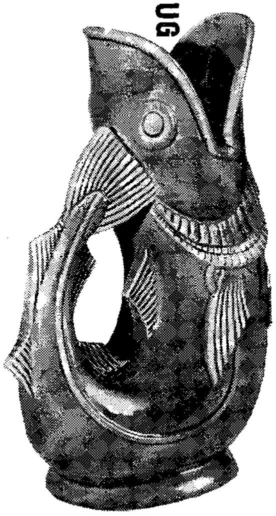

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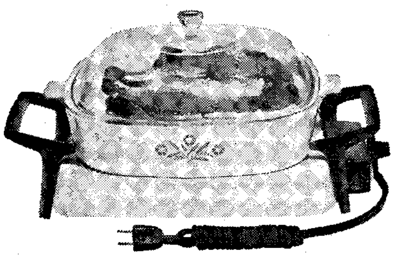

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cisions—especially the decision about where they fit into modern society.

"The most encouraging thing I've seen lately is that the Eskimos are showing signs of learning how to tell us when we're wrong, and I hope we get some really loaded questions about the white man's role in the north," he continued. "I don't believe that the government is infallible, and the coöps make it possible for the Eskimos to give us hell. In this way, we are insuring that we won't have a big minority in the north that is resentful, sullen, and unheard." He turned around and called to his secretary, a few seats behind us, that he wanted to dictate a memo to her, and as he rose, he said, "This meeting is as important to me as the one we had when the people at the George River formed that first coöperative. This is a kind of act of faith with me, to show that people of different color and culture can get together. They must."

AT a little after eight in the evening, we landed at Fort Chimo. I walked down the metal steps from the plane into the cool Arctic night. The sky was clear and dark blue. The stars shone, the ground stretched far away under a white glaze, and I felt the Arctic sweep around me. I noticed that a large group of Eskimos standing on the field were staring at me—giving me an intense scrutiny of a sort I recalled from my previous trip—and I walked on over to the low, wooden airport building. Its large waiting room was jammed with people, Eskimo and white. Some of them were warming their hands at an iron stove, and others were drinking coffee that two white women served from an urn in a corner. As I blinked in the glare of the bare electric bulbs, a familiar figure stepped up to me, his hand outstretched, an enormous grin on his face. It was George Koneak. "So you come back north," he said quietly. "We glad to see you again." Behind him I saw another man whom I remembered. After shaking hands with George Koneak, I greeted Josepie Annanak, a solid, broad-faced man with a black mustache, who, I learned, would be the delegate from the George River coöperative, and then a kindly-looking elderly Eskimo named Henry Annatuk, who, I was told, was president of the Port Burwell coöperative. A moment later, I was introduced to Don Pruden, who, though he wasn't half as wide as an airplane, was broad enough, and had a formidable jaw.

When we reboarded our plane, Pruden sat down next to me. I told him I

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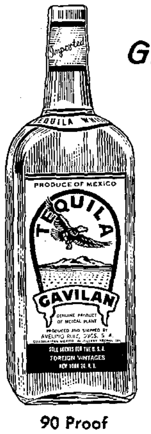

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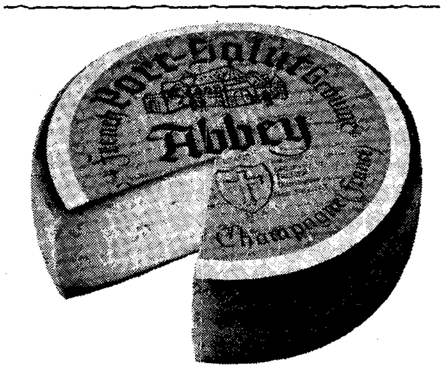

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had heard about his son's ordeal, and asked how the boy was. "The lad's all right now, thank you," he said. He had a warm smile, and spoke in a soft, deep voice with a slight burr. "He's lost some of his hair from shock, and if I speak to him harshly, he sulks for a couple of days. And of course there'll be scars. I don't mind talking about it, if you'd like to hear." I said I would, and Pruden began to tell me the story. "This Sunday, the wife and I were getting up late, and the boy, who is five, and his sister, who is three, were playing outside, flying a little toy airplane in the wind. We heard the little girl scream the word 'Dogs!' and I ran out. I couldn't see the lad, but I saw the dogs—they were Josepie Annanak's—by the corner of the sawmill, a hundred yards away, tearing at something—something blue, it was, and I knew he had on a blue parka. Then I could see blood all over, and I yelled as I ran. The snow was soft and I sank in, but when I got to the dogs I grabbed one sidewise by the leg and threw it. It began to yelp, which made the other dogs stop to yelp, too. Then I got to the lad and pulled off his little rubber boot, to use it as a club. The dogs backed off, and I managed to get him into the house. I gave him to the wife, grabbed my shotgun, ran outside, and shot one of the dogs. Josepie came running, and he took my gun and shot all the others. You can never trust a team again, you know, once they've had the smell of human blood and flesh. I went back in the house, and the boy was on the floor, in shock and bleeding badly. I made a tourniquet, gave him aspirin and some other drugs, and tried to calm him." Pruden moved his hand nervously over his hair, which was short and bristly. "When the lad came out of shock, he realized that he was hurt bad, but he took it good. I sent someone right away to report it on the radio, hoping to get word to Chimo, but there was no answer, so I got some needles ready to sew the lad up if I couldn't get him out on a plane within twenty-four hours. I planned to have one of the Eskimos do the sewing while I directed him. I wouldn't trust myself to do it. Luckily, someone at a radio up the coast had heard my message, and transmitted it to Chimo that night, so at eleven-thirty the next morning a plane came to pick us up and take us to Chimo. That night, the lad and his mother were on this very same Nordair plane, and he was in hospital at Frobisher within thirty-six hours of the attack. My wife, who is the schoolteacher at the George River, was gone five weeks, and we had to close down the schoolhouse." Pruden relaxed

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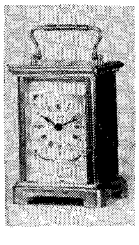
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and lit a cigarette. "The children throw sticks at the dogs, but those animals are tough and they're not bothered at all. We'll have a compound built for all the community dogs by next spring."

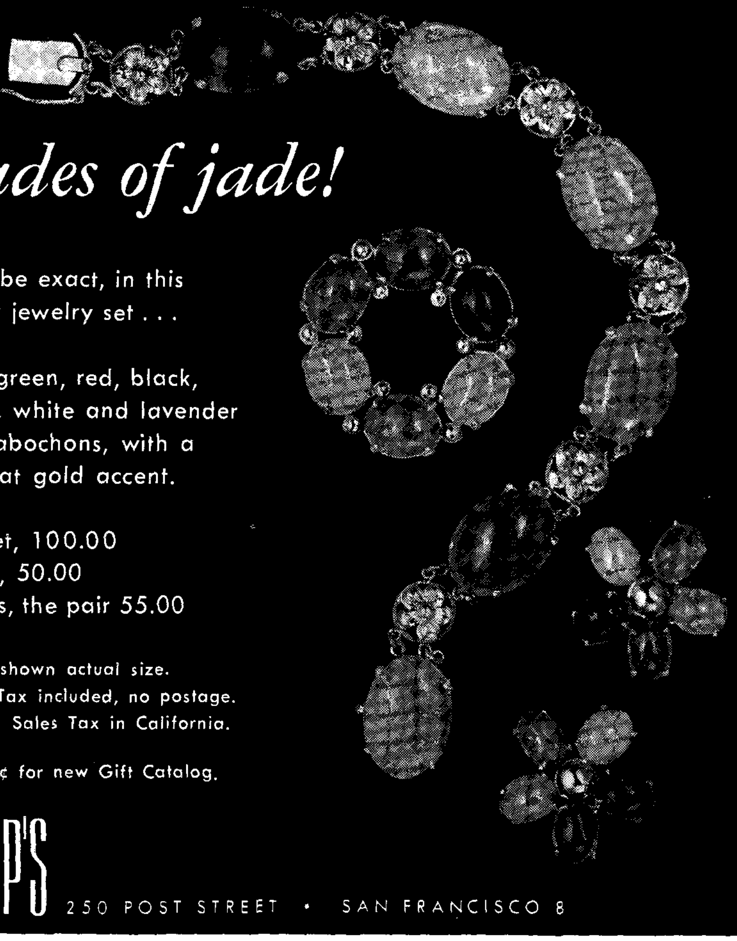
"The dogs must have been very hungry," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied. "Dogs attack on a full stomach. When they are hungry, they are too tired to attack."

After that, we chatted in a desultory way, and Pruden told me he was born at Stony Point, on Lake Winnipeg. "My old grandfather, who was a fisherman and fur trapper, brought me up," he said. "I left home at fourteen and went to work in the mines, trapping on the side, at the same time. I tried business, but went broke, and next I went into the uranium mines, but I got silicosis, so I went back to school and then applied for a job with Northern Affairs. I'm thirty-one now, and I started with the department in 1959. I like the George River very much, and so does my wife. This is our first year there, and she began teaching in a tent as soon as we arrived. Now we have a schoolhouse, and everyone between the ages of six and sixteen has started school." He leaned over and peered out of the window. "Here's your first view of Frobisher," he said.

I glanced down. Frobisher from the air had a gala, Christmas appearance, with very white snow and brightly twinkling electric street lights. I looked at my watch. It was just midnight. We landed, and as I walked toward the Nordair building, my boots crunched noisily in the crisp snow. Once again, as I had been at Chimo, I was acutely conscious of the silent white world around me—above all, it was silent. I wondered if this was partly because, on Baffin Island, we were hundreds of miles above the timber line, and the land was so bare.

We claimed our luggage inside the building, and then, following the others, I went outside and climbed into a yellow bus. A pleasant-looking man with glasses who was standing in the front of the bus introduced himself. He was Alex Sprudzs, Coöperative Officer for the Department of Northern Affairs, and he told me he was in charge of arrangements for the conference. "I've kept my fingers crossed that the weather would be all right," he said. "It's eighteen below, but it's nice and clear. We're still waiting for the western crowd, though." As the bus filled up, he read off our billeting assignments. Five or six men—two or three of them Eskimos and the others whites—would share each billet, with a government official in



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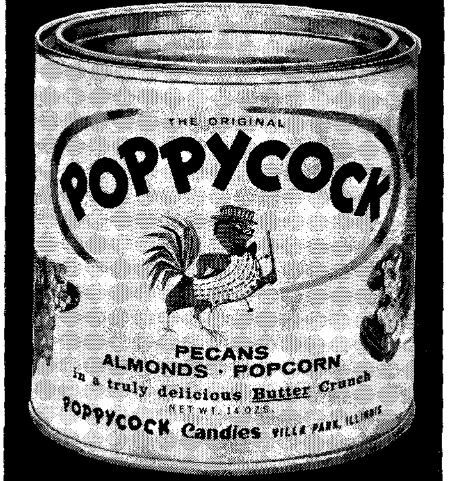
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charge of each. Paul Godt, who sat by me on the bus, said, "We have delegates from active older coöperatives staying with delegates from new ones. We hope the men will pick up as much information at night, while they sit around and talk, as they will at the meetings."

I had been assigned to quarters in one of a number of prefabricated rectangular structures called Butler Buildings. These are large steel shells, which are easy to ship and, since they can be used alone or strung together, are capable of being transformed into almost anything—living quarters, schools, garages, laundries, workshops. The one I was in had four apartments connected by a common hall, at the far end of which was a community laundry room with an electric washing machine. My apartment contained three good-sized bedrooms and a living room, all furnished with government-issue maple furniture, including overstuffed chairs and a couch; a storage room for rations; a modern bathroom; and a kitchen with an electric refrigerator and a modern-looking stove. All the windows in the building were frozen shut, and the temperature inside was at least eighty. This tropical heat was the greatest hazard I encountered during my whole trip to the Arctic. After two sleepless nights, I discovered the community thermostat in the outside corridor, and each evening from then on I tiptoed out with a flashlight after everyone else was in bed and pushed the setting back into the sixties, which brought the heat in my apartment down to a livable seventy. Each morning, on my way out, I flicked the control back to its previous position. That first night, though, in my desperate search for air, I picked up my sleeping bag and relocated myself on the couch in the living room, where I was astonished to see a small glow at eye level, which proved to be the light on a white Princess telephone. Whom could I call? The light beckoned all that sleepless night. My sense of isolation was so complete that it never occurred to me that I could pick up that phone and call my family in New York.

AT seven-thirty the following morning, the yellow bus arrived to take us to the conference buildings. I was told that the settlement of Frobisher Bay consists of three separate communities, and that we were staying in one known as Lower Base, where most of the government employees live, and that we would have our meetings and our meals in another, called Apex Hill, which is three miles away. The third

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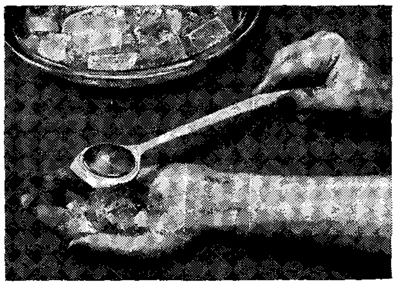

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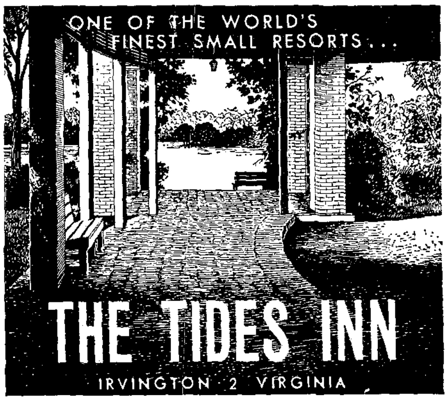

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community, of small frame houses and shacks, is the original Eskimo village of Ikaluit, just around a bend in the road from Lower Base. After fifteen minutes of bumpy riding, we were deposited at the Rehabilitation Center dining hall on Apex Hill. I had learned, as we drove over, that the Rehabilitation Center had been set up by the Department of Northern Affairs eight years earlier, principally in order to provide food and shelter for Eskimos in transit to and from hospitals, but that it had gradually assumed a much wider role in Eskimo life. Physically handicapped Eskimos or those with serious emotional problems often cannot readjust to their former, primitive way of living. The Center currently provides a sheltered existence for some seventy-five Eskimos, who occupy themselves with such enterprises as a bakery, a coffee shop, crafts production (mainly carving and sewing), and an Eskimo-run movie theatre. Graduates of the Center who want to stay put may settle down with their families and buy or build houses on Apex Hill, and as our bus had climbed the hill, I had observed a general atmosphere of activity, with the stovepipes of wooden Eskimo houses smoking briskly in the early-morning air.

The conference itself took place in the Apex Hill community hall, a five-minute walk from the dining hall. A long, low building, the community hall contained a lavatory and coatroom and a large meeting area with light-blue walls and with black curtains that could be pulled across the windows to keep out the brilliant Arctic sun. As people began filing into the hall, Snowden mounted a platform at one end and sat down, facing the rest of us, at the center of a wooden table, in front of two Canadian flags and a large map of the Arctic. He was dressed as he had been the day before, and all the Industrial Division men were similarly dressed. The Eskimos, two of whom joined Snowden at his table and the rest of whom were taking their places at two long tables at right angles to the dais, wore suits with white shirts and ties, or plaid jackets and sweaters, but, unlike the men from the south, they all had on Arctic footwear—heavy work shoes or tasselled fur boots. Jon Evans, who had walked in with me, pointed out two priests sitting with the Eskimos—Father Fournier, from Igloolik, a severe-looking man in his thirties, with bright-blue eyes, a Roman nose, and short brown hair and beard, who was wearing the standard Arctic clerical outfit of black turtleneck sweater and black trousers tucked into Eskimo boots,

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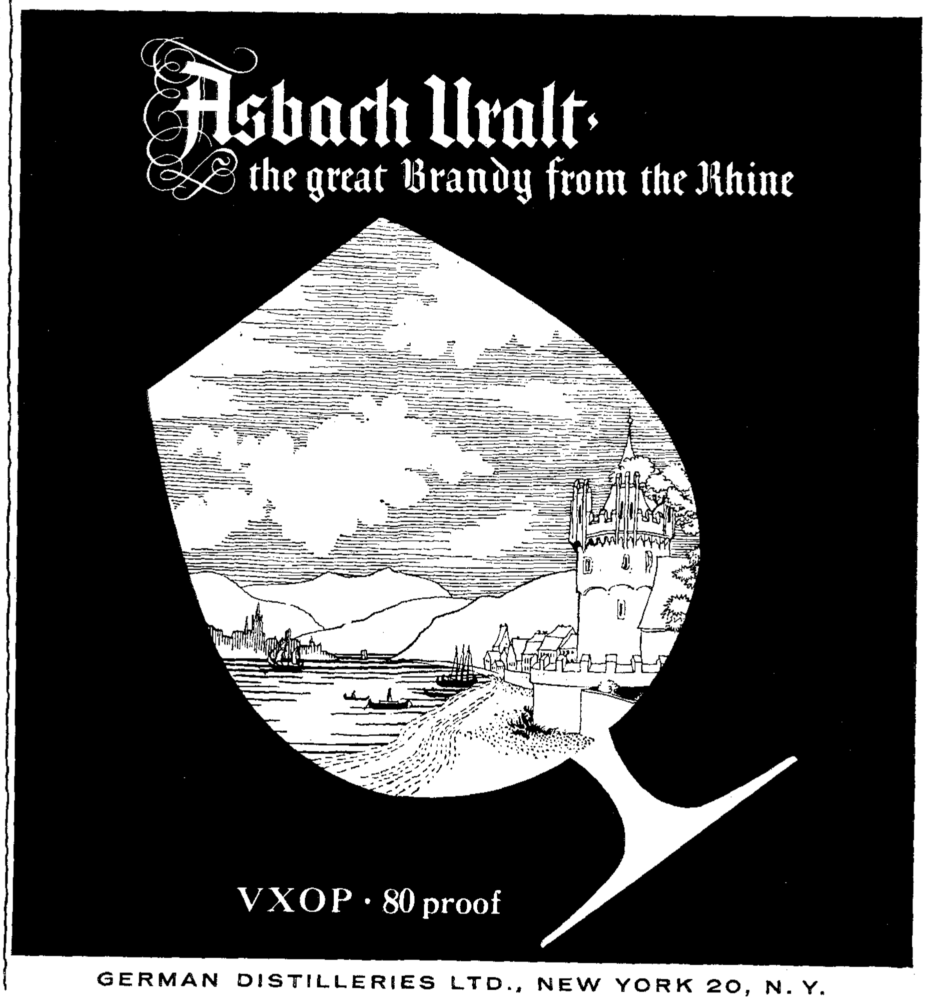
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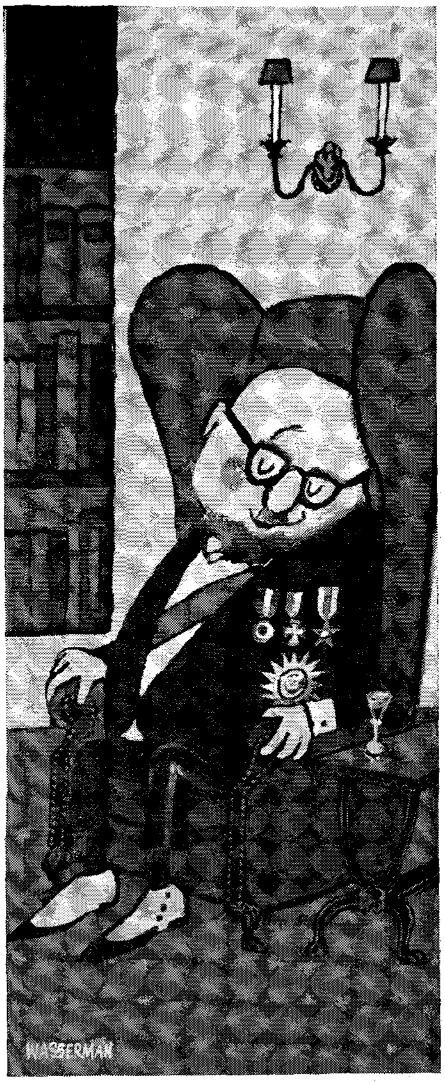

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and Father Tardy, from Holman, who was scholarly in appearance, with graying hair and steel-rimmed glasses, and who was wearing a formal black clerical suit and collar, but also had his trousers stuffed into Eskimo boots. Evans told me that Father Tardy was the sole representative present from Holman, because his Eskimo colleague from the coöp there had missed plane connections, and had thus turned out to be the only one of the forty-five persons expected at the conference who hadn't been able to make it. Evans also pointed out the two Mounted Policemen—both of them very young—who were sitting with their Eskimo colleagues, and I was disappointed to see that they were not in uniform. One had on a business suit, and the other, a handsome, straight-backed man with a clipped mustache, was wearing a heavy brown-and-tan striped sweater, wool slacks, and fur boots.

Behind the delegates, tables had been set up facing the dais for officials from Ottawa and for observers, and at each place was a neat brown envelope. One of the envelopes bore my name, and inside it were a lined pad; a pen and a pencil; several printed pamphlets about coöperatives; the latest issue of the Northern Affairs Department magazine *North;* a list of the Eskimo coöperatives, in the order of their incorporation, with the names of the delegates they were sending to the conference; the agenda for the five days of the conference; and a program, which had a green cover ornamented by an impressionistic black stencil of two Eskimos shaking hands. The program was printed both in English and in syllabics—the written Eskimo language that was created by missionaries in the nineteenth century, and in which Eskimo sounds are represented by triangles, circles, and other geometric forms. Leafing through the program, I found greetings from the Minister of Northern Affairs; a message from the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories; a statement by Snowden of the meeting's purpose ("What you decide here will be of great importance to Eskimo people far into the future . . ."); a suggestion by Godt that the Eskimos "look ahead to the day when the coöperatives in the north form their own big coöperative to undertake . . . things which individual coöperatives cannot do;" a message of welcome from R. J. Orange, the Regional Administrator at Frobisher; and a description of the coöperatives by Alex Sprudzs. I read that the membership of the coöperatives now totalled five hundred (representing, with their families, more than twenty-

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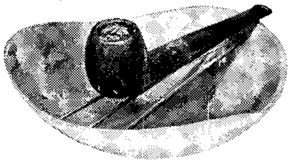

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While we waited for the scheduled opening of the conference, I first chatted with my right-hand neighbor, Dr. Laidlaw. Then a slight, wiry fellow with a lean face and a wry expression slipped into the seat on my left and introduced himself as Jack Veitch, Coöperative Development Officer for the western Arctic. He told me that he and his colleagues in the western group had not arrived at Frobisher until three-thirty that morning.

At this point, Snowden began to speak over the public-address system to open the meeting. First he introduced the Eskimos at the table with him—a tall, distinguished-looking, immaculately dressed man of about thirty, known simply as Simonie, who was the head of the Frobisher Bay housing coöperative and a leader in the community, and the interpreter, a local resident. The latter began translating Snowden's remarks into Eskimo very haltingly, and seemed to be having a great deal of difficulty. I looked around for George Koneak. He was sitting on the edge of his seat at the side of the room, his mouth open and his hands tightly clasped, listening intently. Simonie made a one-minute welcoming speech first in Eskimo, then in English, which was followed by a few words from the eastern Arctic Coöperative Development Officer, Richard Nellis. The interpreter was now in deep trouble, scratching his head and pausing for long intervals while he gazed helplessly at the ceiling. Snowden leaned over and spoke softly to him for several minutes, and then said to the assemblage, "This conference brings to Frobisher Bay many people like me, who don't speak Eskimo. This is a new experiment for all of us, and we must have patience with one another. We have talked it over and decided that it is better to start with an interpreter I am used to." He called to Koneak, who quickly came forward, stepped onto the platform, and stood beside the table. Koneak said a few words in Eskimo and smiled, and everyone seemed to relax.

Snowden went on, "Four years ago almost to this very day, the first coöperative was started in the Arctic. None of us thought at that time that we would be sitting down with so many people from coöperatives right across the Arctic. . . . If we tried to write down what coöperatives are, we would have as many different answers as there are people in this room, and it's because we have different ideas that we are here today. For the first part of our meeting,

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delegates will talk about what they are doing. We are going to hear a lot of things that will get our thinking straight on what coöperatives are and what they can do for us. So far, most of us think in terms of the money that coöperatives can make for the members, and there's nothing wrong with that. Coöps are the best way I know to make money in the Arctic." He was speaking rapidly, and Koneak was interpreting tensely, in short sentences.

Suddenly Koneak stopped talking in Eskimo. "Excuse my language," he said to us in English, "but I use as much power as I have to bring it out in one piece."

Snowden said, "At the start of this week, it may be for you—as it is for me—something that makes me very nervous, because I have never done this before. But it will get easier as we get to know one another better." He introduced the delegates, who stood up self-consciously as their names were called. There was one woman delegate, a dour-looking Eskimo named Mrs. Bessie Irish, who was wearing a red cotton dress and blue sweater, and had straight black hair hanging to her waist.

"She's from my territory—from Aklavik," Veitch whispered. "Bessie is unique. Hers is the only coöperative composed solely of women. They make and sell fur garments." He shook his head sadly. "Bessie won't be able to talk," he said. "She'll clam up when her turn comes."

As an alert, cheerful Eskimo from Fort Chimo, Noah Angnutok, was introduced, I noticed that Wally Hill, the Industrial Division's man at Chimo, was sitting next to him with a small child on his lap. Behind me, I was aware that Don Pruden, who had risen from his place was pacing nervously to and fro, and I asked him in a whisper who the child was. He explained that Hill's wife was in the hospital having a baby, so Hill had had to bring their smallest child with him.

"What's wrong with you?" I asked Pruden. "You seem nervous!"

He looked anguished. "I *am* nervous," he said. "Josepie Annanak is going to speak first, because the George River was the first coöperative, and Josepie is just about the shyest man in the world. He'll never be able to do it!"

Snowden was winding up his introductions with the two Mounted Policemen. "If I may make a personal remark, I want to say how delighted we are to have the coöperation of the R.C.M.P.," he said. "Thanks for being here." He then mentioned the half-doz-

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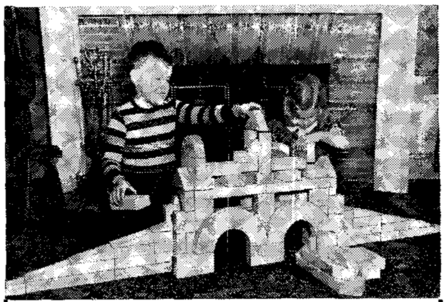

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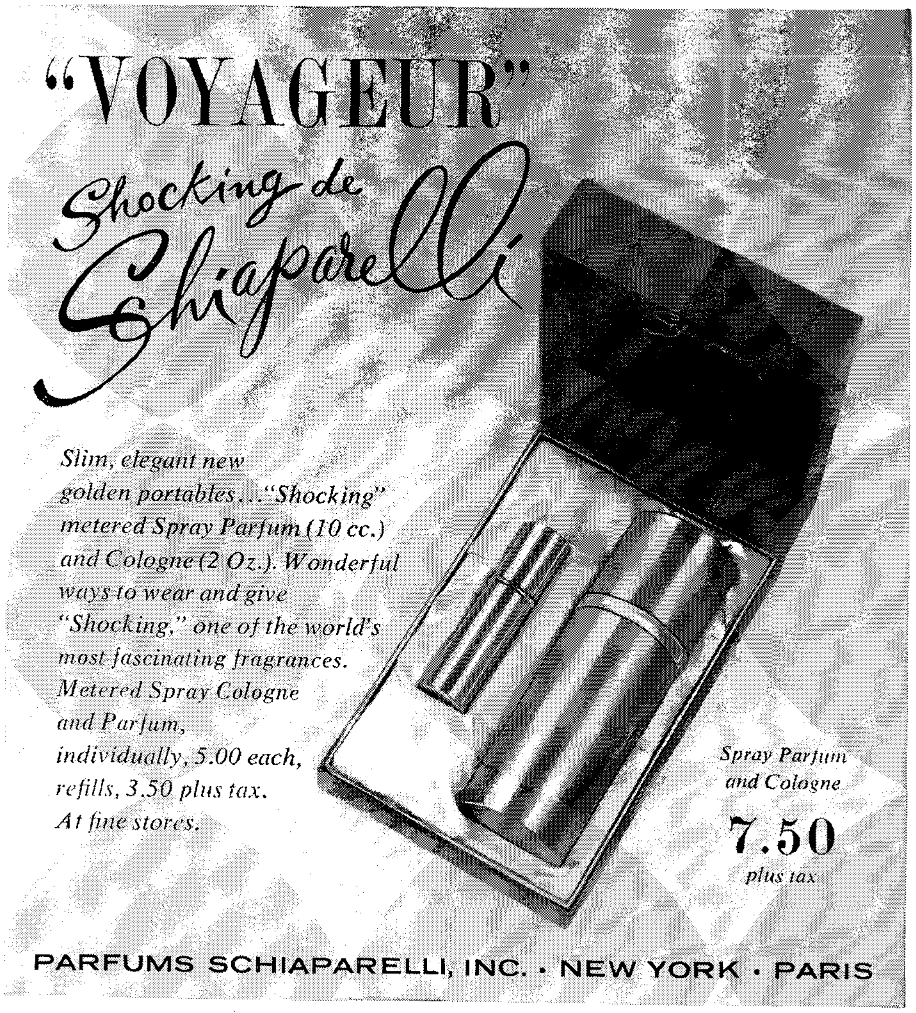
en others present, among whom, in addition to Dr. Laidlaw and myself, was an anthropologist, Dr. Frank Vallee, from the government's Northern Research Center. Finally, he outlined the rules of procedure: "Simonie and I will be co-chairmen of the meetings. Anyone who wants to talk must stand up, and the chairman will ask him to talk. If lots stand, the others must sit down. Now we'll have our first report."

Snowden called the name of Josepie Annanak. Annanak came up onto the platform, and Snowden made room for him to sit next to Koneak, who was now seated at the end of the table, the original interpreter having withdrawn to the audience. Annanak lit a cigarette, and his hands were shaking so violently that he quickly thrust them under the table. Snowden moved his chair nearer to Annanak, to bring himself, Annanak, and Koneak into a little half circle, and said, very gently, "I would prefer to make this first report a discussion among three people, just the way we talked at the George River." He was speaking carefully, and there wasn't another sound in the room as Koneak translated. Hill's little boy had fallen asleep in his father's arms. Almost all the Eskimos had begun taking notes in syllabics, and I was struck by the seriousness and dignity of the proceedings. Snowden went on, speaking to Koneak, "Say to Josepie that you and he and I have talked many times. I want him to tell me about the coöp at the George River and forget about the other people here." Snowden was now leaning over so that his large frame practically blocked Annanak's view of the assemblage. Koneak interpreted, and everyone waited breathlessly for Annanak to speak. Pruden, back in his seat, put his head in his hands. Annanak slowly brought his arms up onto the table, crossed them, and leaned on them. Then he took a deep breath, and began to speak. His voice had an unusual mellowness, which I recalled from my previous trip as being characteristic of the George River men. As soon as he started talking, Snowden sat back. After every few sentences, Annanak would stop and nod to Koneak, who would translate into English.

Annanak said, "When the people of the government came to the George River with this new idea, we could hardly understand, and didn't realize how good it was. Before, we were mostly short of food. There was not enough game and we hardly got anything. We had to go ninety miles by dog team to Fort Chimo for government relief. We thought we should go to another place so we could live better. When the white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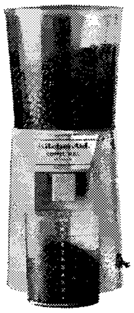

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people brought in this new idea, we decided to wait and try. Now we make money at home and feel much better." He halted, looked around, and said, "I'm not the best man for speaking. It doesn't come into my head all at once, and I have to stop for thinking."

Snowden nodded. "I wonder if Josepie would tell us what his coöp does," he said. "The others don't know and would be interested."

Annanak explained that in the winter the members cut logs and in the summer they fished, and he told about a new chemical called Biostat, which they used to keep the fish from getting soft while they lay on ice in the boats bringing them to the freezer that the coöp had set up. He said that the coöp was also making small boats, and had sold some to the Port Burwell coöperative. Snowden remarked, "This is one thing we'll see more and more—the coöps will be selling to one another."

Old Henry Annatuk, president of the Port Burwell coöp, stood up. Snowden recognized him, and Annatuk said, "We have no wood at Burwell, so we would like more boats and also a price that is a little bit less."

Several other Eskimos rose, to ask Annanak about Biostat and about the boats. Then there were queries about pricing and marketing, which Josepie could not answer. Snowden answered for him, and then said to Koneak, "It is important that we should all understand what happens in a coöp. I'm not sure whether the Eskimos do things because the white man thinks they should be done, or because they want them themselves. I myself want to know this."

There ensued a long conversation in Eskimo between Koneak and Annanak. The latter moved restlessly in his chair, and asked Koneak several questions. Koneak suddenly began to talk in Eskimo with considerable passion, clenching his fists. I knew that until Eskimos completely trust a white man, they usually tell him what they think he wants to hear, and I wondered whether the small drama we were witnessing represented Annanak's struggle between his desire to answer Snowden truthfully and his natural distrust of a roomful of strangers, half of them white. Finally, Annanak began to talk in a low voice, holding his hands tightly gripped before him. He said, "The coöperative idea came from the white people. We could take the idea, and it works well. We never tried to produce before, because we had nothing to produce with, so we would not refuse to do this, as long as we thought we could do it. Now we have a

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chance to build with something, among our own people."

Annanak looked uncertainly at Snowden, who said, "That was a difficult question, and Josepie has answered well. The whole idea for a coöp did come from the south, but it is now something that belongs to the George River. Do they feel that it is something they *must* do or something they *want* to do?"

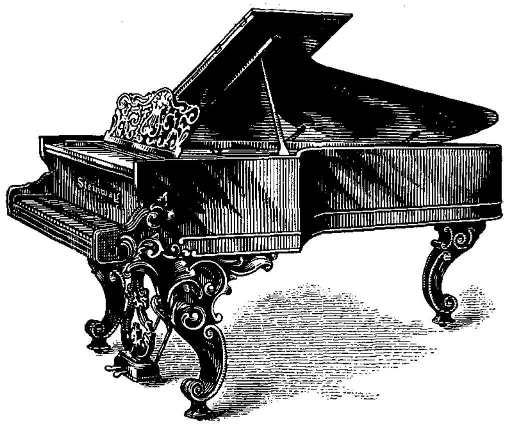
When Koneak translated this, the Eskimos laughed, and Simonie said a few words that made them laugh again. Annanak, relaxed and calm, lit another cigarette, and said, "As we were working along at the beginning, we never thought of this, but everyone realizes now that the people can do something, and that's why every year it's getting better. We do not always make a good job, we are a little bit short of equipment or it breaks down, but we like very much to proceed as much as possible."

Snowden announced that it was time for lunch, and, with a nod toward Annanak, said, "As the first delegate to report, he has had the most difficult job that anyone will have this week, and he has done it so well. It will be easier for everyone else, now that we have seen how it can be done."

Everyone applauded loudly.

Walking over to the dining hall, I asked Snowden if I had only imagined that there had been a struggle between Koneak and Annanak over the answer to his question. "I'm not sure, but I think George was trying hard to explain my question to Josepie," Snowden said. "I asked that question because the Eskimos have never been at a formal meeting before, and right from the start I wanted no confusion in anybody's mind about the purpose of this one. I wanted everybody in the room, Eskimo and non-Eskimo, to understand that I wished the Eskimos to say what they really wanted to say, and not be dominated by us. Since Josepie was the delegate I knew best, and the first speaker, I wanted this idea established, through him, for the entire meeting. As for my asking whether the coöperative idea was something they wanted or something they felt they must do, if the Eskimos had felt they were not making their own decisions, I would have considered our whole technique wrong, and would have changed it."

At lunch, it was agreed that the conference was off to a fine start. On one side of me sat a young Eskimo who spoke perfect English. He told me he was Paul Oolateetak, and that he was from Resolute, where he had learned his English working at the Royal Canadian



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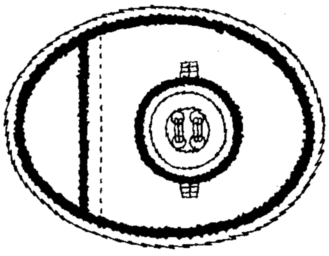

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Air Force base. I asked what his coöperative did. "We sell polar-bear skins," he said. "We had twenty this year, but I only shot one bear myself."

WHEN the afternoon session began, Henry Annatuk, from Port Burwell, was seated on the platform ready to start talking, but before he could begin, Snowden announced, "I want to do as little work as I can. I wonder if Simonie would take over as chairman?" He said this so casually that it wasn't until Simonie had started to conduct the meeting in Eskimo that it became clear what had happened. The conference had become an Eskimo affair. Now it was the white people who had to wait for the interpreter to tell them what was going on.

Brushing the hair back from his eyes, Annatuk spoke in a low tone, and with a quizzical, half-amused expression on his face. Burwell's story was similar to the George River's, he said. The Eskimos had been destitute and about to leave when "the people from Ottawa" came along with the coöperative idea and showed them how to harvest their rich resources. In four years, the Eskimos had built up a flourishing fishing, handicrafts, and fur business, and, because they were a hundred and twenty miles from the nearest Hudson's Bay outpost, they had established the first Eskimo-run coöperative retail store in the Arctic. Seals were very abundant in their area, and they had such a plentiful supply of seal meat, for feeding both human beings and their dogs (reputed to be the fattest in the north), that the Industrial Division had sent a food expert into Burwell with a portable cannery to experiment with the canning of the meat for sale to other settlements.

Of all the delegates to the conference, the next speaker was the one I was most eager to hear. His name was Oshaweetuk, and he was a noted carver from Cape Dorset, the west Baffin Island community where the magnificent walrus-ivory carvings and prints made from stone blocks or sealskin stencils, now well known in the American and European art world, originated. In 1959, Oshaweetuk had walked into the office of James Houston, the government administrator at Dorset, and himself an artist, and, noticing a package of Player's cigarettes on the table, had remarked, of the familiar picture of the bearded sailor on the wrapper, "It must be terrible to have to paint this little sailor on every package every time." Houston had replied, "But that isn't the way it's done," and the next moment he had introduced Oshaweetuk to the art of

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printing. Taking from his desk a walrus tusk on which Oshaweetuk had incised likenesses of familiar Arctic figures, and some ink and tissue paper, Houston had, by good luck, succeeded in printing a fine impression of the various objects—caribou, a man in a kayak, a goose, a walrus—that were cut into the tusk. Upon seeing the print, Oshaweetuk had said, "But we could do that!" He and his companions did, making printing blocks and stencils from more easily worked materials, and the Dorset community went into the Eskimo-art business. Soon afterward, they formed the third, and the most prosperous, of the Arctic coöperatives.

Oshaweetuk, a slight, neat, highly intelligent-looking man, walked to the platform, took his seat with dignity, and began to talk. "Before the coöperative started, the people suffered," he said. "They didn't have much ammunition and they didn't have lumber for kayaks. Now they have lumber, but they also have money to buy outboard motors, so they don't use kayaks much." Describing how Houston had provided the Eskimos with the technical knowledge that enabled them to produce the prints, he said, "A lot of people didn't know how to carve and were learning from each other—both the ladies and men, even myself. At first the price was not very high, but as we get better the price is going higher. We also learn which carvings make the better price, but now the prints are higher priced than the carvings. We can afford canoes to travel on the sea, and, working for the coöp, we can buy ammunition. That way, we get a better life." He lit a cigarette, and said, "In the beginning, we tried to make the prints fancy, but they were not as good as the prints made from an idea. Now the prints are not even pretty to look at, but they are higher-priced than the pretty prints. The way to make prints, you draw an idea on paper and carve a copy of it on soft stone and use it like a stamp. If the stone is nice and smooth, and the carving is well done, you can make lots and lots of prints. But the ladies' prints are always higher-priced than the men's prints." Everybody laughed, and someone asked him why. He smiled. "Because the ladies are not thinking only about animals, like the men always think, but of something from their own ideas." He paused, then said quietly, "The help we got from Jim Houston we still have, and it is still growing. Before he came along, we could hardly go hunting and could not afford even a half gallon of coal oil. Now everybody can get more of anything, because Jim Houston helped us. We are still thankful to

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that man, and can never forget him."

Simonie asked if there were any questions, and Father Tardy rose. Speaking with a heavy French accent, he asked, "What kind of 'elp Mr. 'ouston give to you? Did he teach you 'ow to draw?"

"At the beginning, people didn't know how to start," Oshaweetuk said. "Houston showed them how."

A small man named Pauloosie Seuak, from Povungnituk, who was sitting up front, near the platform, bobbed up and asked, in staccato English, "Who is the boss at Cape Dorset—the white man or the Eskimo?"

Instantly, Oshaweetuk said, "The white man."

Snowden turned quickly to Simonie. "Could I clarify that?" he asked Simonie. "Would it be all right?"

Simonie nodded, and Snowden said, "At Cape Dorset, the leader is a white man, in the sense that two white people from the south work for the coöperative, one as manager of the coöperative and one as manager of the retail store, but *the coöp, not the government*, pays their salaries. If I am Prime Minister of Canada, and I don't like one of these two men, I cannot have him fired. Only the members of the Dorset coöp can fire him. People really control their own affairs when they can hire and fire their people, so although the two men seem to be leaders in some ways, they are actually the paid employees at Cape Dorset."

Pauloosie Seuak's turn as speaker came next, and he described the stone-carving industry at Povungnituk, a settlement that has become almost as famous for its art as Cape Dorset. "The carvings have to be a certain size to sell," he said. "The small sell easier than the big."

In a few minutes, there was a coffee break, during which Seuak took Snowden aside and, with snapping eyes and in rapid-fire Eskimo, hastily translated by Koneak, described the events surrounding his presence at the conference.

"Did you know that I was chosen by the people, by the Eskimos, but the white men had chosen someone else?" he asked.

Snowden scowled and said, "No, no, we wanted the Eskimos to choose the man they wanted to come."

Seuak rushed on to tell how he and the mission priest at Povungnituk, who had helped found the coöperative, had taken a trip to Quebec City to promote the Povungnituk carvings. There the priest had been injured in an automobile accident. "So I returned home alone, and when I get back, I learn that the priest and the government man

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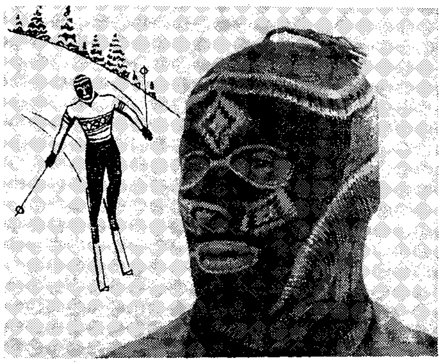

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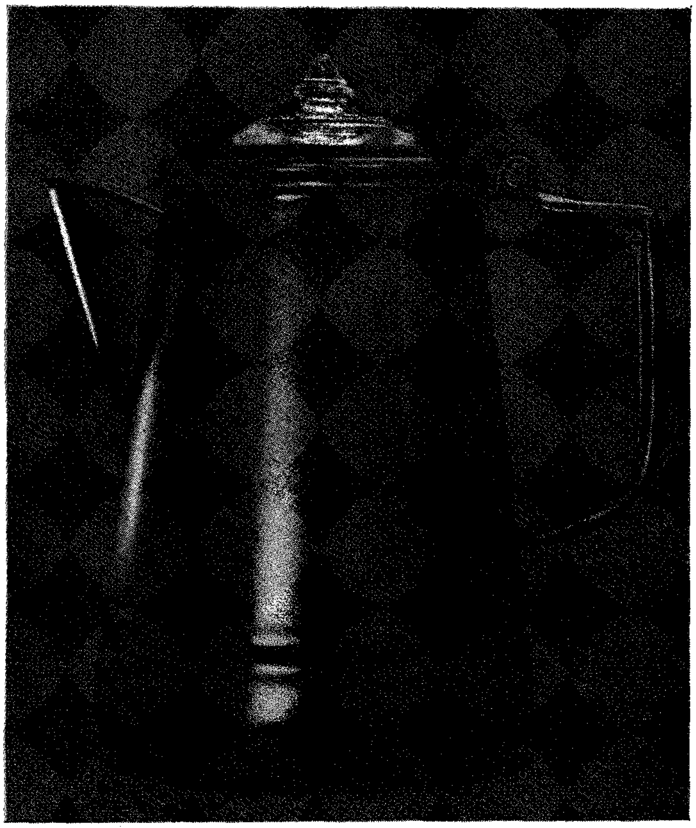
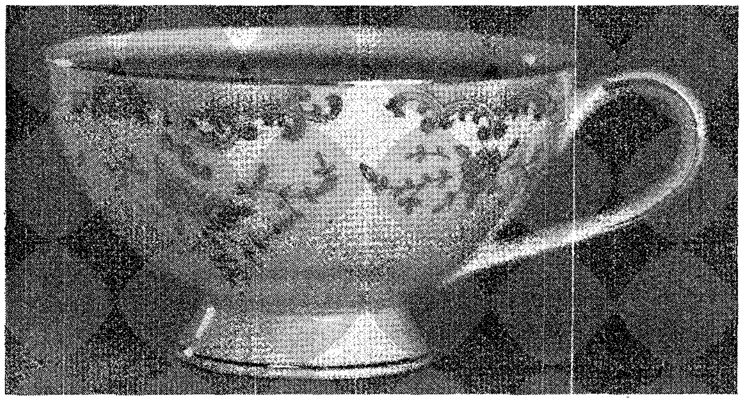


Rum and coffee: "Coffee spiced with Medford Rum is warm breath on a cold day." The New England rums of past centuries are no longer distilled. Instead we suggest deep, dark, delicious Ronrico Gold.



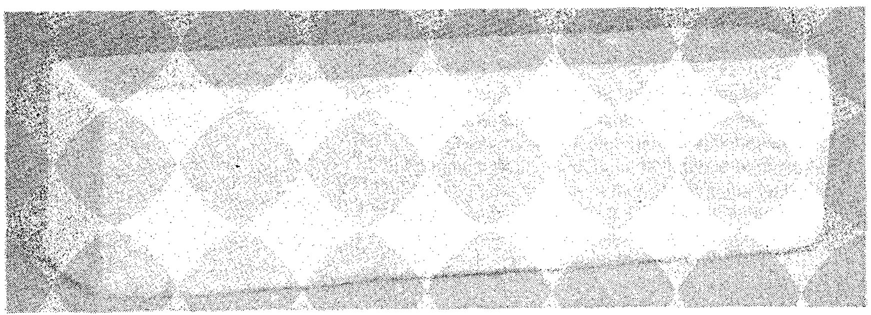
Rum and tea: New Englanders knew good rum emancipated the aroma and flavor of tea, coffee, cider. (How good is Ronrico Rum? Take tea and see.) "Rum," wrote Woodrow Wilson about New England, "was the chief source of her wealth—the *rum with which she bought slaves for Maryland* and the Carolinas..."

Carving of a New England sailor, early 19th century.

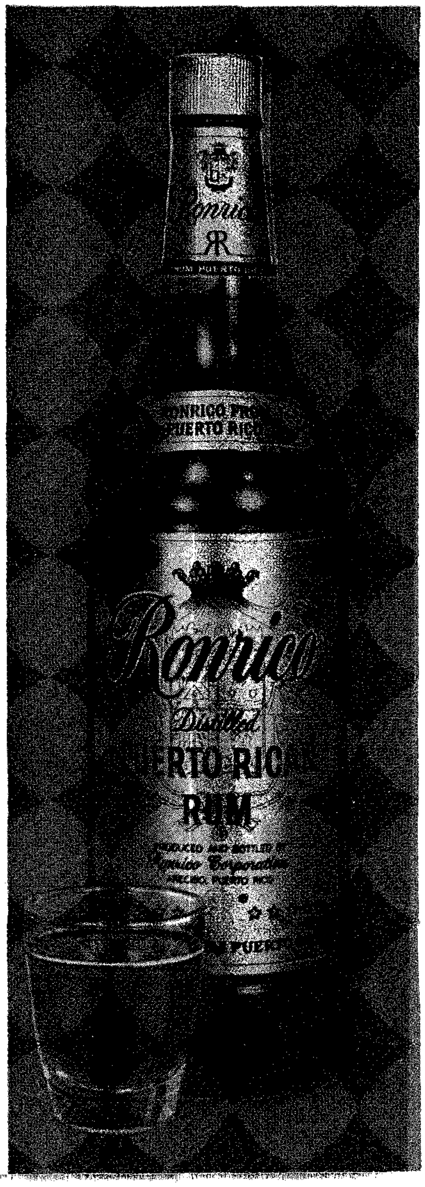
New England (and England) sailed on rum; it was shipboard ration.

Indeed, in colonial times, New England towns, by law, *had* to have taverns.

Eggnog: The traditional holiday eggnog was made with rum. One New England eggnog had 11 elements. All you need now is a dairy mix and Ronrico. And nutmeg, if you like.



Hot buttered rum: It is down to 5° and the northwind howls at the doorstep. Mix *brown sugar and butter with redolent spices* (cloves, allspice, mace, etc.), add piping hot water and robust rum. Other New England favorites: toddy (rum, hot water, sugar) and flip (beer, sugar, molasses or dried pumpkin & rum stirred with a red-hot poker).



Ronrico Gold. Period.

The rums of New England have their counterpart in Ronrico Gold. Taken straight, it is one of the world's small but uncommon pleasures. Note the crest on the Ronrico label. It was granted in 1889 by the King of Spain. El ron de los nobles (the rum of noblemen).

Ronrico from Puerto Rico: The Dry Rum

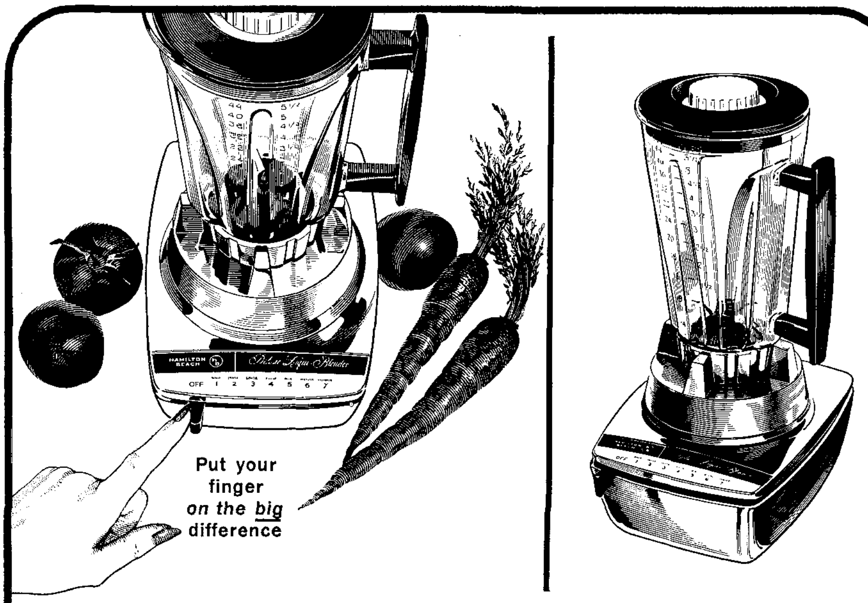
PUERTO RICAN RUM, 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22 picked someone to come here already before, without asking the people," he said. "But I was told by the people, 'We want you to go along instead of the other fellow to represent Povungnituk.' "

Snowden told Seuak that this had been the right procedure, and that he was glad things had turned out that way.

THAT evening, I accompanied several Frobisher residents to the town's only night club. Often known as Gallagher's, from the name of its proprietor, it is a series of shacks pushed together and covered with red shingles. Its official name is the East Coast Lodge and Tavern, and it is divided into two sections known as the Rustic Room Grill and the Captain's Corner, but the most popular name for the whole place is the one the Eskimos use—the Easty-Coasty. The interior, which has low ceilings, shaded lights, and bamboolike tropical decorations, looks more like a stage setting for "Rain" than a cocktail lounge on a snow-covered, treeless island. A glass of beer costs fifty cents, and a steak costs six dollars. Several quietly drunk Eskimos were sitting at a table on one side of us, and several quietly drunk white people were sitting at a table on the other side, and nobody got out of hand. "They run a pretty fair show here," a man who worked in Frobisher said to me. "We hear that whiskey is ruining the Eskimos here, and I wouldn't deny that some have been affected, but a three-week waiting period has been imposed on orders at the government liquor store, and that has checked a lot of impulse buying."

I asked if the Eskimo and the white populations mixed much.

"The schools are integrated—they're three-quarters Eskimo and one-quarter white—and there is some mingling on that account, but generally the whites just do not mix with the Eskimos," he said. "They aren't interested. We have some basic prejudices to break through here, especially among people who only come north to make money. Not all our government agencies have helped, either. In 1959, for instance, when a man from another department went into the office of the Northern Canada Power Commission to suggest that the Commission should hire Eskimos, he was summarily told to leave. But last fall the Commission finally took on four Eskimo lads, to train them as power-plant operators. We are working all the time to break down barriers. The Department of Transport, for example, still operates a bar that doesn't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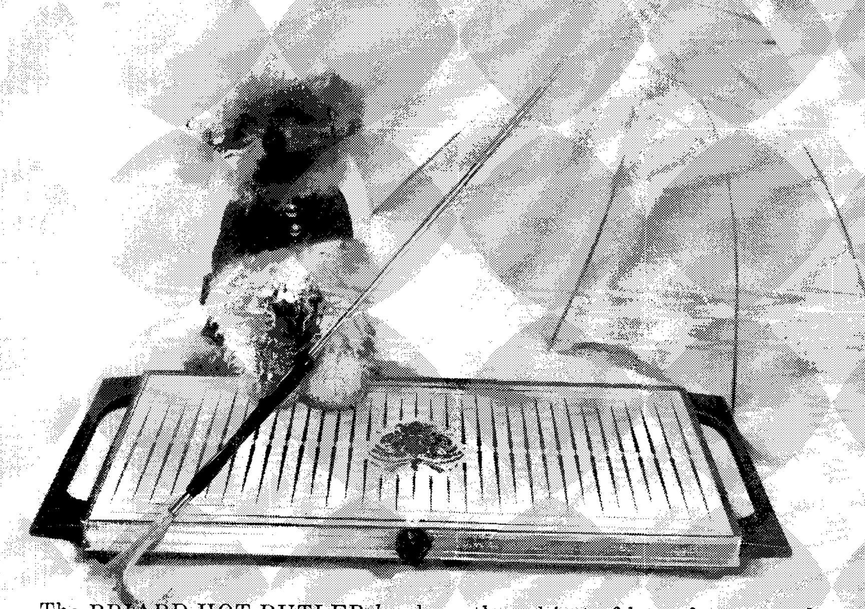
podium for outgoing poodles?



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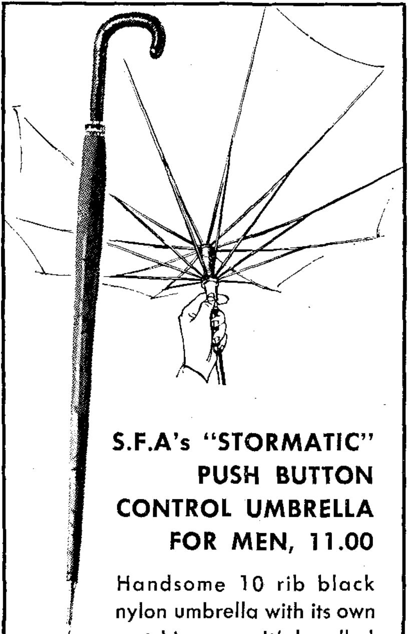

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welcome Eskimos. But give us time. All that will change."

DURING the next three days' meetings, Snowden sat at the back of the room listening to the individual reports, while Simonie served as chairman. The spokesmen for the coöperatives described a wide assortment of their activities: fishing for trout, cod, and a northern salmon called Arctic char, which is being sold as a luxury item in southern Canada, the United States, France, and England; arts and handicrafts production; fur trapping; boatbuilding; and the operation of tourist camps. Four coöperatives now ran retail stores, and two had credit unions—called in Eskimo *qikartissivik*, which means "the place where the money is stopped."

When Paul Oolateetak, of Resolute, spoke, he said that his coöperative had appointed Constable Bell, the Mounted Policeman, to be its treasurer. "He was to look after the money, because no one else was too good at adding," he explained.

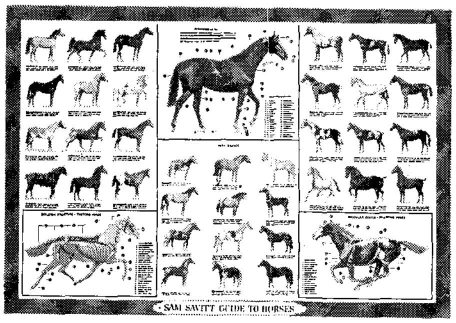
A man from Chimo stood up. "Is the coöp paying the treasurer?" he asked.

Oolateetak said, "No. He is paid by the Mounted Police and it is part of his duties."

Constable Bell promptly popped up and said, "But it's a good idea!" This brought a roar of laughter.

Then the young policeman told how, at the Canadian Air Force base in Resolute, he had set up a table in the mess hall to sell the Eskimos' carvings to the servicemen. "A group of carvings is gone in half an hour," he said. "Almost every Eskimo family has at least one member working at the airbase, so the income from carvings is extra spending money, and the Eskimos use it wisely—on stoves, beds, and other furniture. Everybody is now one hundred per cent behind our coöperative, although at first there were several who sold their carvings under the counter. That pulled prices down, so we had a meeting and explained this, and since then the Eskimos have found that prices have been twenty to thirty per cent better."

Akpalleeapik, the delegate from Grise Fiord, on Ellesmere Island, which is about seven hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle and about a thousand miles south of the Pole, was introduced as representing the northernmost coöperative in the world. (I later learned that he had never seen a tree.) Akpalleeapik, who was a famous hunter, had a small mustache and a round haircut, and he was nervously chewing gum as he sat down on the platform to talk.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He said he had formerly lived on north Baffin Island, and explained, "The reason I ended up at Grise Fiord, the government was moving people from the east coast of Hudson Bay to Grise Fiord, because they did not have too good a life in their old place. I was asked to teach them how to live in darkness, which I already knew from north Baffin. Where we live, darkness comes from November through January, and then it gets brighter and brighter and will eventually be brighter than where other places are." The Grise Fiord coöperative's activities were similar to those at Resolute, which is two hundred and fifty miles away to the southwest and is the nearest settlement. He went on, "Since very few people knew bookkeeping, we had to turn to someone who did know—Constable Currie—and since we have turned to the R.C.M.P. for help, we feel we have done well."

Henry Annatuk asked if there were fish at Grise Fiord, and Akpalleeapik replied, "If you want to live there by fishing, you might as well give up the idea of living, because you are going to starve pretty fast. Sealskins are our main source of income, and we also hunt polar bears and trap white fox, and are getting quite a lot from carvings."

During the coffee break that day, Dr. Vallee, the anthropologist, remarked to Snowden that the tensions were breaking down and people were beginning to make jokes. Snowden was pleased. "There was an undercurrent of suspicion among the Eskimos that the whole show at Resolute and Grise Fiord was being run by the Mounted Police, but it's obvious to everybody now that the Eskimos understand just what they are doing," he said.

As we returned to our seats, I noticed that Akpalleeapik was nowhere to be seen. Koneak reported that Akpalleeapik was ill, and had waited only to give his report before being taken to the hospital. "Probably the flu," Paul Godt said to me. "That's what usually happens when someone from an isolated community comes into contact with a lot of other people."

It was the turn of Noah Angnutok, from Chimo, to talk, and there was one message that he was determined to deliver. He said, "The members of my coöp want me to say, if there are men from Ottawa at the conference at Frobisher, that the people of Chimo wish to have a store. If I can't get an answer right away, I would like an answer sooner or later for my people back home. We have a Hudson's Bay store in Chimo, but everybody looks for something

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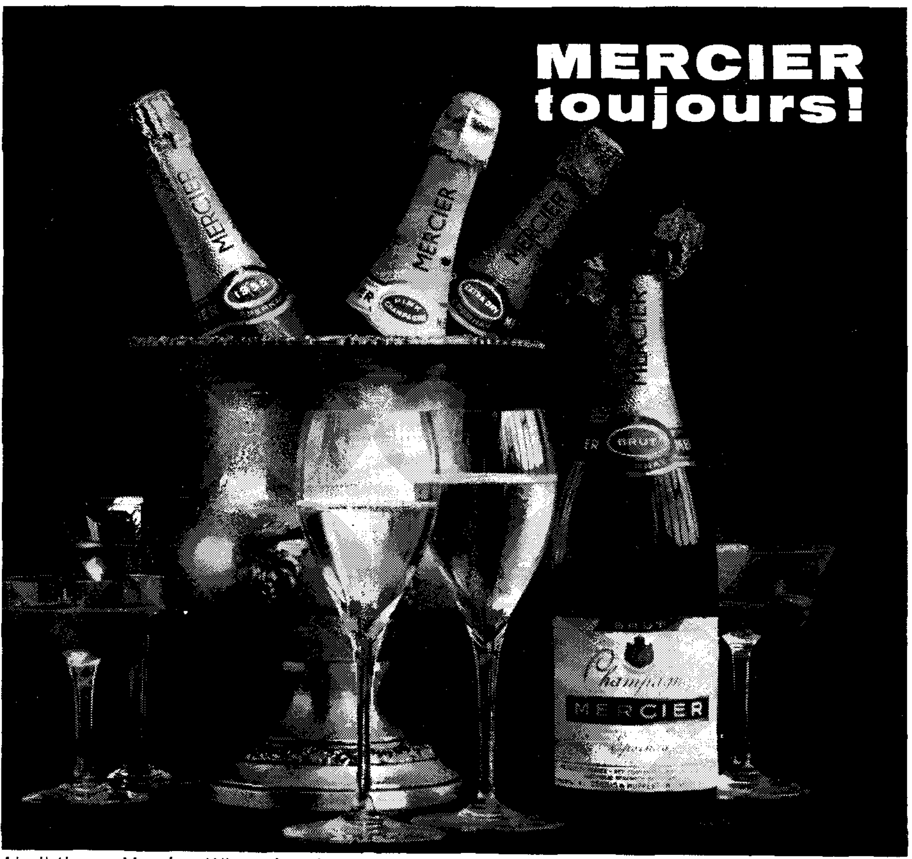

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that costs less than in the Hudson's Bay store. My people are happy, never sad, but they will be very happy to get this."

Angnutok then spoke of the current activities of the Chimo coöperative, but before he sat down, he looked straight at Snowden, in the back of the room, and said, "Chimo would like to know. We haven't got an answer on a store. Will we get an answer here?"

Snowden got up—reluctantly, it appeared. "I was rather hoping you would forget, but not really," he said. "We will discuss this later in the week."

I asked someone afterward why Snowden had been so uncharacteristically evasive. "This is the gray area that government people must stay away from, and they do," my informant said. "It is a hellish problem, because the fact is that where there is already a Hudson's Bay Company store, as there is at Chimo, the government officials are not allowed to help set up retail stores in competition." I assumed that he meant they were prevented from doing so for political reasons. "Dr. Laidlaw is here as a private citizen, representing a powerful union of southern coöperatives, and he looks interested," he said. "Perhaps he'll come up with something."

When the report from the coöperative at Holman was called for, it was the scholarly-looking Father Tardy who rose to give it, since his Eskimo colleague had missed his plane. He was extremely nervous, and obviously something was bothering him. Speaking in halting English, he began by telling us that in 1960 there had been five cases of tuberculosis among the Eskimos in Holman, and that he was certain that a prime factor in this had been the inadequacy of the living quarters—unsanitary shacks built of old boxes, canvas, and paper. "Something had to be done to alleviate, so I thought of developing local industry," he said. He started the Eskimos making tapestries of sealskin, with appliqué designs in different shades of fur, and then decided that a second industry was needed. In 1962, he saw his first Cape Dorset print. Since the artistic talent of the Holman Eskimos had already been demonstrated in the tapestries, he decided that they should try making prints, and he found an article in *Beaver*, the Hudson's Bay Company's magazine, that described the Cape Dorset process of making stencils and printing. "We try to make, using poor paper and ink, but the first time, not good," he said. "At last, we find a nice paper that worked, so we make our first print collection. We hanged the prints, everybody came and looked, and we arrived

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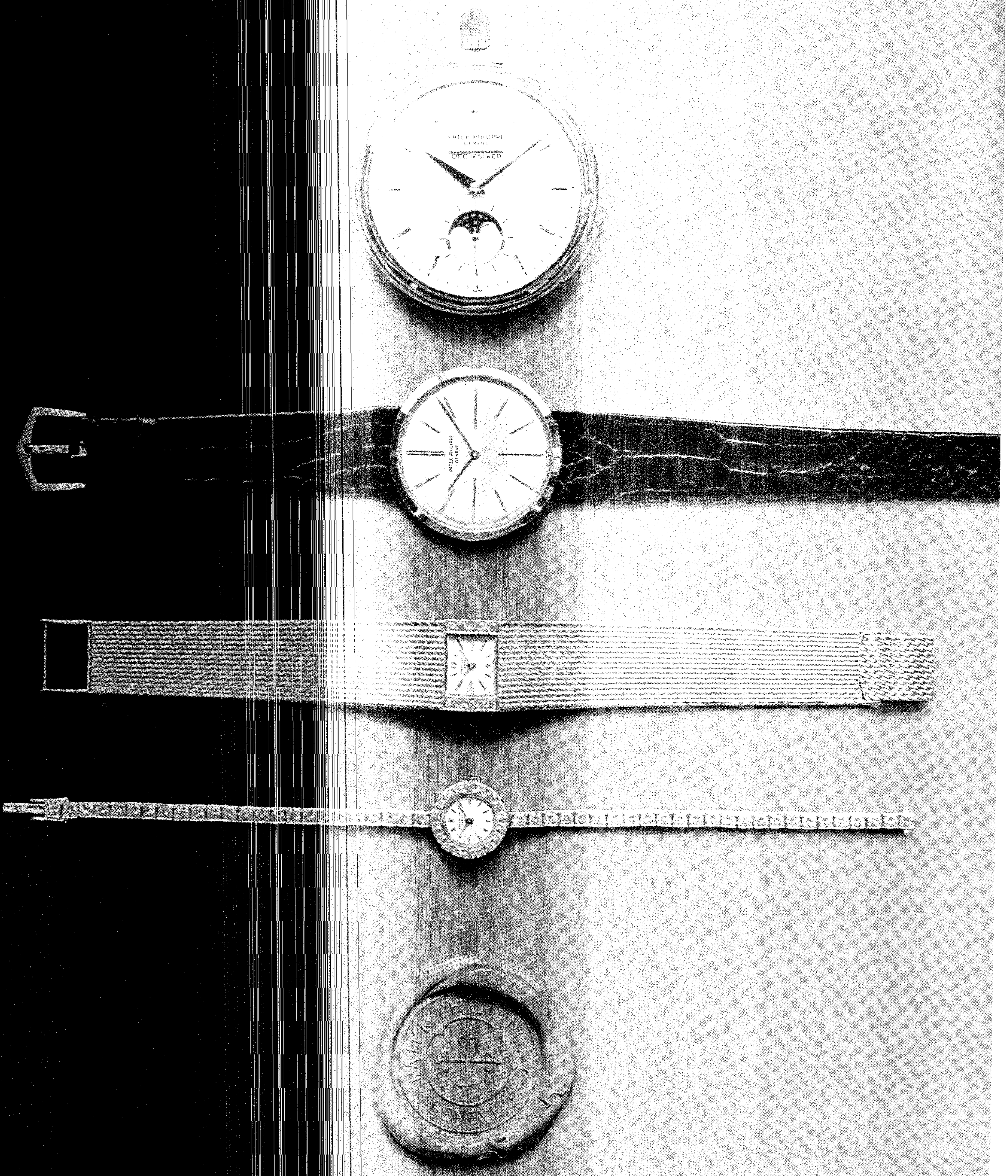

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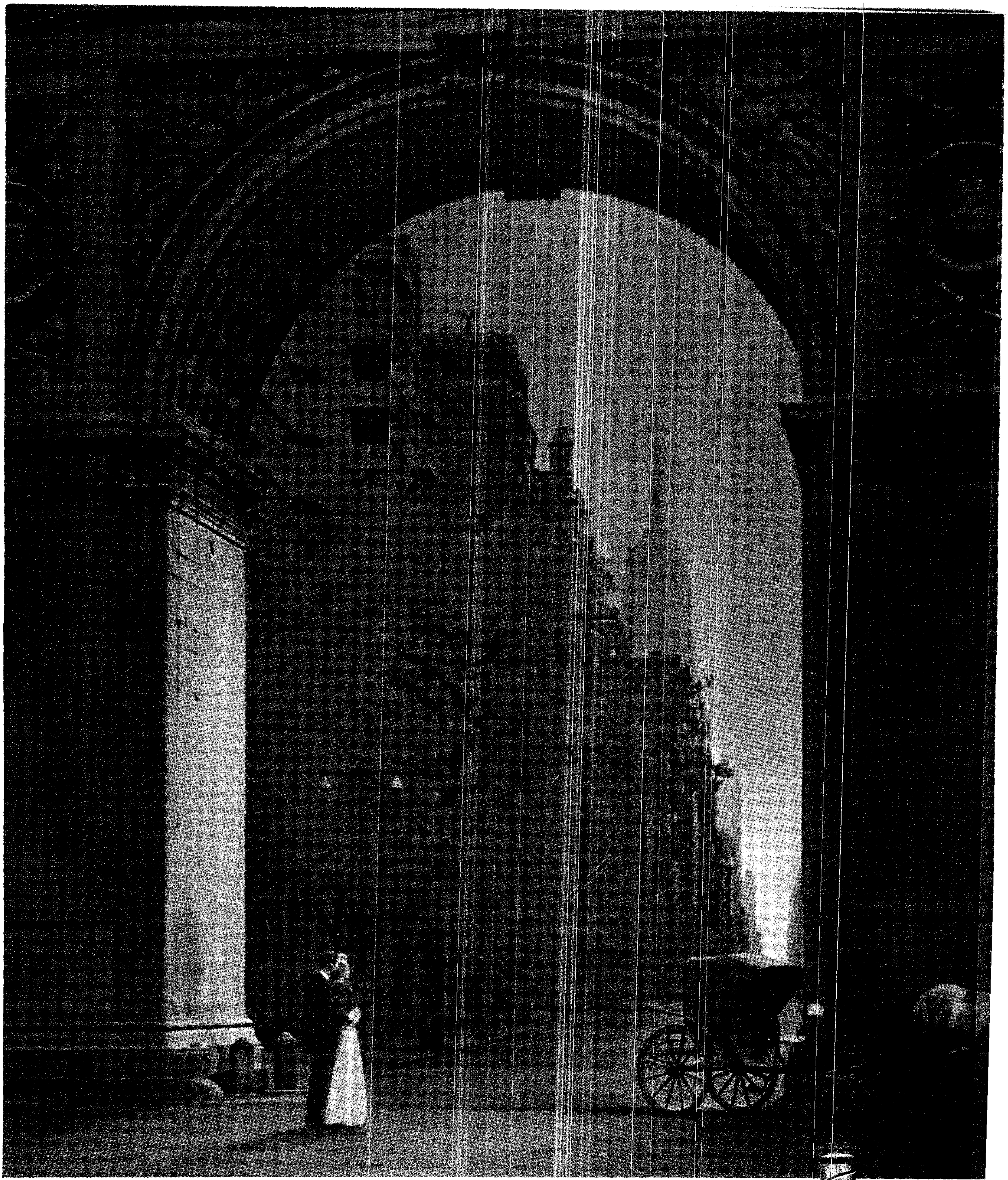

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at conclusion we liked and they are really our own. The Eskimos choose the fifteen best and we send to Canadian Eskimo Art Committee in south. None are accepted, and letter comes back that says prints are not really Eskimo and that somebody tell Eskimo 'ow they should do it." In an agitated voice, he said, "I wish to defend our prints against this comment and get your impression of them."

Slides of the prints were shown. They depicted Eskimo figures and polar bears against a background of mountains in perspective. Puzzled by the rejection, I later sought an explanation from some of the government men. I was told that the Canadian Eskimo Art Committee—a group of five experts, one of them James Houston, and the rest from Canadian museums and art publications, who meet at irregular intervals to give the Eskimos guidance on such matters as the quality, printing, and pricing of their art works—had said that the prints from Holman showed real promise, and were not bad for a first attempt. But because no other Eskimo drawing had ever had background or perspective, the committee felt that the prints revealed a degree of white influence not evident in the work from Dorset and Povungnituk. The committee had urged the Holman Eskimos to try again.

I subsequently saw photographs of some of the sealskin tapestries made under Father Tardy's supervision. Intricately worked into the fur design were figures depicting the Last Supper and the fourteen Stations of the Cross; the figures wore Grecian-style robes, and grapes and tropical leaves had been painstakingly appliquéd around the borders. It was obvious that Father Tardy had become confused about the delicate line separating the imposition of ideas from the teaching of techniques. This distinction, however, seemed to be quite clear to the Eskimos, who, during a coffee break after Father Tardy had spoken, spiritedly discussed the matter, through Koneak, with the government officials. I heard one of the officials say, "I remember Jim Houston telling me that he would never think of telling an Eskimo what to draw, any more than he, as an artist, would ever think of drawing the way the Eskimos do. He also believed that the Eskimo *should* reject anything imposed on him, because his thinking is so different from ours. The whole philosophy of art is involved here." He added, "But it would be wrong for any white man to speak of this to Father Tardy. It will have to come from an Eskimo."

When we returned to the hall,

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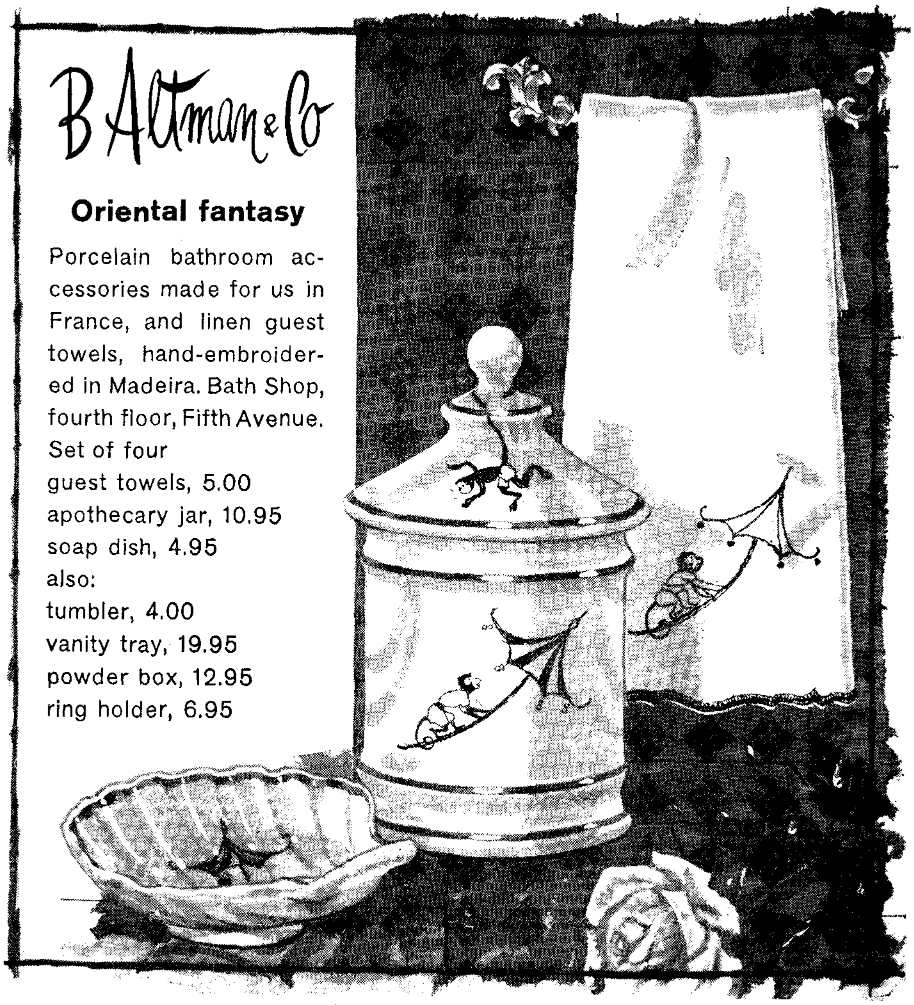

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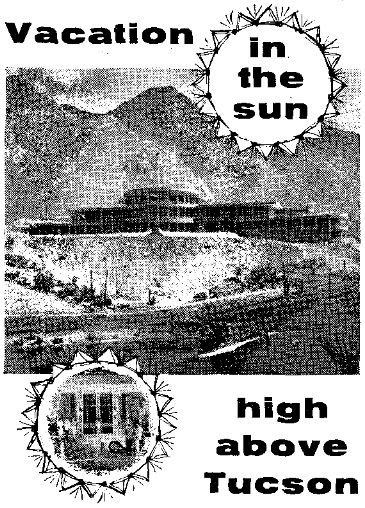

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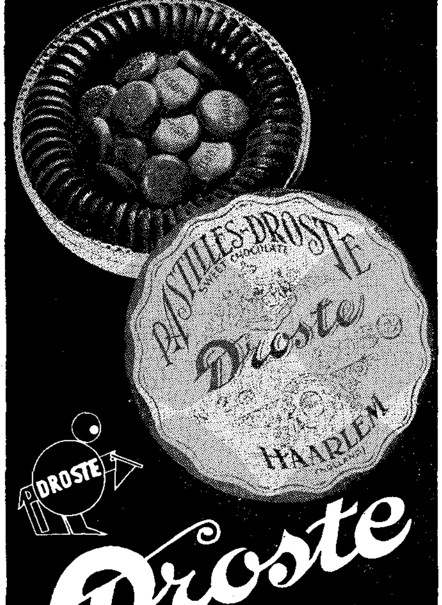

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Simonie reopened the discussion of the Holman prints, and sought Oshaweetuk's opinion.

The Dorset artist rose slowly and faced Father Tardy. "First off, I would like to ask how did the people start to develop the prints?" he said. "When I have heard that, I will talk about them for a little while."

"They have never been teachered, just by themselves," Father Tardy said. "They tell each other what to do—it is purely Eskimo. Our first appreciation was by the Eskimos themselves. Everybody said, 'This is our country, something belonging to us.' " He raised his voice. "The Dorset man said before, 'The best art is what comes from a man's mind.' Each Eskimo community has its own way of expressing itself. I could do it the way the committee wants and our prints would be sold, but they would not be pure Eskimo!"

"Thank you for all the information," Oshaweetuk said, in a soft voice. "These prints, we like them very much, but we don't know how much money you would get if you sent them south to the same place we send our prints. Even those that come entirely from the Eskimo, we don't know how much."

"If you like them, we don't see why they shouldn't sell at a good price," Father Tardy said eagerly. "I want you to see that there is no white influence in these prints." There was an electric quality in the quiet room. "I would refute all the arguments," he continued. "They have been judged already by the Eskimos."

Oshaweetuk said, "We never had a chance to meet before, but I hope you can understand what I try to say. People at Dorset did not get information on what to draw from elsewhere. But are those drawings from Holman not followed from pictures that came from other parts of our country? Those drawings, they must be by people who have seen Cape Dorset prints before. Or was this information passed in a letter?"

"Maybe one of them saw a print made by Cape Dorset from the magazine, but he didn't know what it was, because he didn't know 'ow to read," Father Tardy replied.

Oshaweetuk asked, "Do you supervise for the coöperative at Holman?"

Father Tardy said, "Yes, I 'elp the people with paperwork and bookkeeping. I find I 'ave to give a model for 'andiwork, but no one does for prints. In our coöp, I'm just the secretary, and in the rugs I 'elp the women with the drawing. But in the prints the draw-

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ing are supervised by the man who did not get here."

At this point, Simonie gently suggested that perhaps it was time to move on to the problems of another delegate, and he proposed that Father Tardy and Oshaweetuk continue their discussion in private.

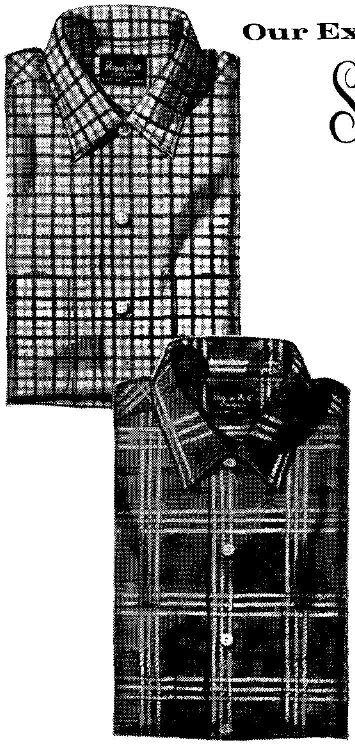
There was something very touching about Father Tardy's appeal, and I sought him out at lunch a day or so later. While we ate, he told me that he belonged to the Oblate Order of Mary Immaculate, that he had come from a little town on the French Riviera, and that during the Second World War he had been in the French ski corps. "There, I saw so much death it was a relief when I received my call and went into the Church," he said. "Five days after I was assigned to my present post, I was in the Arctic. Believe me, it was a tremendous shock to go so suddenly from the Riviera to the Arctic."

I asked him how he liked the Arctic, and he smiled.

"The Eskimos are a primitive but interesting people," he said. "I like living at 'olman. I use my big room as a chapel, and besides I have a bedroom and small kitchen, but I am too lazy to cook. In the middle of day, I 'ave small lunch of fish; in evening, caribou. I don't take time—mostly eat meat and fish." He laughed, and touched his receding hairline. "Maybe diet makes me lose 'air. There are about one 'undred and ten Eskimos at 'olman, and twenty-four are Catholics, but the main thing is not straight missionary work. We look to improve whole community by charity and advice and by the medical, which is always the same. I get instructions by radio from doctor or nurse, and slowly get knowledge. If serious, I ask for plane."

We ate in silence for a time, and then he said, "The thing I enjoy most in Arctic is we 'ave time to think. My faith goes deeper and deeper. If I 'ad any doubts, I could not stay, not one day more."

THE delegate from Great Whale River, on the east coast of Hudson Bay, was a tough little dark-skinned Eskimo with very fine features, named Pauloosie Napartuk. Looking at the wall and smoking furiously as he talked, he said, "This winter, when we learned that delegates from all over are meeting in one place, we are very glad. I want to say thank you very much. I did not pay my fare, not even one penny, and I don't know much about coöperatives." I looked on one of the information sheets that we had been given and saw



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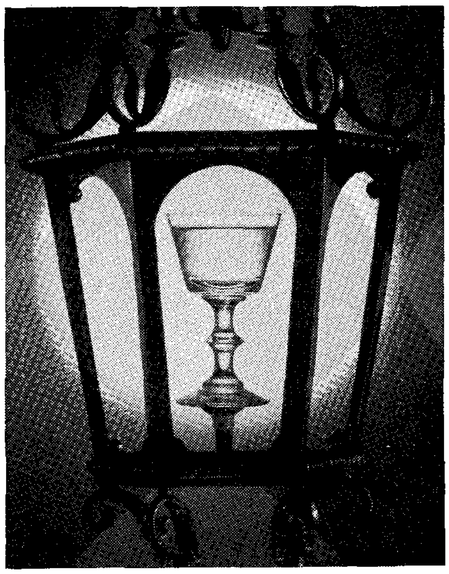

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that Napartuk's coöperative, although it had been incorporated two years before, listed only one activity—carving.

Napartuk said, "I make notes here. Each delegate as he reports, I have down on my sheet of paper, but I won't blame my people if they can hardly understand, because they are hardly organized. No one has come to tell us more about the coöperative since two winters and one summer, and we are tired of waiting. Someone should have come sooner, and specially. The people haven't done much carving this year. We have people who can carve, and people who can make things, and fishermen, and also we can build canoes. We don't understand what we should proceed on, but no doubt we are going to be feeling like really getting started after we have been talked to."

Snowden asked to speak. "We know that we can't start a coöperative on a sound basis just by sending one of our men into a community for two weeks, no matter how good he is," he said, "but we now have only two coöperative officers for the whole north—Dick Nellis for the east and Jack Veitch for the west. It is too big a country for two men to handle. We also have only two officers in Ottawa, Paul Godt and Alex Sprudzs, and as there are more and more coöps, more and more work keeps them away from the Arctic. We know the problem Pauloosie has. Others have the same problem, and we are very, very sorry. We don't know how long it will be, but we will send someone as soon as we can."

Simonie's deep voice interrupted. "Are there any whales at Great Whale River?" he asked.

Napartuk replied, "The whales are getting scarce, because more ships come in and make more noise and the whales don't come back as often as before, but our place is still called Great Whale River, just as in the old stories." He turned back to Snowden. "So no one has come to us since the first time, and this program was catching us before we fell down," he said. "Before the coöp, it was just as if we were sleeping. The people from Ottawa came and woke us up. After I get back, I will tell my people we must try and do something for ourselves."

When it came time for Mrs. Bessie Irish, from Aklavik, to give her report, Veitch's worries about her not being able to talk proved unjustified. She sat down at the table on the dais, lit a cigarette, and began to speak, in a low, pleasant voice, and Veitch whispered to me, "Good—she's relaxed. She's under control." A few minutes later, Veitch said

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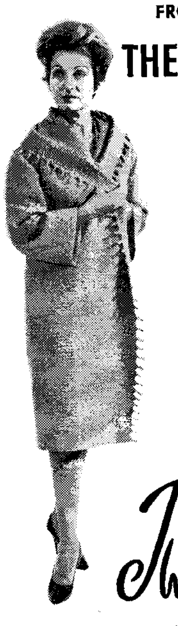

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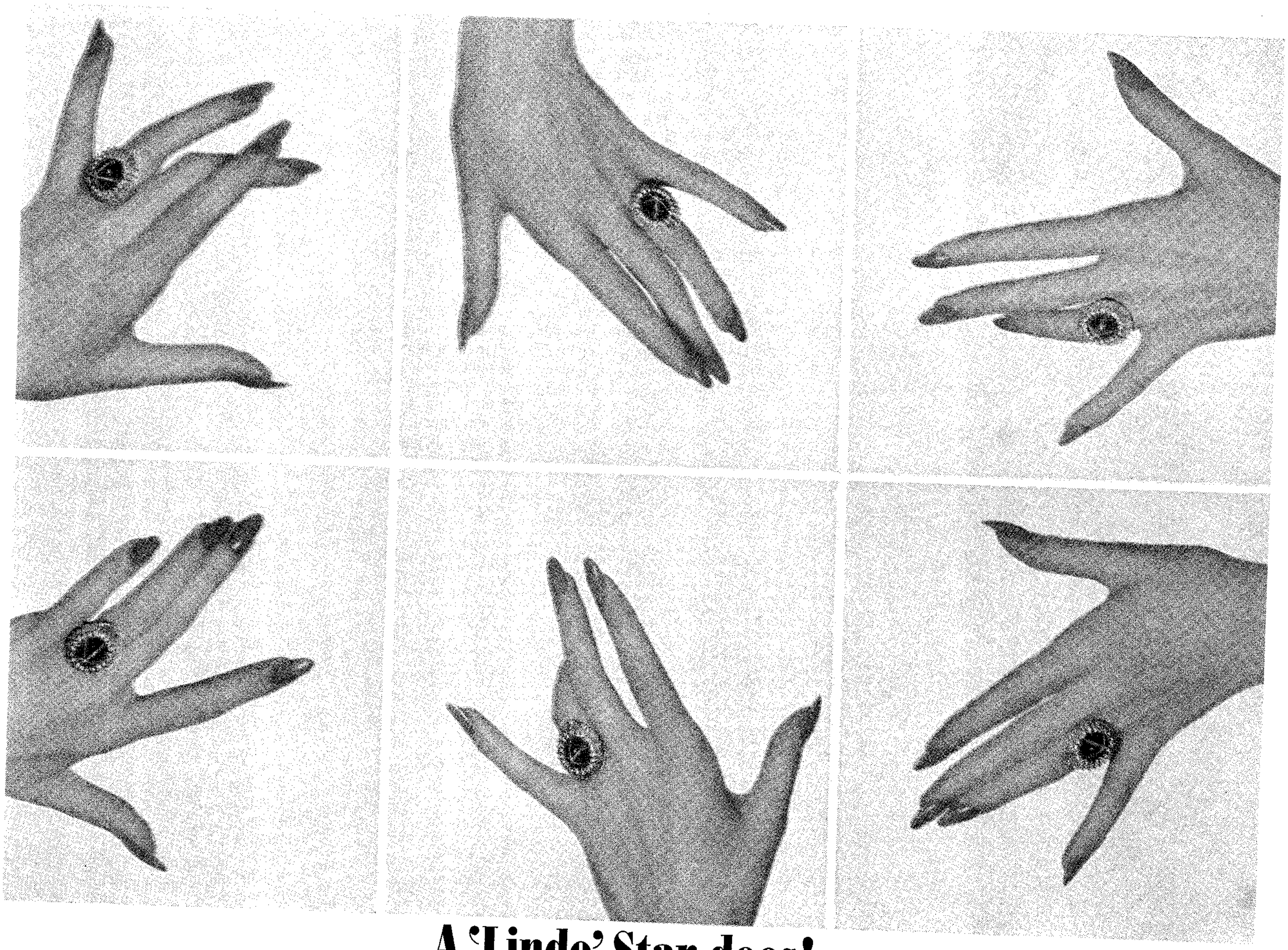

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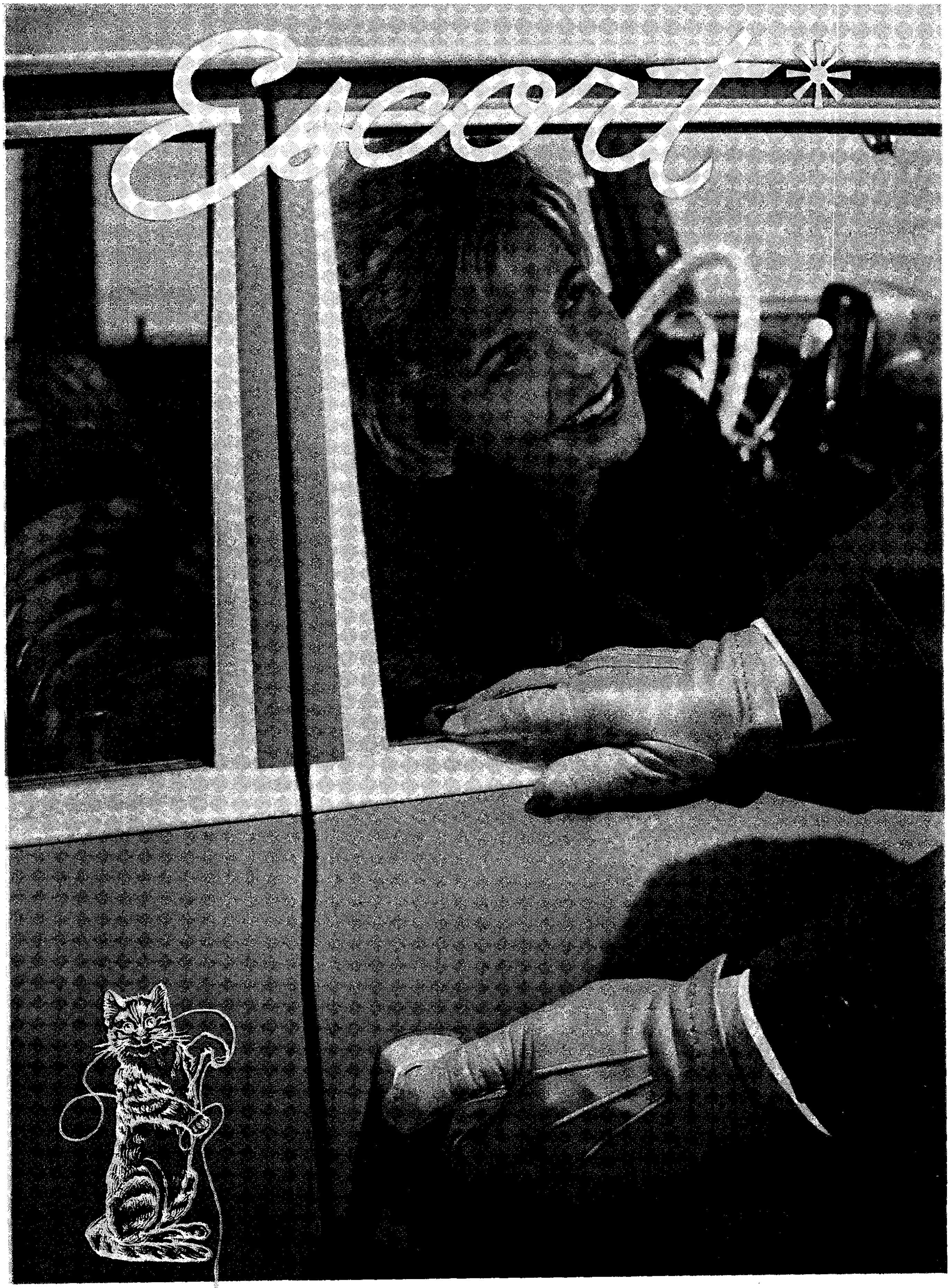

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in an awed voice, "My goodness, if she tries to tell her whole story, they'll have to shut her off. She'll never stop!" She described how she had trained twenty women to make fur mittens, slippers, parkas, and other articles. The parkas made of muskrat sold for a hundred and seventy dollars, those made of sealskin for approximately two hundred. Despite Veitch's fears, Bessie eventually did stop talking, closing on a splendid note. She suddenly tossed her head, waved an arm in the air, exclaimed "Old Aklavik will never die!," and was silent.

Noah Angnutok stood up. "Are only ladies working, or are there men, too?" he asked.

Bessie puffed on her cigarette, and smiled. "Well, you know as well as I do that among our people the men catch the animals, the women sew the fur, and the men never go near it again," she said.

Everyone laughed except Angnutok. "Is there no man who helps the ladies in the coöp?" he asked.

Bessie gave him a contemptuous look. "There is no man who helps in the coöp, and no men who are interested in sewing," she answered.

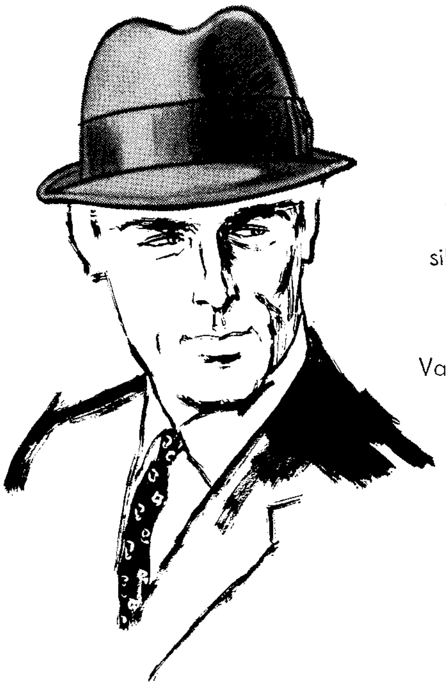
"In Aklavik, do you have a coöp store?" Angnutok asked.

"Not yet," she said.

"Do you have trees?" he asked.

"More trees than *you* could shake a stick at," she answered, and picked up her papers and cigarettes and left the platform.

AFTER the rigorous daytime schedule, the delegates and government men usually spent the evening sitting in their quarters and talking, or else visiting around, but occasionally some went to the Easty-Coasty. On a couple of evenings, there were square dances at the community hall, in which the Eskimos participated enthusiastically. Snowden's superior, R. A. J. Phillips, the Associate Director of the Department of Northern Affairs, looked in on the conference on his way back to Ottawa from a trip to the western Arctic, and while he was there he took me to my first curling match. We arrived on foot at a long, narrow building in the Lower Base area, in front of which half a dozen cars were parked, all with their motors running to keep them from freezing in the twenty-below-zero cold. Inside the building was the curling rink, with two ice-covered alleys, each eighteen feet wide and a hundred and twenty feet long. On each team were four players, who, by turns, sent the curling stones—smooth, rounded stones that had curved



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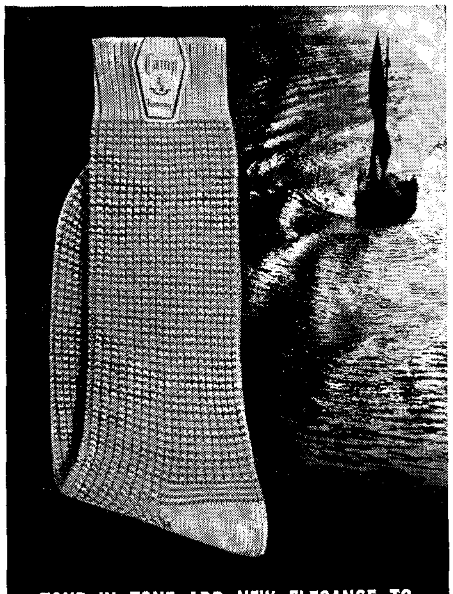

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metal handles—gliding down the ice to a circular target area, while two teammates, brandishing oddly elongated brooms, tried to control the stones' movement by brushing the ice before or behind them. There are times when almost everything that goes on in the Arctic seems dreamlike and unreal, and you wonder what you are doing so far from home. I felt this way at the curling rink, and also later when I visited a house that belonged to the owner of Frobisher's only three taxicabs. The house, built on an A-frame, had a two-story living room that overlooked the enormous expanse of Frobisher Bay, and the view from its picture window at night was wonderfully clear. I could see the peaks of the frozen whitecaps in that vast body of water, which was solid ice now for fifty or sixty miles. Inside the house, we sat back in deep chairs and listened to an electric phonograph, which shifted from Bach to jazz. Occasionally, I got up to take a better look at the incredible view.

The next morning, I was taken to see the new Eskimo Housing Coöperative of Frobisher, whose president was Simonie, and whose members—many of them government employees—using capital borrowed from the Eskimo Loan Fund and their own labor, were building themselves modern residences. When Simonie had given his report, he had mentioned the difficulties in building the houses, which were near Apex Hill. The prefabricated parts had come by ship, and there were many missing. Blueprints and parts hadn't always matched, and the electric wiring had just arrived. Despite these handicaps, fourteen houses had been constructed, each consisting of three bedrooms, a bathroom with a chemical toilet, a combined kitchen and living room with an oil heater, a storage room, and a porch, and each costing its Eskimo owner thirty-five hundred dollars. Simonie's house, though not quite finished, was on display. The interior was cheerfully painted and papered, and had a pine-panelled divider between the living room and the kitchen, and spotlights in each room. The oil heater had not yet been turned on, but even so the house, with its flowered wallpaper and soft colors, had an atmosphere of warmth and coziness.

Later, Mr. Orange, the regional administrator, took me on a tour of Frobisher. It had originally been a small Eskimo settlement, and its modern history had begun during the Second World War, when the United States Air Force established a base there. In 1955, the Department of Northern Affairs started developing the present community as an administrative center for the entire

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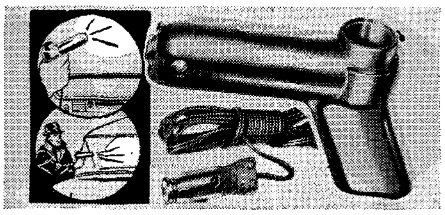

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eastern Arctic. Orange, a lean, blond man in his late thirties, is responsible for overseeing five hundred thousand square miles; he has a staff of a hundred and twenty-five people at Frobisher, and fifty more in twelve outlying settlements on Baffin Island, on the nearby Melville Peninsula, and in the high Arctic, and he spends half his time travelling by single-engine Otter plane through his outsize district.

As we started off on our tour, in a government station wagon, Orange told me he had lived in town for two years, with his wife and their three children. "I am enthralled with the Arctic," he said. "It's bleak, it's barren, harsh, and cold, but, boy, it's beautiful!" We stopped first at the various units of the Rehabilitation Center, on Apex Hill: the sewing cottage, where parkas and fur boots were being made; the crafts storeroom, in which row upon row of Eskimo stone carvings stood awaiting shipment to the south; the carving workshop, where a sad-faced, almost toothless Eskimo was polishing a black soapstone bird he had just made. This man, Orange said, had once been the best lumberman in his community, and one of its leaders, but after a series of illnesses he was unable to readjust to his old life.

Leaving Apex Hill, we drove past the Hudson's Bay store and toward the Lower Base. The road climbed and we passed a steel skeleton, which Orange told me was the beginning of a new, twenty-eight-bed hospital, to replace the present thirteen-bed one. "We're on Astro Hill now," he went on. "If we go ahead with our present plans, we'll be building a six- or seven-story town building here pretty soon. The Lower Base is really a temporary town, and we expect the permanent town to be here." He turned down a curving road that took us to the Eskimo village of Ikaluit. I noticed some wood-and-tarpaper shacks, but there were also many solid frame houses. "This is the traditional camping ground for more than nine hundred Eskimos, and many still move out of their houses into tents here in summer," Orange said. We passed a stray dog—the only Eskimo dog I saw in Frobisher—and a man on foot dragging a dog harness, and then I caught sight of two vehicles, driven by Eskimos, that were entirely new to me. They had skis on the front end and tractor treads at the rear. One, a bright-yellow machine with an exposed leather seat behind a plastic windshield, was about the size of a motor bike. "That's a Skidoo," Orange said. "It costs about six hundred dollars, has a gasoline motor, and is used

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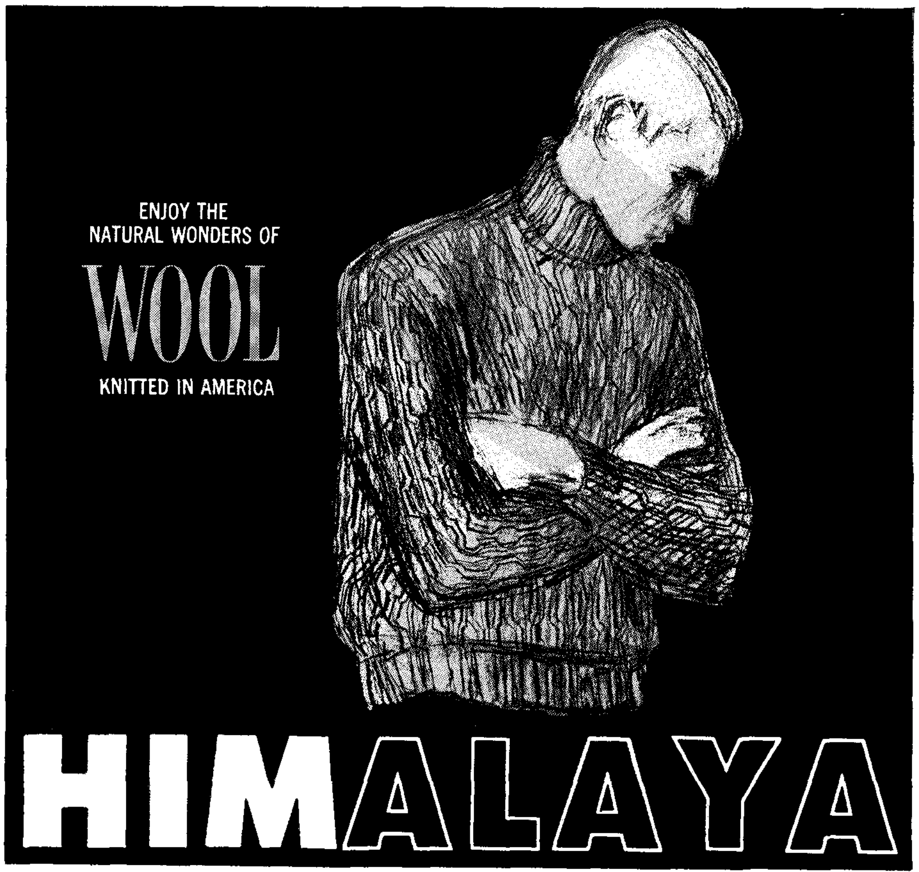

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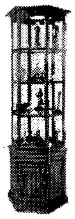

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by some Eskimos instead of a dog sled, although the Skidoos are not quite as reliable." The other machine, which was bright red, looked more like a small tractor. Orange said that this was an Autoboggan, which cost somewhat more and could pull heavier loads. (Later, George Koneak told me that Skidoos and Autoboggans are fine around settlements, where fuel and spare parts are to be had, but worse than useless when they break down or run out of gas miles from anywhere.)

Going on to the Lower Base, we passed a large quonset hut that contained a branch of the Bank of Montreal, and then more prefabricated buildings, housing a barbershop, the Frobisher laundry, a second Hudson's Bay Company store, a crafts shop, and the post office, and then we zoomed down the open road, past the civilian air terminal and the adjoining airfield, to the former United States base, which had been part of our Strategic Air Command until only a few months before. Orange stopped outside a huge, square building. "One hundred and thirty-five Americans, whom we almost never saw, worked, played, and lived here," he said. "This building has the only gymnasium within five hundred miles—a beauty, too—and the best bar in Frobisher. It cost six and a half million dollars and its various interior levels have a total floor space of one square mile." He drove around to the airfield. "A row of airplanes was always poised on this strip, ready to go up on five minutes' notice, if it had ever been the real thing," he went on. The production of large new aerial tankers that could refuel bombers in midair had made the S.A.C. setup obsolete, he said, and the entire twenty-million-dollar installation had reverted to the Canadian government, which planned to use part of it for government offices, and as a school and residence for pupils from all over Baffin Island. Just before he turned the car to take me back to the meeting on Apex Hill, he gazed for a moment at two big black birds sitting on a post. "Ravens," he said. "We love them, because they are the only living things in the sky at this time of year."

WHEN Orange brought me back to the community hall, the last of the eighteen coöp delegates had finished delivering his report, and Jon Evans was describing the efforts of the Industrial Division to find additional sources of income for the Eskimos. They listened closely and took notes as he outlined a new government plan that would allow them to borrow from the Eskimo Loan Fund to buy boats, and then told them

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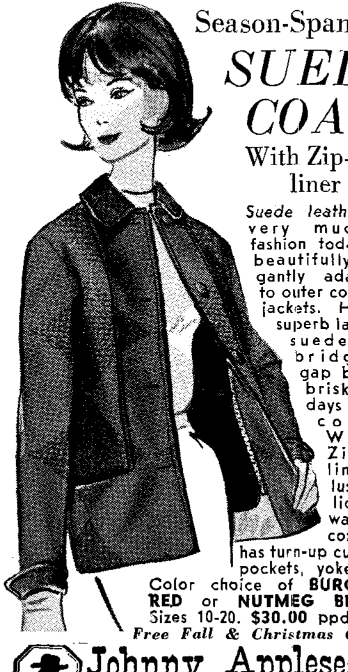

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about a fish that scientists had found in Ungava Bay—a "big fish, very flat, called halibut, which lives at the bottom of the sea." He added that shrimp were also believed to exist in Ungava and Hudson Bays. Finally, he told of the canning experiments being made with seal and whale meat, and announced that canned seal meat from Burwell would be served that night at supper. (The Eskimos complained that the canned meat, which I found smoky and oily, had too much seasoning, and ate very little of it—but the competition was stiff; the menu also included roast beef, a luxury item for any Eskimo.)

Snowden was now back on the platform, sitting beside Simonie, and at the close of Evans' speech he opened the meeting to general questions.

Celestino Magpa rose, and, speaking in English, said, "When summer comes, Skidoos could be shipped to us by boat. How much could be taken off our taxes for the purchase of Skidoos? Would we get a tax concession, like the farmers do on their machinery in the south?"

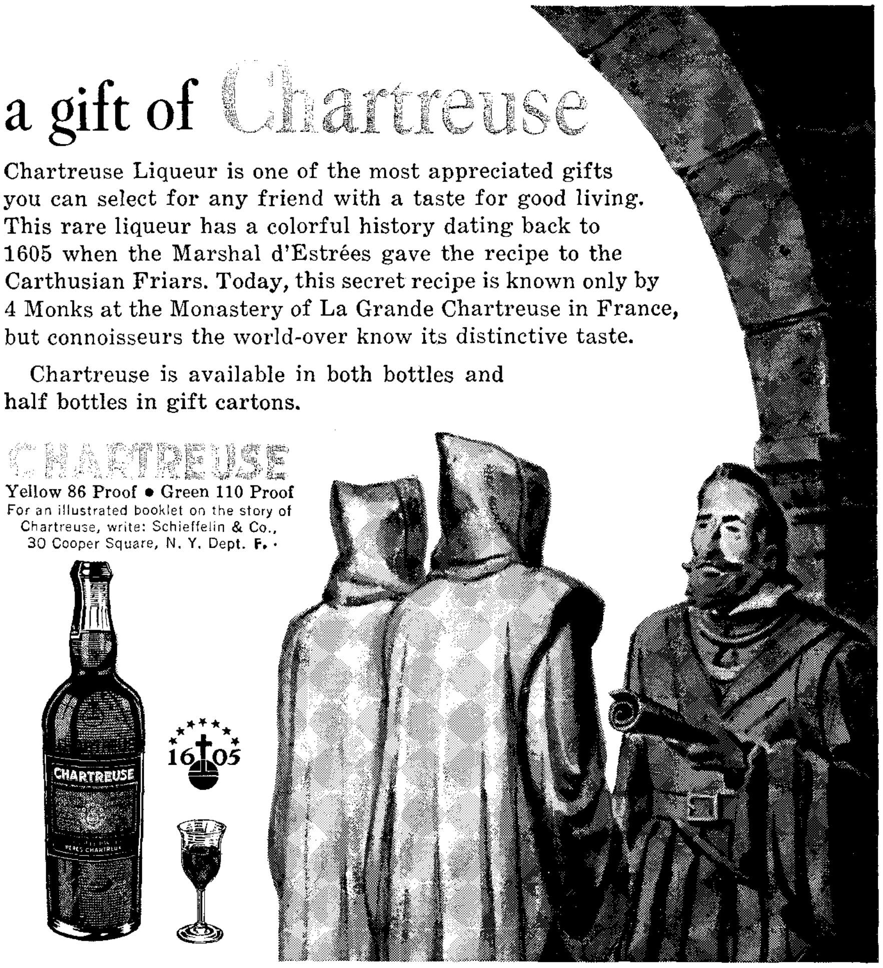
Snowden looked amazed at this sophisticated question, and I glanced over at Paul Godt to see his reaction. He, too, looked amazed, and I heard him mutter, "Say! Isn't that fascinating!"

Snowden looked hard at his hands for a moment, and then said, "Celestino is raising a whole new idea, and one that is very, very interesting. In the south, the government gives lower taxes to special kinds of business. The farmers get a tax rebate for a farm machine because it is a harvesting agent, and Magpa considers the Skidoo a harvesting agent. He is suggesting that Eskimos, who fish in the sea and hunt on the land, are doing a certain kind of farming in the north, so they want a certain kind of lowered tax, like the farmers in the south. Have I interpreted you correctly?"

"Correct," said Magpa.

"It's a wonderful question," Snowden said. "Canadians in the south have been trying to settle that kind of question for a hundred years, and we could spend a year discussing it. As a beginning, this is what we will do. The Industrial Division will undertake a study of the types of equipment and vehicles used in hunting and trapping, and see if any tax aid can be given. I think none can be."

BY Saturday morning, it was evident that the conference couldn't possibly end that day, as it was scheduled to do, but must continue on Monday. Then it would have to end, because almost everyone was scheduled to leave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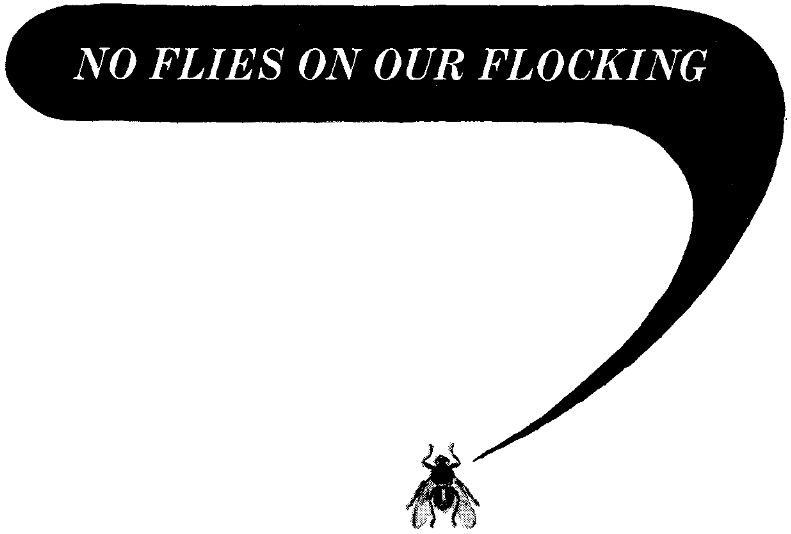
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on the Tuesday-morning plane for Montreal, even though a number of the delegates were suffering from flu. Coughing and sneezing could be heard throughout the hall. There were several empty seats on Saturday, and, for the first time, Hill's little boy, who had a bad cold, was not with him.

The meeting was thrown open to general discussion, and Noah Angnutok repeated his demand for a coöperative store in Chimo. This time, Dr. Laidlaw rose to reply. "I hope that during the summer we will be able to send a man from the Coöperative Union of Canada to help you organize your stores where you wish to have them," he said. "This man will be an experienced person, but he will have to have an interpreter. We must convince the people that they can run their own business."

Napartuk rose and said excitedly, "Now I have information to take back, and I am proud! Dr. Laidlaw says the big coöps want to help the small coöps in the Arctic. Perhaps we can't go fast enough at Great Whale River, but we don't want to stop. We need help! Somebody put it down on a piece of paper, so nobody forgets us!"

Both the Eskimo delegates and the government representatives at the conference had repeatedly mentioned the need for a central marketing outlet in the Canadian south for Eskimo carvings, prints, and handicrafts. The Department of Northern Affairs was handling the marketing of Arctic handicrafts, but other art works, except for the much sought-after prints, which were selected, priced, and distributed through the Eskimo Art Committee, were marketed individually. A committee of four Eskimos—Oshaweetuk, of Dorset; Angnutok, of Chimo; and the delegates from Povungnituk and Coppermine—met with Godt and Dr. Laidlaw on Sunday afternoon to discuss the formation of a marketing agency that would be financed by the Eskimo coöperatives, and the first business on Monday morning was a report on their meeting. They not only recommended that such an agency be established but felt that it should have eastern and western warehouses and sales offices, and that shipping costs should be pooled, so that Grise Fiord Eskimos would pay no more to export their goods than Eskimos closer to the south.

Snowden suggested a vote on the project, saying, "Now the delegates must decide, as a group, whether to recommend to their coöps that the central agency is a good idea and should be established. Everyone knows that the delegates here cannot make a final

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decision for their coöperatives. If the delegates recommend an agency, then my people will prepare a paper in Ottawa telling every coöperative how such an agency can be set up and what it will cost. After all the coöperatives have had a chance to study this paper, then *they* must take a vote."

Napartuk stood up, and said, "Before we go home to a lot of questions, we want to know: Is this going to be a better life?"

"My answer is yes, but that is only *my* answer," Snowden replied. "I say yes because more and more is being produced by the coöperatives all the time, and they will be able to pay for a central agency. I also believe that responsibility should be taken out of the government's hands and put in those of the coöps, where it belongs. This doesn't mean that the government is losing interest, though. We are always available for advice." He said to Koneak, "Do they understand what they are voting for? They must vote for what they believe, not what we think."

Angnutok said, "Suppose when I get back to Chimo, my people don't like that vote I made here at all. What should I do? Let them crawl all over me?"

"You are not making a final vote here," Snowden explained. "When your people have studied our paper, they will decide yes, we like the central agency, or no, we don't."

"So we could raise our hands here, even though we don't know what our people are going to do," Angnutok said. "They decide later at home."

Snowden said, "I will ask who says yes and who says no, and you can't vote both ways." Turning to Father Fournier, from Igloolik, he added, "Father, I am going to take one vote from each coöperative, so I will take the vote of the Eskimo, Kolaut, from Igloolik."

The vote recommending that a central marketing agency be established was unanimous.

The meeting recessed for lunch, and I walked up to Snowden, who was smiling. "We had two major objectives here," he said. "The first was education in the broadest sense. I knew that if the people in Grise Fiord became aware that the people in Chimo were thinking the same way about pricing, or about hiring white men to work for their coöps, or about establishing retail stores, they would get a sense of unity and, all together, would have a voice. The second objective was to determine whether it would be possible for the Eskimos eventually to have a marketing agency of their own. We thought it would seem

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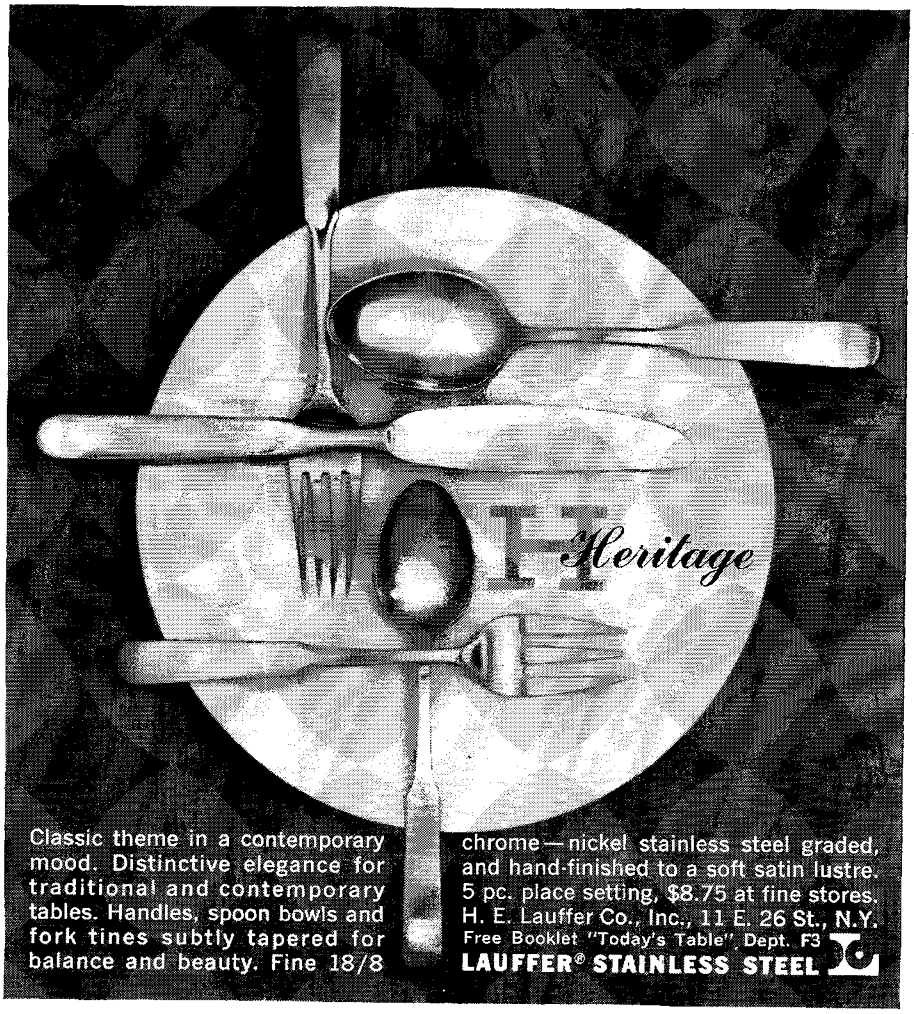

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like a farfetched idea to them, and the most we hoped to do was to familiarize them with the thought." He pulled his parka over his head, and as we started toward the dining hall, he said, "Of course, we had a third objective—to find out how effective our own work had been. When we got on the plane at Montreal, we were terribly afraid that the conference would be a farce. A lot might be said, but if the Eskimos weren't discussing, arguing, and constantly questioning what was being said, it would be a failure. I began to feel that it would be a success when our plane stopped at Fort Chimo on the way up. A number of the delegates had had to wait there for about a week before flying up here, and our men at Chimo told us they did nothing but sit and talk among themselves about their coöps—about what they were doing and how they were doing it."

When we returned to the hall from lunch that last day, all the delegates and all the government representatives—except for Jon Evans, who was in bed with a high fever—were present, though many of them were still half sick and coughing. Even Wally Hill's child was back, looking pale and sleeping heavily in his father's arms. Snowden opened the session by asking the delegates to help compile a list of the things that white men were doing for the coöperatives and that the Eskimos, with proper training, could do for themselves. The government planned to provide such training, Snowden said, but first it had to know what was needed. It was finally decided that priorities should be given to courses in bookkeeping, motors and motorized equipment, electricity, English, and store management.

During the coffee break, I encountered George Koneak, who had been so busy that we had scarcely exchanged a word in days. I asked how he liked Frobisher Bay.

"I find it very interesting, because I have never been here for longer than an hour before, but I wouldn't want to live here," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Too many people," he said. "It costs too much to live here. There are too many little places to go in the evening to spend money, and I am the type of man who would spend it."

Koneak was suddenly called to the back of the room to interpret, for Orange and Snowden were conferring there with Henry Annatuk, of Port Burwell. Orange was telling Snowden that an unknown disease, believed to be

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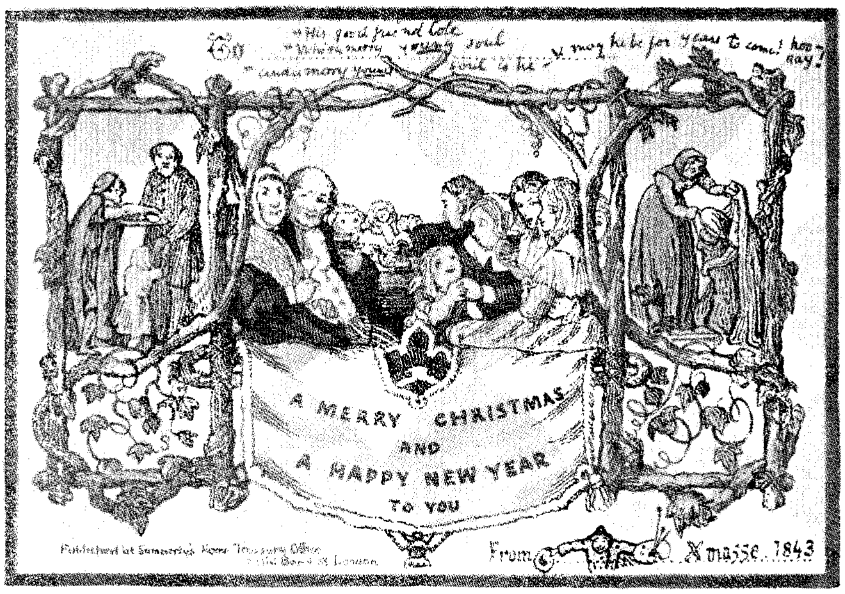
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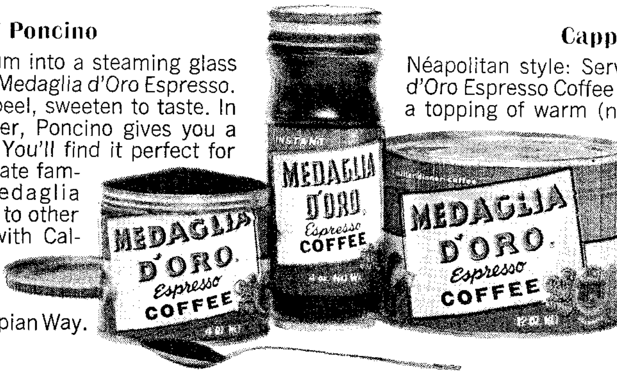

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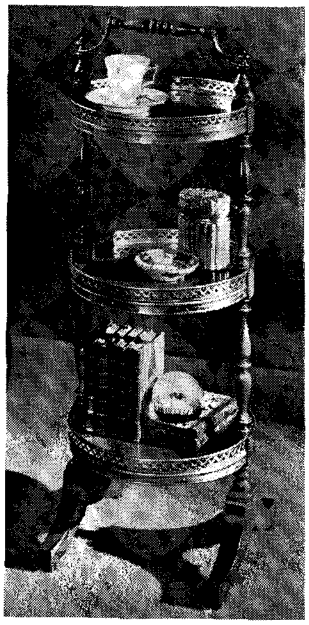
hepatitis, had killed most of the dogs at Cumberland Sound, on Baffin Island, about two hundred miles north of Frobisher. Only two hundred dogs had survived out of a dog population of a thousand, and there were five hundred Eskimos in that area, in desperate need of replacements. "The Eskimos' camps are anywhere from twenty to a hundred miles from the settlement of Pangnirtung," Orange said. "We had to set up an airlift to bring people from the camps to the settlement to get their supplies." Snowden thought that the Burwell Eskimos might want to sell some of their fat dogs to the government, which could fly them into Pangnirtung within a few days. Annatuk agreed to this proposal, and the deal was closed. Burwell would sell forty dogs, at ten dollars each, and Orange hurried off to arrange for their transportation.

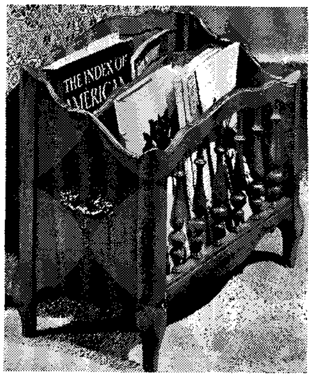
When the session resumed after the coffee break, Henry Annatuk had an unexpected question: What kind of opposition could the coöperatives expect from the Hudson's Bay Company in the near future? Snowden fielded this one deftly to Dr. Laidlaw, who rose and said, "You should not spend time finding fault with the Hudson's Bay Company. Work hard instead to build your own business. You can expect prices in the Hudson's Bay stores to come down when you establish your coöperative stores. But one thing to remember is that, unlike the Hudson's Bay Company retail store, each coöperative store must stand on its own feet. It cannot depend on other coöperatives to maintain it. The Hudson's Bay Company can operate one store without a profit when it is competing with a coöp, and make it up someplace else, because the Hudson's Bay Company is very big. Last year, its operating profit was ten million dollars."

"Was that money from Eskimo country?" Napartuk wanted to know. "The Hudson's Bay Company is surely a strong and powerful mountain!"

"If it is a mountain, it was people who built the mountain," Dr. Laidlaw replied. "If the coöperatives are going to have strength, they must join with bigger coöperatives in Canada." He had a suggestion. He invited the Eskimos to send one of their number to a conference of his organization, the Coöperative Union of Canada, which was meeting in the south the next month.

There was a buzz of excitement when George Koneak translated the invitation, but no action could be taken immediately, for it was now dinnertime. However, we hurried through our meal and reassembled in the hall, though





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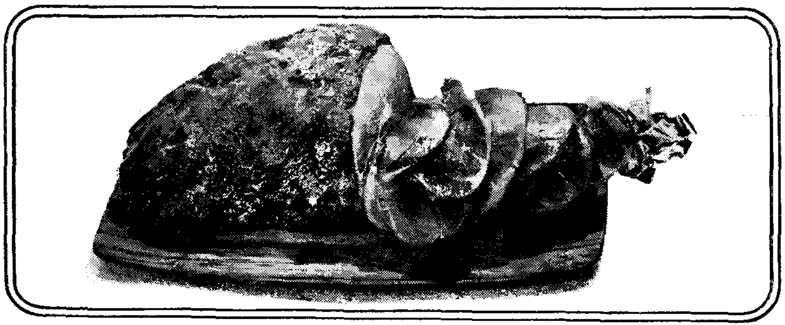

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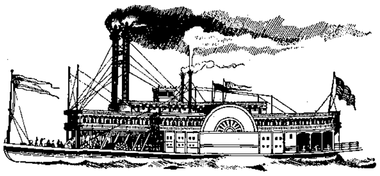

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almost everyone still had his packing to do. Snowden opened the final session by announcing, "In exactly thirty minutes, this conference is going to end." He went on to say that the delegates must now pick the man who was to go to the meeting in the south, and that this man must be able to speak English, so the choice should be limited to the six Eskimo delegates who were bilingual. A written vote was quickly taken among the Eskimos, and Simonie was chosen.

When Simonie heard the news, he stood up, looking very proud. "So you're the people to choose me," he said. "I can go. Probably I will feel shaky, but I will try and do the best I can for you." He went on, "My head was half asleep at our first meeting, so I didn't say much. I don't want to hold you longer, but I'm very glad we had a chance to get together, and everybody is satisfied about this conference. Wherever you people are going, and many go a long distance, God bless you all!" There was huge applause as he sat down.

Donald Snowden looked at his watch, and I looked at mine. It was eight o'clock. We had been meeting continuously from eight-thirty in the morning until six-thirty at night, except for mealtimes and on Sunday, for seven days, and I was tired. Snowden looked exhausted. He said slowly to the group, "This conference has done many things for all of us. It has made friends of people who didn't know one another before. But the most important thing I've seen this week has been that the people of the north are beginning to control their own affairs. There's a long way to go, but I can't think how a better start could have been made, and the coöps were represented by as good men as there are in the north, or anywhere."

The Eskimos had stopped taking notes and were looking at Snowden. Suddenly embarrassed, he picked up a pencil and began making scratch marks on a sheet of paper before him. "We have seen what a week's meeting in the north, the first of its kind ever held, can do," he said. "In my work, I attend many meetings in many places, but I can't think of any as satisfying as this has been. I have never been at a meeting where people worked so hard. Thank you all for coming, and I hope we meet again soon."

Then Snowden stood up abruptly and said, "The First Conference of the Arctic Coöperatives is adjourned." George Koneak repeated his words in the Eskimo language, and the Eskimos quietly began gathering up their papers.

—EDITH IGLAUER

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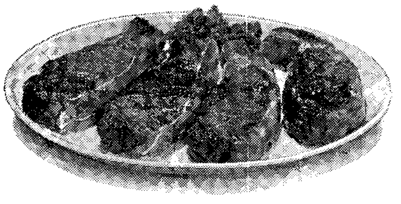

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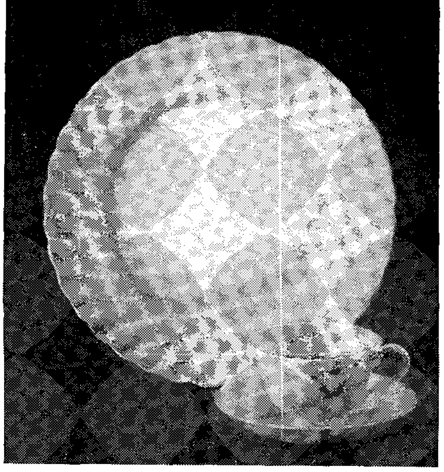

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FOOTBALL

To Fool or Not to Fool

FOOTBALL being an enterprise in which honesty is not the best policy, the perpetrators of chicanery are only to be admired. The week's plaque for deception above and beyond the call of duty (or of necessity, for that matter, inasmuch as Pennsylvania is in general hapless this season) goes to Roberts of Columbia. The situation was fourth down, six yards to go, at midfield. Ordering his troops into kicking formation, Roberts fell back and, sixty yards from Pennsylvania's goal, flipped a long pass to Thompson, a fellow-back, who wended his lonely way to another Columbia touchdown. Falling back again, as if to throw a pass for the try after the touchdown, Roberts then lowered his head and butted himself across the Pennsylvania goal to add two points more. With Roberts in such a frisky mood, it is no wonder that Columbia romped home a 33–8 winner. Meanwhile, Penn State was running into difficulties nine yards outside the Holy Cross end zone, and its last resort, on fourth down, looked exactly like an attempt at a field goal until Caum, who was presumably to hold the ball for the kicker, rose to his feet and whipped around his right end for the game's first touchdown. Holy Cross, never able to catch up, went home with a 28–14 beating in its kit.

All well and good, for one expects trickery from teams like this. The real astonishment of the week was occasioned by Princeton, which, in the six years it has been performing without benefit of the late Charlie Caldwell, has been getting along without adding a single new stunt to the splendid repertory he bequeathed it. On fourth down, a long way from the Yale goal, the team lined up for a running play; abruptly, before the ball was snapped, a Princetonian began backpedalling, as if to position himself for a quick kick or a pass, and the Yale defense, spreading a bit to deal with this sudden development, was trapped when Cosmo Iacavazzi, the almost infallible Princeton fullback, lunged through the middle of the line for a first down. It was a minute maneuver but a portentous one: Can it be that Princeton, which clings to Mother Earth and regards the forward pass as a novelty and possibly a boomerang, is about to resort to new forms of trickery? It was an important

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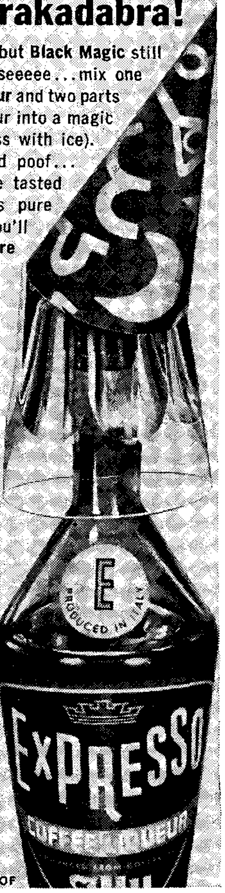

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maneuver, too, for Princeton, just inches away from a wholly unexpected Ivy League championship, had one major problem to unravel on Saturday—how to keep the ball from Brian Rapp, a Yale quarterback who was running his team and throwing the ball with the decision and precision of Tom Singleton, a Yale graduate who, at last report, was doing the same sort of thing for the football team fielded by the Quantico Marines. Yale is under new management (John Pont, head coach), and though Yale was well beaten on Saturday (Princeton 27, Yale 7), the improvement in the squad—and particularly in Rapp—that has been accomplished in a single season comes under the heading of miracle. The erasure of a pair of Yale fumbles and Yale penalties would have made rather a difference against Princeton, even though Princeton, which can run the ball all day on a dry field, was back in its pre-Harvard form. The first fumble, which made the first Princeton touchdown easy, was admittedly the result of the Princeton device of tall, booming punts that hang in the clouds until the Princeton linemen are in position to overturn whoever catches them. Riley's punt came to Egloff, one of the last survivors of that great Yale freshman backfield of four years ago, as the Princeton linemen came to him. Not wishing to let the ball roll unfielded toward the Yale goal, and not wishing to run with it, either, against those looming linemen, he signalled for a fair catch, then dropped the ball. Riley is handy at punts like this, and at placing kicks so that they go out of bounds near the enemy goal. So is Hubbard of Yale (not that he had much chance on Saturday), and so is Van Oudenallen of Harvard, who made things much too tough over the weekend for Brown—Harvard 24, Brown 12.

Commendations are also in order for Amherst, which was beaten this fall (and unaccountably) only by Coast Guard, and which beat Williams, 19–13, in part of the Little Three annual round robin; for Pete Porietis of Princeton, who got into action again after six weeks in the repair shop, and showed what a fine defense man he is by instantly collaring a Yale pass; and for Gary Wood, who might have staved off Dartmouth, in a match lost by Cornell, 12–7, if he hadn't had to retire from the game with a damaged hip. Wood can rest up until Thanksgiving for the last appearance of his notable career—against Pennsylvania. All out, please, for that encounter.

—J. W. L.

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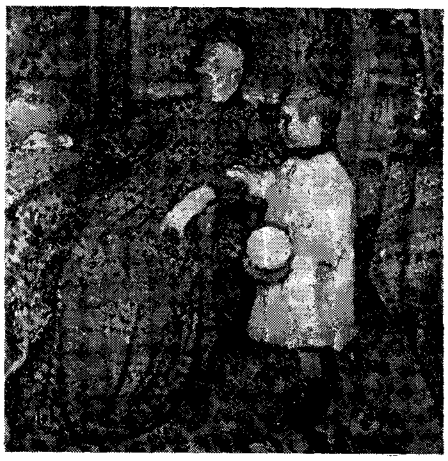

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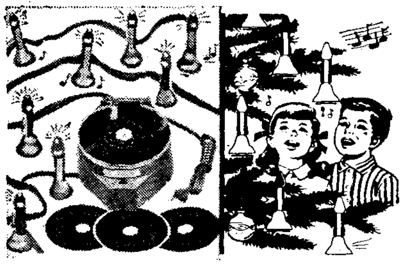

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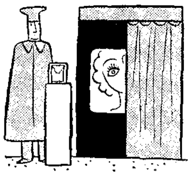
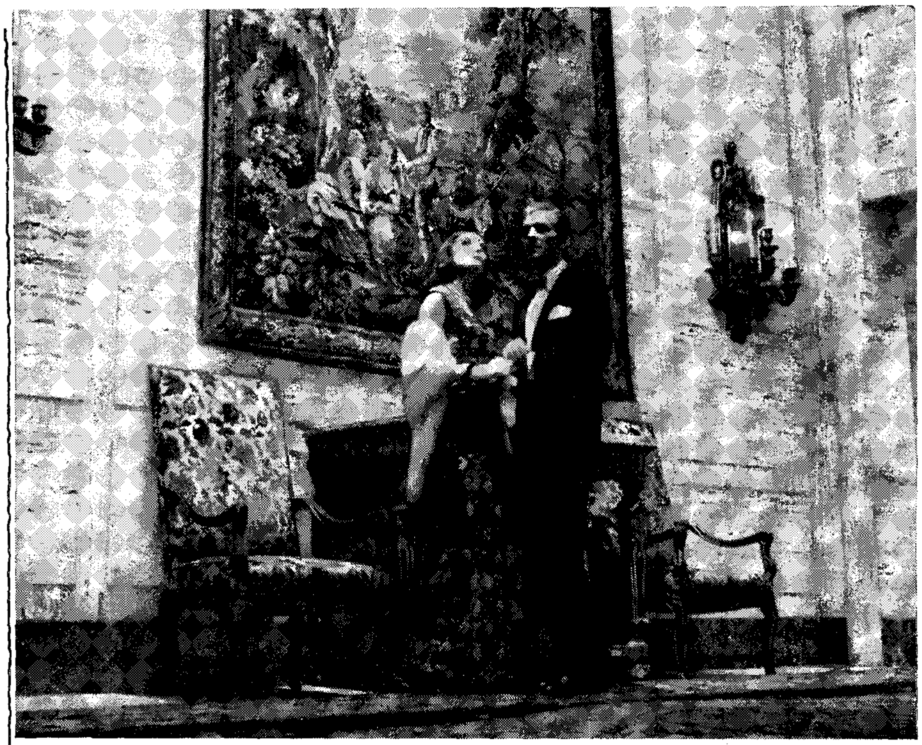


IF you have tears, prepare to shed them now, because an Italian movie called "Family Diary" is the most unremittingly dolorous story I've encountered in—oh, let's say donkey's years. Still, it isn't just for the handkerchief trade; taken from a novel by Vasco Pratolini and directed by Valerio Zurlini, who has an extraordinary eye for the visual equivalents of emotional states and confidently holds his camera for many frames on sad things instead of sad faces (the tawny wall of a house, wet paving stones, a row of skeletal hospital beds), it's a serious piece of work as well as lachrymose. The story concerns the troubled relationship between two very different brothers. The elder, who we can assume will one day forge a novel out of the iron days through which we watch him passing here, has always been a resolute soul, determined to overcome such by no means minor obstacles as poverty, a broken family, tuberculosis, and the Second World War. The younger brother is an attractive weakling, pampered in childhood and unable to carve a niche for himself among the commonplace harshnesses of adult life. After a long separation, the brothers are brought together by the younger one's perennial helpless flutterings; though irritated to find himself acting as a sort of male nanny and guide, the elder brother cannot shrug off the burden of responsibility that he feels for the poor flutterer, and when the latter falls mortally ill, this burden of responsibility turns, by an inexorable law of family life, into the heavier and more unwelcome burden of love—a burden not to be laid down until the younger brother slowly and horribly and with pitiful reluctance meets his end.

Since the picture opens with a scene in which the elder brother receives news of the younger brother's death, and since it then proceeds to circle round, by way of an extended series of flashbacks, from the brothers' earliest years up to the very point where it began, "Family Diary" intentionally lacks suspense and offers us no hope whatever of things *not* going from bad to worse; we know at once that the misery we must suffer on behalf of the two leading characters isn't to be cheerfully tidied up and kissed away



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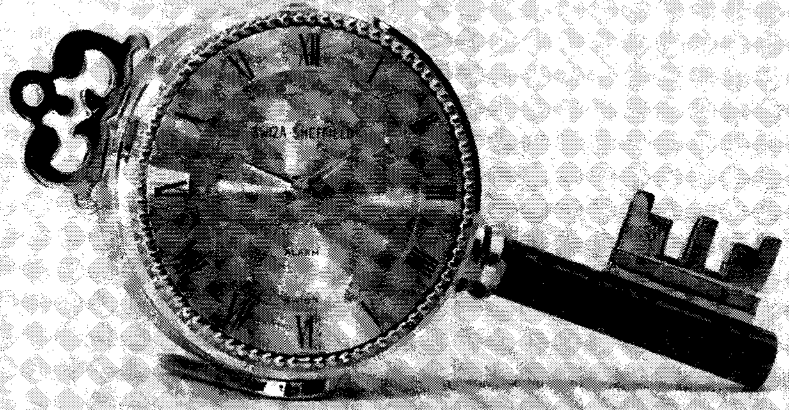

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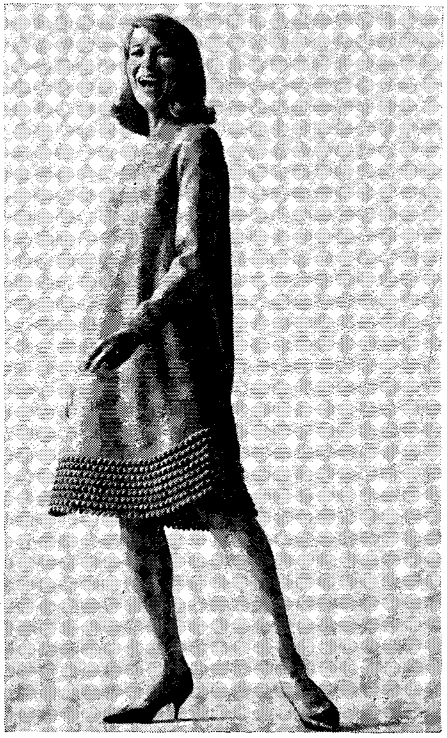

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with a happy ending. Then why consent to endure the misery? For three reasons: one, that Mr. Zurlini is an artist and has made his sorry bits and pieces of domestic misfortune yield a considerable measure of beauty; two, that Marcello Mastroianni and Jacques Perrin, as the elder and younger brothers, give extremely interesting performances; and, three, that the brothers' doddering grandmother, played by Sylvie, is an authentic creation—a tiny, upright, hard, patient, and forgiving peasant, whom no blows of fate will ever diminish.

BEN MADDOW wrote the dazzling movie adaptation of Genet's "The Balcony," and I looked forward eagerly to "An Affair of the Skin," for which he wrote the screenplay and served as director, but I'm honor-bound to report that I found it disappointing. Turgid in plot, awkward in dialogue, and acted with a lassitude that was designed to reflect the nature of the characters portrayed but that all too easily communicates itself to the audience, it has to do with middle-aged life and love in New York. Never has urban adultery been made to look more effortful or less rewarding. Four slack men and women march sullenly round and round in the fenceless and unguarded prison yard of their exacerbated feelings and do not try to escape; they are scarcely strong enough to talk about their wretchedness, much less put any distance between it and them. Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy, Lee Grant, and Herbert Berghof play the interlocked sleepwalkers; Diana Sands plays a girl on her own, and is always, thank goodness, wide awake.

"THE WHEELER DEALERS" is an imitation Doris Day comedy, and since most of Miss Day's own comedies are fakes, what we have to wheel and deal with on this occasion is a fake fake, full of hard-breathing sight gags and lines that are all but labelled "Yock here." James Garner, whom somebody in Hollywood must be trying to turn into a big star, if not an actor, and who ought not to be the one and will certainly never be the other, plays the male lead; the girl he falls for is Lee Remick. Norman Norell designed Miss Remick's wardrobe, but God gave her those astonishing blue eyes. —BRENDAN GILL

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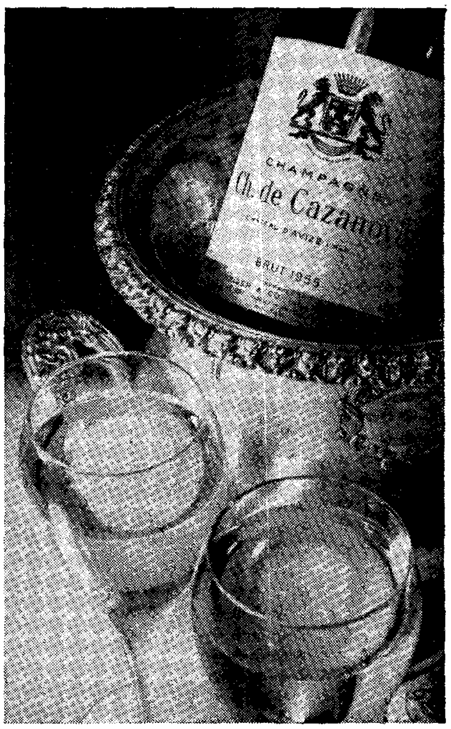

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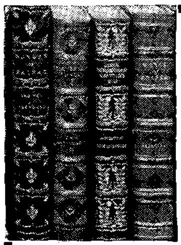

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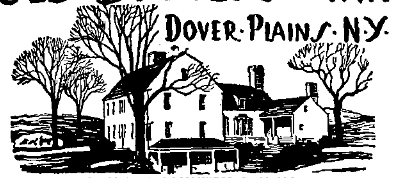

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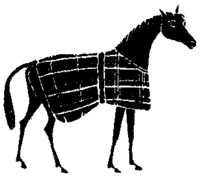

COMPARED to the other races I saw at Aqueduct last week (a dull lot), the twenty-fifth running of the Gallant Fox Handicap, on Saturday, was positively sensational. Dean Carl, the three-year-old prodigy of the autumn season (he won the Roamer Handicap and the Lawrence Realization Stakes), led for more than a mile and a quarter of the mile and five furlongs, and then weakened. Meanwhile, Sunrise Flight, who had been no better than ninth or tenth for a mile, threaded his way through the pack, overtook the leaders on the turn for home, and, after racing stride for stride down the stretch with B. Major, beat him by a nose. Master Dennis was third. Dean Carl finished eighth, but he made a good try, carrying 124 pounds and giving weight to seven older horses as well as to four other three-year-olds. I daresay he might have won if he had been able to take a long early lead, the way he likes to do, but Gun Bow and Donut King, both speedballs, pressed him too closely from the start. By the way, when Ussery, who rode Dean Carl, passed the tote board coming down the stretch the first time round, he turned in the saddle and looked at the Teletimer, which clocks the race by quarters, to see how fast he was going. It was the first time I'd seen a jockey use the Teletimer for a speedometer. As for Sunrise Flight, who carried only 112 pounds, he's a dark-bay four-year-old owned by John Murrell, an old West Point football Blue. It was the colt's first victory since last spring, but it was a good one; his share of the purse was $56,550. Incidentally, Sunrise Flight and B. Major were coupled in the betting (they have the same trainer), and the payoff was $29.90 to win and $28.80 to place.

WELL, Kelso finished second for the third consecutive year in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day, frustrated this time by Mongo, who led from start to finish and won by half a length. A dozen lengths behind, Nyrcos, going all out for a victory for France, came in third, three lengths ahead of Espresso, the entry from England. The six other starters were outdistanced. While the

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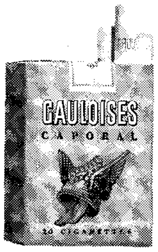

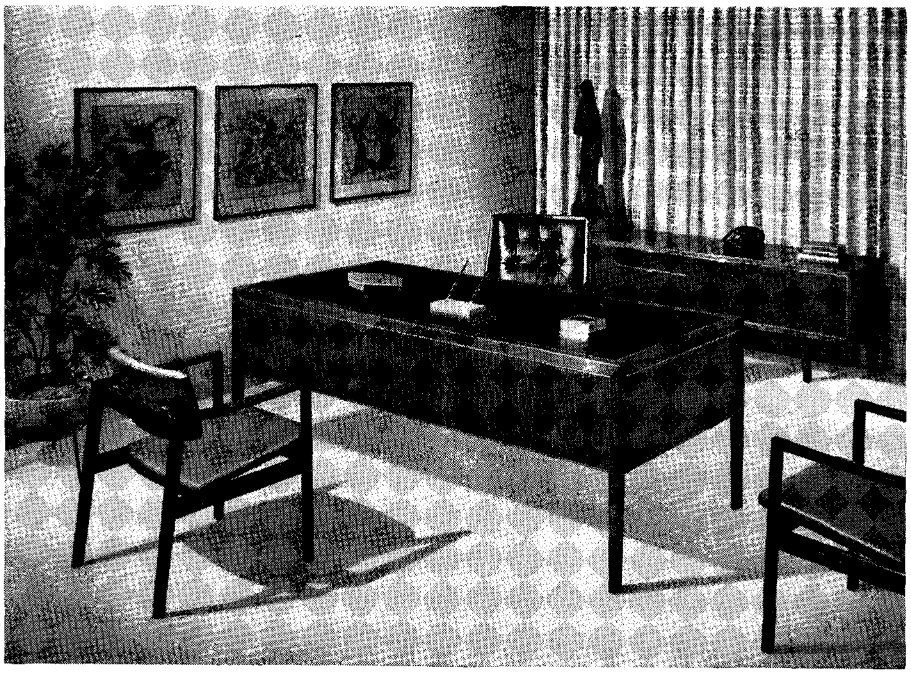

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event had all the charm and color of previous years, and the Maryland weather was bright and fair, and the crowd of more than thirty-six thousand was enthusiastic, it must be said that the visiting racers—from France, England, Hungary, Ireland, Venezuela, and Russia—were no match for the home team. Actually, it was a two-horse affair. Christmas Island, the entry from Ireland, was closest to Mongo for the first few furlongs, but Kelso moved easily into second place when he was ready. However, he never got his nose in front, and I don't suppose he's ever tried harder.

The hubbub of the race hadn't died down when Valenzuela, who rode Kelso, lodged an objection, charging that Mongo had forced him to lose ground on the turn into the stretch. Perhaps he remembered (he rode in the race) that Tudor Era's number was taken down in the 1958 International because he blocked Sailor's Guide at that point. It's more likely that, since both horses went a bit wide, he just took a chance and hoped for the best. "Claim everything and admit nothing" is the jockeys' golden rule. Although the slow-motion pictures taken by the film patrol showed no contact, the Laurel stewards deliberated for twenty-three minutes before concluding that no foul was committed. I can sympathize with Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, who owns Mongo, and Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, who owns Kelso, for the agony of their long wait, and I was delighted that the stewards fined Valenzuela a hundred dollars for making a frivolous claim. Maybe that will put a damper on such claims; we've had too many of them lately.

No doubt about it, Kelso is the best we have. On a dirt track, he could give Mongo ten pounds and a beating, but—let's face it—he's not so good on the grass. Needless to say, the Pimlico management's offer to put on a fifty-thousand-dollar match for the two died a-borning. Downey Bonsal, Mongo's trainer, wanted it on the turf; Carl Hanford, who trains Kelso, was just as insistent on a dirt track. So Mongo has been retired for the season and Kelso is going to Florida or California, depending on his stable's plans. Next year, maybe?

—Audax Minor

•

New Delhi—(AP)—Newly wed Soviet cosmonauts Andiran Nikolayev and Valentina Nikolayevna-Tereshkova will launch with Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru during their two-week visit to India.—*Charlotte* (*N. C.*) *Observer.*

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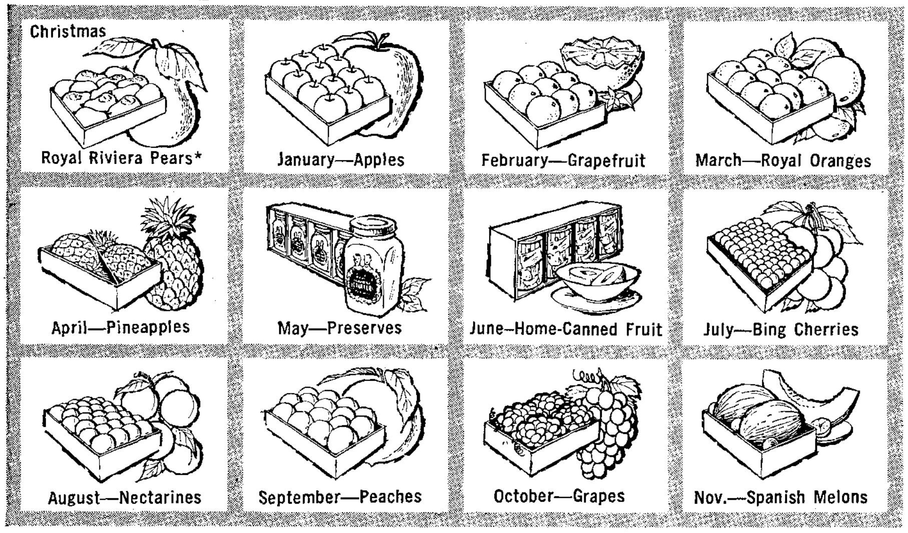

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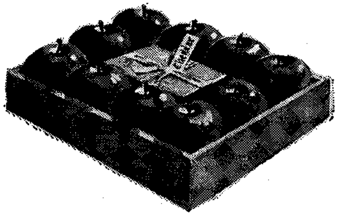

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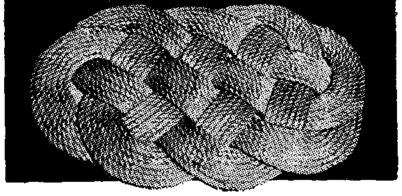

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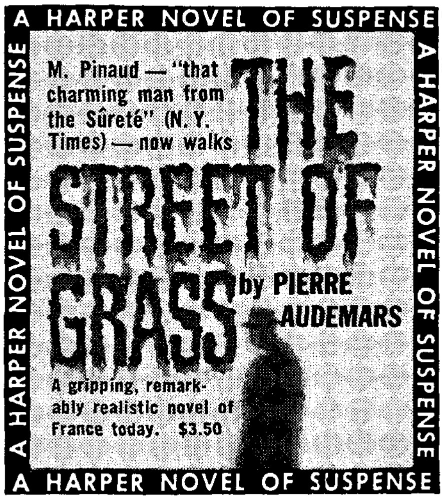

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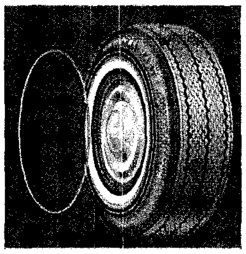


BOOKS

Whither the Universe?

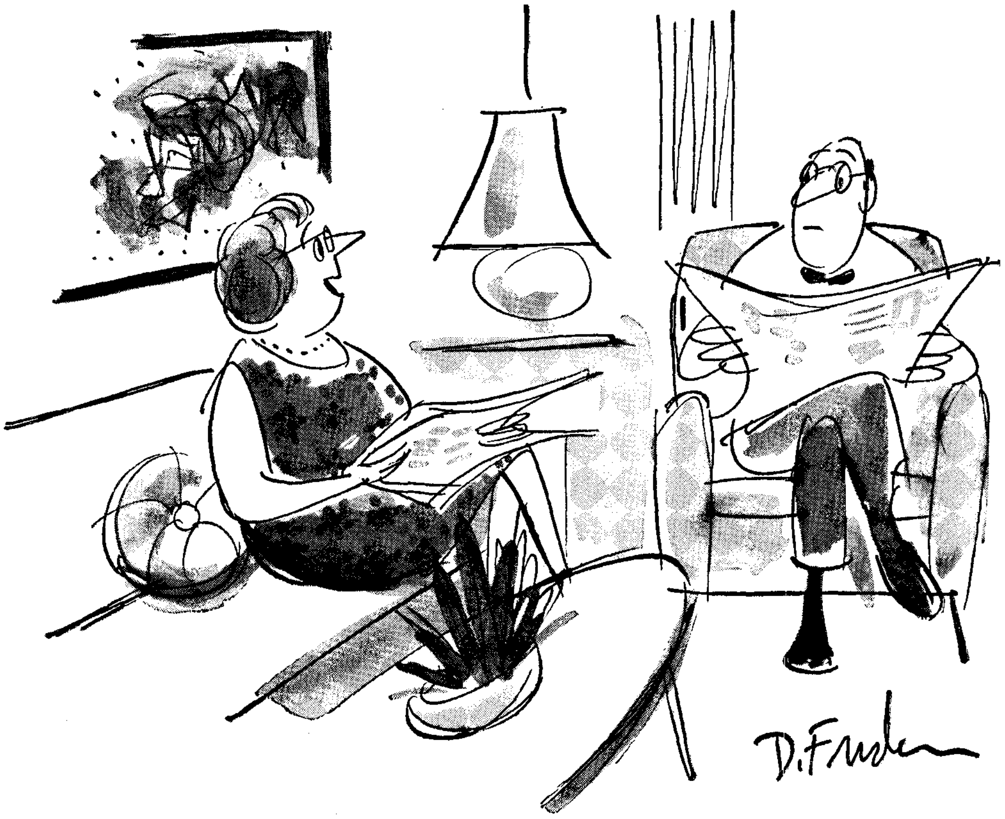
FOR scientists and philosophers, the temptation to speculate about origins—the origins of the planets, of the sun, of the entire cosmos—is irresistible. Such speculation is as ancient as science, but in the twentieth century, with the discovery of the quantum theory and the theory of relativity, and their application to nuclear physics, cosmological theories have been given a certain degree of precision. Cosmology, the study of the origin and evolution of the universe, is a hybrid branch of physics and astronomy, and it has interested a wide variety of scientists and science writers. The best-known prewar writers on the subject were Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans, English astronomers who combined exceptional literary gifts with great scientific achievement. The most interesting popular postwar writing on cosmology has been done by three English astrophysicists—Hermann Bondi, Thomas Gold, and Fred Hoyle—and by the brilliant and delightful Russian-born American physicist George Gamow.

Since 1940, Professor Gamow, who is now in the Physics Department of the University of Colorado, has been writing and rewriting, as well as illustrating, a trilogy of popular books dealing with cosmology. "The Birth and Death of the Sun," first published in 1940 (and soon to appear in a rejuvenated version as "A Star Called the Sun"), deals with the physics of the sun. "The Creation of the Universe," which first appeared in 1952 and was revised in 1961, deals with cosmological theory, and Professor Gamow's latest book, "A Planet Called Earth" (Viking), a new version of his "Biography of the Earth," deals with the evolution of the earth and the moon. All of the books exhibit his special blend of serious science and lively humor. He is a splendid cartoonist, and part of the fun of his books is looking at his illustrations.

At present there are two important rival cosmologies—the Big Bang (or Big Squeeze) theory and the Steady State theory. The Big Bang theory, of which Gamow is an enthusiastic supporter, holds that the universe has developed out of an enormous explosion that took place a few billions of years ago. The Steady State theory—maintained by, among others, Bondi, Gold, and Hoyle—holds, in the words of Bondi, that "on the large scale [the universe is] not only uniform in space, as other theories assume, but also unchanging in time." In particular, they maintain that there is no epoch in the history of the universe in which there could have been such an explosion. The two points of view are diametrically opposed. But each of them must come to terms with the same set of facts. One of the most important of these is that the universe—at least that portion that is visible to us—is expanding. This striking, and fundamental, fact is deduced in part from the discovery, by the American astronomer Edwin Hubble, in 1925, that the Andromeda Nebula, which was until then thought to be part of our own Milky Way galaxy, was really a distant and separate galaxy in itself. (Although Andromeda is usually known as the Andromeda Nebula, it is actually a galaxy. A nebula is an interstellar gas cloud; a galaxy is a collection of stars and, perhaps, nebulae. Astronomers often tend to use the two terms interchangeably.) Moreover, as Professor Gamow says, in "The Creation of the Universe," "It had been known for some time that the spectral lines in the light emitted by spiral nebulae [i.e., galaxies such as the Andromeda] show a shift toward the red end of the spectrum"—a shift indicating that the source of the light is moving away from the observer. (An analogous phenomenon is the lowering of the pitch of a locomotive whistle as a train moves away from us.) Gamow adds:

> As long as these objects [the galaxies] were believed to be members of our stellar system, one had to conclude that they had some peculiar motion among the stars, being driven from the central regions of the Milky Way toward its periphery. With the new broadening of horizons a completely new picture emerged: *the entire space of the universe, populated by billions of galaxies, is in a state of rapid expansion, with all its members flying away from one another at high speed.*

That the universe is expanding both the Big Bang and the Steady State people and essentially all other astronomers and physicists agree, but there are differences of opinion about the conclusions to be drawn. The Big Bang cosmologists believe that if the universe is now expanding, it must at one time have been contracted. They maintain that after the explosion took place, the compressed matter began to expand, and expanded until the universe reached its present state. In fact, some of them think that the universe may undergo expansion and contraction every

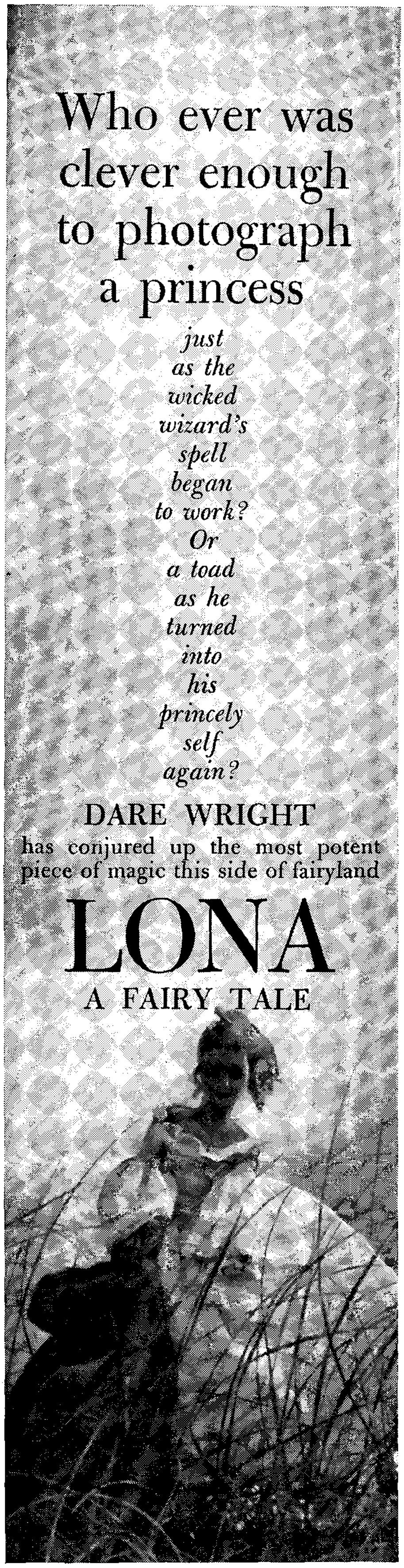


"When the time comes to worry about someone called Cheddi Jagan, I'm just not going to worry about him."

few billion years; "The Big Squeeze that took place in the early history of our universe was the result," says Gamow, "of a collapse which took place at a still earlier era, and the present expansion is simply an 'elastic' rebound which started as soon as the maximum permissible squeezing density was reached."

Bondi and Gold and Hoyle feel that there is no astronomical evidence of such an explosion. They maintain that observation shows that the numbers and types of stars and stellar galaxies are about the same in any region of the cosmos that is within the limits of visibility, no matter how distant. This last point is especially significant; the most distant objects are necessarily very old, for the light we see from them has been travelling toward us for many millennia. So if there were any residual effect of that explosion it should be observable in the distant galaxies. Yet no clear-cut evidence of this sort has so far been discovered in them. What these theorists consider to be the uniformity of the observable cosmos is elevated by them to a principle—the Perfect Cosmological Principle—stating, in essence, that the cosmos is unchanging. They argue that if matter is disappearing beyond the horizon (because the universe is expanding), then something must replenish the matter that is disappearing in the expansion. Otherwise the amount of matter visible to us would steadily decrease, and that would destroy the assumption of the Steady State. These theorists therefore suppose that throughout the universe matter is being continuously and spontaneously created, and from this created matter new galaxies are being formed to replace the ones that are disappearing. On a percentage basis, the quantity of newly created matter is small; the amount of new matter required per year to keep the Steady State would be about the equivalent of a single atom in each volume the size of a twenty-story building. This amount of matter is so small that no laboratory could directly detect its presence. In a fascinating book, "The Nature of the Universe," published by Mentor, Hoyle describes what would happen if one could make a film of the expansion of the universe and run it backward—assuming that the Steady State theory, with the continuous creation of matter, is right:

> New galaxies would appear at the outer fringes of our picture as faint objects that come gradually closer to us. . . . The galaxies would come closer and closer to us until they evaporated before our eyes. First the stars of the galaxy would evaporate back into the gas from which they were formed.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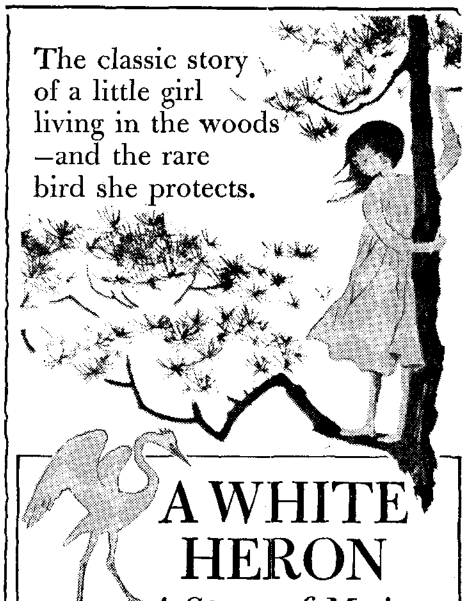
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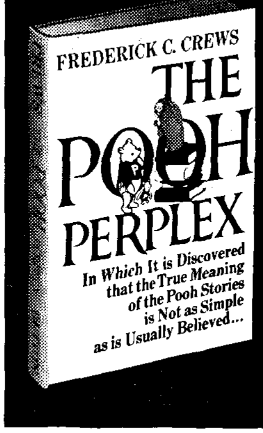
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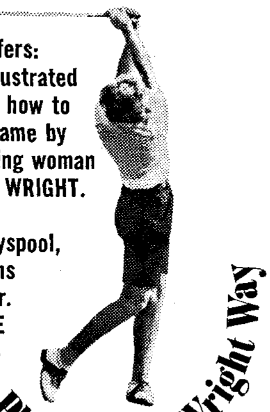
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Then the gas in the galaxy would evaporate back into the general background from which it had condensed. The background material itself would stay at constant density, not through matter being created, but through matter disappearing. How far could we run our hypothetical film back into the past? Again according to the theory, forever. After we had run backward for about 5,000,000,000 years, our own Galaxy itself would disappear before our eyes. But although important details like this would no doubt be of great interest to us there would again be a general sameness about the whole proceeding. Whether we run the film backward or forward the large-scale features of the Universe remain unchanged.

Each of these theories has its loyal and outspoken adherents, and the lively debate that goes on between the two groups has been a source of great stimulation to astronomers and physicists in general.

GAMOW'S "A Planet Called Earth" deals with the origin and development of our world. It is probable that the planets were formed at a time, five billion years ago, when the sun was surrounded by a rapidly whirling disc of gas. (Astronomers have observed other stars, apparently in about the state of development that the sun was in then, that are surrounded by similar discs.) The planetary matter presumably condensed out of this gas. As the earth cooled, a solid rock crust was formed, and Gamow notes, "It is most likely that a heavy iron ore core occupies about one-eighth of the entire volume of our planet and accounts for about one-quarter of its total weight."

Life on the earth derives all of its energy from the sun. The sun's energy is the result of a continuing thermonuclear burning process in which hydrogen is fused into helium—an activity accompanied by the release of a good deal of energy. (Helium, as its name suggests, was first discovered in the spectral analysis of sunlight, by the English astronomer Joseph Lockyer, in 1868, twenty-seven years before it was found on the earth.) The sun will continue to produce light and heat at its present rate as long as its supply of hydrogen holds out. Gamow says, "One calculates that the total life span of the Sun must be about ten billion years. Since, according to astronomical and geological data, our Sun is about five billion years old, we conclude that it still has another five billion years to live, during which time it will remain in approximately the same state as today."

Afterward? Gamow goes on:

When, in that distant future, the hydrogen content in the sun's core is completely

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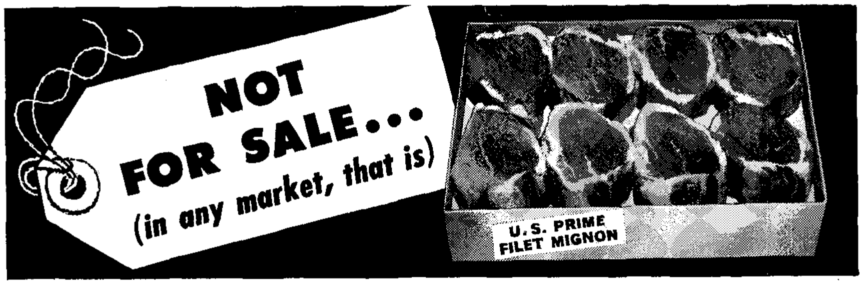

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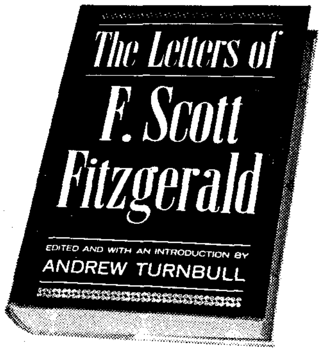
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exhausted, very important changes are expected to take place in its structure. With all internal fuel burned, "nuclear fire" will spread out into outer layers which still have untouched amounts of hydrogen. Since that process will bring closer to the surface of the Sun the region where thermonuclear reactions take place, the body of the sun will begin to expand and the amount of light and heat radiated by it will steadily increase.

This means that the sun will become gradually (about 0.0002°F. every century) hotter before it finally uses up all of its nuclear fuel. Gamow asks:

> Do we have observational evidence supporting this, at first glance, fantastic prediction? Yes, and plenty of it. As we have mentioned, stars bigger and brighter than our Sun evolve considerably faster and, while ours is still a middle-aged fellow, these stars have already reached their doomsday and are in various stages of dying. Stars known from antiquity under such names as Antares and Betelgeuse shine in the night sky like bright-red lanterns and are classified by modern astronomers as *red giants.* Recent studies have shown that, although these stars are only several times more massive than our Sun, their diameters exceed that of the Sun by a factor of several hundred. There is no doubt that the red giants are stars in which "nuclear fire" is spreading out from their center, blowing them into giant balls of red-hot rarefied gas. And there is every certainty that our Sun will come to that stage five billion years from now.

For those who like to think of the prospects for the human race in terms of billions of years, the outlook is not cheering—unless we can escape to the outer planets when the sun heats up, and then to other stellar systems when our own star burns out completely. Gamow remarks:

> The poet Robert Frost wrote
>
> Some say the world will end in fire,
> Some say in ice. . . .
>
> *Both* these forecasts are certainly correct!

"A Planet Called Earth," like the rest of Gamow's books, is full of absorbing scientific facts and ideas. Many of the present generation of scientists (myself included) got their first taste of the endless possibilities for scientific speculation by reading his popular books. They remain a challenge and a delight.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

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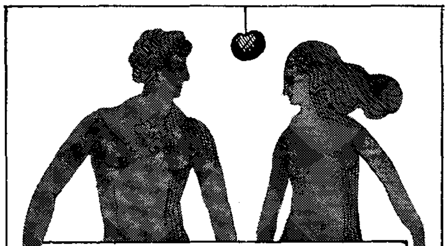

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opens, in the nineteen-twenties, Abhay is a small boy who confidently expects to inherit the rich and ancient throne of his fathers. At the end, he is a husband and a father, and he is also a comparatively poor ex-Maharajah, saved from bitterness by the fact that he is a good-tempered man who has as much interest in the future as he has affection for the past. Mr. Malgonkar's writing, like his characters, is flat, but there is so much color and life in the background that dullness has no chance to creep into his book. A Literary Guild selection.

THE LOST AND THE FOUND, by Ann Chidester (Doubleday). Miss Chidester's story of migrant workers and their families and their bosses in a rich California agricultural valley is pathetic and honest and obviously authentic in all its detail of social problems and community difficulties and neighborhood inequalities, but the writing is forced and, with one exception—a lost child—the characters are banal. The time is the present.

GENERAL

THE QUIET CRISIS, by Stewart L. Udall, with an introduction by John F. Kennedy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A short history of the relationship between man and the land in America. It is for the most part a chronicle of ignorance, heedlessness, and greed. It shows us a nation whose most representative citizens have always seemed to be the cut-and-get-out lumberman, the desert-building stockman, the soil-mining farmer, the air-and-water-polluting industrialist, the I've-got-mine real-estate developer, and the litterbug. In the nineteenth century, the rationale that seemed to justify this spendthrift destruction of natural riches was what Secretary Udall calls the Myth of Superabundance. It now seems to be justified by an equally foolish Myth of Scientific Supremacy—an infantile conviction that science will somehow restore the forests, renew the soil, purify the water, clean the air, and remove the junk yards, the smoldering dumps, and the ever-growing Sahara of asphalt and concrete. Things could, however, be worse, and Mr. Udall acknowledges this with a running account of the handful of atypical Americans who—beginning with the pioneer conservationist George Perkins Marsh—managed to salvage from the wreckage the remnants that are now the national parks and forests and wildlife refuges: John Wesley Powell, Carl Schurz, John Muir,

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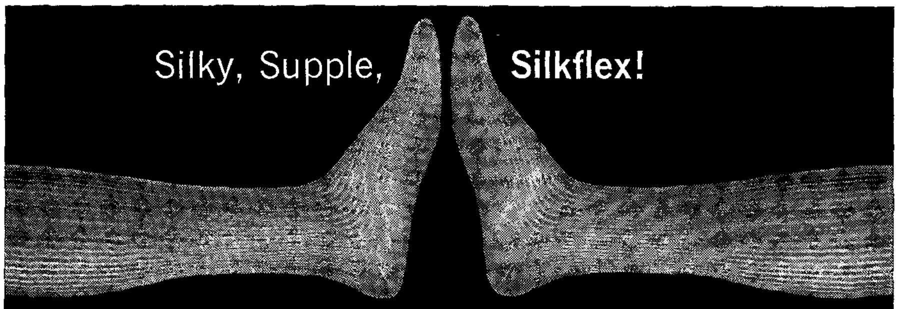

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Gifford Pinchot, Stephen Tyng Mather, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the two Presidents Roosevelt. What is needed, Mr. Udall very properly insists, is a general public as enlightened as those eccentrics, and a perpetual leadership as firm as that of Franklin Roosevelt, who, on learning during the war that the Army was setting up an artillery range at a lake frequented by trumpeter swans, sent this memorandum to the Secretary of War: "Please tell Major General Adams or whoever is in charge of this business that Henry Lake, Utah, must immediately be struck from the Army planning list for any purposes. The verdict is for the Trumpeter Swan and against the Army. The Army must find a different nesting place!" This is an important book on a subject whose importance cannot be exaggerated. Illustrated with photographs, several in color.

The Memoirs of Lord Chandos (New American Library). As Oliver Lyttelton, Lord Chandos served in Churchill's government during the war as, variously, President of the Board of Trade, Minister of State in the Middle East, and Minister of Production; after the war, he was a Tory Colonial Secretary. Lord Chandos was not, to begin with, politically ambitious. He started his career as a well-connected young man who, after Eton, Cambridge, and a Guards regiment (he was a combat officer during the First World War), married a duke's daughter and went to work to support her. He soon was running the British Metal Corporation, and kept on doing so until the Government requisitioned his *expertise* in strategic metals, business management, and banking to help with the Second World War. Like Strephon, poor Oliver had to go into Parliament, where, he thinks, he cut a poor figure. Be that as it may, his book is very good indeed. He remembers the happy days of the Edwardian upper crust, and tells about them with even, accurate, informative nostalgia. His business took him all over the map, and his assessments of political personalities, though unpretentious, are often original and invariably interesting. Lord Chandos defends, with bite as needed, his job as Colonial Secretary, which generated much controversy in Commons. His writing has charm, style, and good jokes.

Who Killed Mr. Crittenden?, by Kenneth Lamott (McKay). On the

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afternoon of November 3, 1870, Mr. Crittenden—Alexander Parker Crittenden, fifty-four, married, the father of seven children, and a prominent member of the San Francisco bar—was shot and killed on an Oakland ferryboat by Mrs. Laura D. Fair, a well-to-do widow of thirty-three who had been his mistress for eight years. This reëxamination of that once celebrated case is an almost perfect study of its kind. Mr. Lamott understands why the trial of Mrs. Fair was a sensation (in addition to providing the usual community catharsis, it brought about a significant head-on collision between the emerging woman's-rights movement and the pious hypocrisy of the double standard), he takes the trouble to bring Crittenden and Mrs. Fair to something more than mere period-piece life, he traces in exquisite detail their long and thoroughly lifelike affair, and he writes extremely well.

LETTERS OF THE GREAT ARTISTS, edited by Richard Friedenthal (Random House). Two volumes of carefully chosen selections from the personal correspondence of nearly all the most celebrated masters of painting and sculpture from the fifteenth century to the middle of the twentieth, with many informative notes by the editor. While we are given only a taste of the epistolatory style and the temperament of each artist, Mr. Friedenthal's selective judgment is beyond reproach, and the whole anthology constitutes a charming, touching, and revealing history of art as it is seen from inside the minds of its creators. The volumes are attractively bound and printed, and beautifully illustrated. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL ART, edited by René Huyghe (Putnam), and LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL HISTORY, edited by Marcel Dunan and John Bowle (Harper & Row). One point that needs making about these "encyclopedias" produced by the venerable and estimable house of Larousse is that they are actually no such thing. The first book is made up of lengthy historical essays by more or less eminent authorities, and its format is merely that of many other art histories. Still, it is a very handsome volume, including not only Byzantine and medieval art but also subjects as far afield as Islamic, Chinese, and Indian art and architecture. The illustrations are profuse, the

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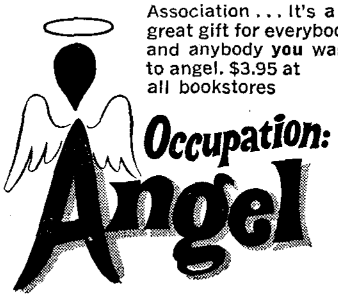

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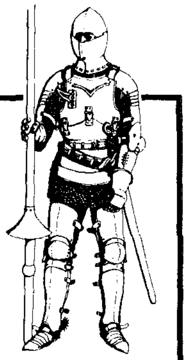

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VERSE

EROTIC POETRY: THE LYRICS, BALLADS, IDYLS AND EPICS OF LOVE—CLASSICAL TO CONTEMPORARY, edited by William Cole, with a foreword by Stephen Spender (Random House). Instead of producing the kind of scissors-and-paste job that relies on hackneyed specimens of love poetry that have been in the public domain for years, Mr. Cole has expended time and an interesting and diverse taste in selecting a large proportion of modern entrants, as his fifteen pages of acknowledgments show. Moreover, his clever arrangement of material into categories rather than into the usual plodding chronological order makes for flexibility and introduces the element of surprise. Spender, in his foreword, emphasizes the fact that modern writers have found the delineation of sensual experience a liberating force, and, Cole's taste being sound and lively, most of the poems, both ancient and modern, have literary merit, the number of silly or vapid verses is extremely small, and little crudity or coarseness appears. In this volume, Yeats, Hardy, Lorca, Robert Graves, William Plomer, and James Agee stand side by side with Ovid, Lucretius, Pushkin, and Burns, and the index of fifty translators also points to the editor's fresh approach. On all counts, a delightful and civilized compilation.

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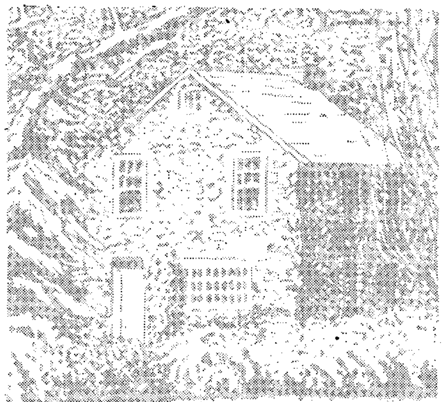

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